THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. V. APRIL, 1894. NO. 5.

AN IRISH POET.

BY ELODIE HOGAN.

AT the Meath Hospital in Dublin a man died just three months before Edgar Allan Poe died in a hospital at Baltimore. There was a difference of only six years in their ages, and to one studying the life and poetry of each it would seem that they had been born of the same parents and under a common star. The memory of Poe has emerged from the gloom and the blackness with which small malice and sectional envy had covered it. After forty years he is as a torch whose burning helps to make up the world's great light. Not so with his unhappy Irish counterpart, James Clarence Mangan.

The only book published by Mangan is his German Anthology wherein with peculiar perversity he mixed his own original lines with his translations. Gill of Dublin has published an insignificant six-penny edition of his poems. This and a volume compiled by his friend John Mitchell and published in America are the only collections of the poet's work. Much of the light and fire struck from that dark life where

> " * * * unmerciful Disaster'
> Followed fast and followed faster,"

are hidden in the old files of the *Dublin Nation* and a couple of penny papers.

In the introduction to his edition of Mangan's verses Mitchell says: "The comparative unacquaintance of Americans with these poems may be readily accounted for when we remember how completely British criticism gives the law throughout the literary domain of the English tongue. This Mangan was not only an Irish rebel, who throughout his whole literary life of twenty years never published a line in any English periodical nor through any English bookseller, but he never seemed to be aware that there was a British public to be pleased. He was a rebel politically and a rebel intellectually and spiritually—a rebel with his whole heart and soul against the whole British spirit of the age. The consequence was sure and not unexpected. Hardly any one in England knew the name of such a person."

James Clarence Mangan was born in Dublin, on the 1st of May, 1803. He was a gentle, nervous, golden-haired boy who lived in great terror of his burly father who boasted that the little ones "would run into a mouse-hole to shun him." In the old part of Dublin, between the Castle and the River Liffey a narrow alley leads into a dismal square of brick houses. In one of these the boy received all the scholastic training he ever had. Here a tutor loved him and gave him the bare rudiments of French and Latin. At twelve or fifteen years of age (there is no way to know exactly) upon the delicate child devolved the necessity of supporting his mother, two brothers, and a sister. For seven dreary years he drudged from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night as a copyist in a scrivener's office. Afterward, for three years he toiled in an attorney's office as clerk, surrounded by vulgar, detest-

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able associates. So hateful to him were these bleak years of sordid toil and grinding agony of soul that from him we learn it was only a special Providence which saved him from suicide.

It was during these bleak years that he took his first lonely steps into the wilderness of learning. A wilderness it was to him, with no guide but the fitful fires that burned in his beautiful and erratic soul. During hours stolen from his sleep he worked with devoted and passionate study until he had a perfect control of the French, German, English, Latin, and Greek languages, and gradually succeeded in acquiring that profound and exquisite culture which shows through his entire work. Excepting these hungry hours given to study, his only relaxation was in long night-walks through the Dublin streets, along the wharves, or in the outside meadow-lands, absorbed in the phantom visions that crowded his overwrought and sensitive brain.

When he was about two and twenty years of age a supreme disaster fell upon the already blighted and lonely young man. It is the old story—a woman's vanity playing with the lightnings of passion; a youth's deep love and hope and desire; then the broken dream, with chaos and darkness over all. Those who knew him best, those who loved and cared for him, those who have written of him know merely the scanty outlines of the story. "As a beautiful dream she entered his existence; as a tone of celestial music she pitched the keynote of his song; and sweeping over all the chords of his melodious desolation you may see that white hand." Only once his own voice broke the silence—in "The Nameless One." For the rest his comfort lay in his choice of poems for translation; where, "in the wonderful pathos of the thought which he scrupled not sometimes to interpolate, can you discern the master misery." Thus in the ballad from Reukert:

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
'T was Paradise on earth awhile, and then no more:
Ah! what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore?
She shone before my eyes awhile, and then no more.
The shallop of my peace is wreck'd on Beauty's shore;
Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more!'

"I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
Earth looked like Heaven a little while, and then no more.
Her presence thrill'd and lighted to its inner core
My desert breast a little while, and then no more.

About this time he disappeared completely for several years. At the period of his *tragedie du cœur* he was a bright-haired youth with brilliant blue eyes. When he emerges from his silent hell of agony, he is a blenched and withered man. "He stoops and is abstracted. A threadbare, dark coat, buttoned up to the throat, sheathes his attenuated body. His eye is lustrously mild and beautifully blue, and his silver white locks surround like a tender halo the once beautiful and now pale and intellectual face. He glides along through the people as if he did not belong to the same earth with them. Nor does he. His steps seem as if they were not directed by any thought but mechanically wended their way to his lonely abode."

Wherever he had been, however he had spent those hidden years, when he came back to earth the old strife at the mill of existence, the old life to be borne for others was still awaiting him. He picked up his load, shouldered it bravely, and at seven and twenty years of age we find him contributing short poems, usually translations from the German and the Irish, to a small weekly paper in Dublin. For these he received a weekly pittance which he duly rendered to the people who eked their existence out of his life blood. Finally,

through Doctors Anster, Petrie, and Todd (the latter Fellow and Librarian of Trinity College), he obtained employment in making a new catalogue of the treasures of Trinity library.

Shy, gentle, sensitive, insupportably lonely, hopeless, homeless, loveless—his friends who still remained faithful could do nothing for him; and like a ghost he went his shadowy way silently, with

"Drear suffocation in a drear abyss,
Lean hands outstretched toward the dark profound,
Strained ears vain listening for a tender sound,
The set lips choking back the dead-like cry
Wrung from the soul's forlornest agony."

A double madness from opium and alcohol possessed him; the delicately organized creature went under beneath the recurring influence of the stimulant and the narcotic; the radiant soul which used to "sing hymns at heaven's gate" fell lower than the sullen earth and went

"To herd with demons from hell beneath."

After famine comes pestilence, so after the fearful famine of 1848 the cholera swept over Ireland, smiting those who had not fallen under the hunger. In June, 1849, Mangan suffered from an attack of the plague. He was found in his sad lodgings in Bride street and taken by the friends who loved him to the Meath Hospital. He had no strength nor energy with which to wage a fight with death, and died June 20, 1849.

He had left that

"* * * strange road
Miring his outward steps, who inly trod
The bright Castalian brink and Latmos' steep."

The burthened breath at last was freed; but from his insensate clay a voice will ever ring in that fearful and pathetic autobiographical poem,

THE NAMELESS ONE.

Roll forth, my song, like a rushing river,
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night hour,
How shone for *him*, through his grief and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's page,
The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam;
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream!

Tell how this Nameless, condemn'd for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betray'd in friendship, befool'd in love,
With spirit shipwreck'd, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for *him*,
(If children live not for sires and mothers,)
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far thro' the pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawn'd his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns:

But yet redeem'd it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and
hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.

An interesting example of the poet's work is his

SOUL AND COUNTRY.

Arise! my slumbering soul, arise!
And learn what yet remains for thee
To dree or do!
The signs are flaming in the skies;
A struggling world would yet be free,
And live anew.
The earthquake hath not yet been born,
That soon shall rock the lands around,
Beneath their base.
Immortal freedom's thunder horn,
As yet, yields but a doleful sound
To Europe's race.

Look round, my soul, and see and say
If those about thee understand
Their mission here;
The will to smite—the power to slay—
Abound in every heart and hand
Afar, anear.
But, God! must yet the conqueror's sword
Pierce *mind*, as heart, in this proud year?
Oh, dream it not!
It sounds a false, blaspheming word,
Begot and born of moral fear—
And ill-begot!

To leave the world a name is nought,
To leave a name for glorious deeds
And works of love—
A name to waken lightning thought,
And fire the soul of him who reads,
This tells above.
Napoleon sinks to-day before
The ungilded shrine, the *single* soul
Of Washington;
Truth's name, alone, shall man adore,
Long as the waves of time shall roll
Henceforward on!

My countrymen! my words are weak,
My health is gone, my soul is dark,
My heart is chill—
Yet would I fain and fondly seek
To see you borne in freedom's bark
O'er ocean still.
Beseech your GOD, and bide your hour—
He cannot, will not, long be dumb;
Even now his tread
Is heard o'er earth with coming power;
And coming, trust me, it will come,
Else were he dead!

In his apocryphal songs from the Ottoman, the Persian, and the Arabic, there is another note struck. There is much evidence that Mangan knew nothing of the Oriental tongues; that he merely used that old trick of Chatterton, in order to have a vehicle for the wilder, fiercer moods for which he did not care to be responsible. Or, perhaps even he himself wearied of his constant play upon the minor chords of song and his inherent shyness revolted at continually acknowledging the utter unworth of everything. However it be, it is certain that the so-called Oriental translations are his own and that along with the pessimism of the acknowledged poems they exhibit other and stranger traits. Not in any signed poem is there exhibited the slightest love or desire for a free life in the outside world. Mangan's life was spent in a sad routine of dreary labor in a crowded city. In his dreams he may have known of wide skies, free winds, forests, and the hills, but in his real life he knew nothing of all these, for it is doubtful if he ever went further than the Wicklow hills; but listen to his fine wild strains in

THE KARAMANIAN EXILE.

I see thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman!
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman! O Karaman!
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman!
So thou loomest on my dreams,
Karaman! O Karaman!

The hot bright plains, the sun, the skies,
Karaman!
Seem death-black marble to mine eyes,
Karaman! O Karaman!
I turn from summer's blooms and dyes;
Yet in my dreams thou dost arise
In welcome glory to my eyes,
Karaman!
In thee my life of life yet lies,
Karaman!
Thou still art holy in my eyes
Karaman! O Karaman!

Ere my fighting years were come,
Karaman!
Troops were few in Erzerome,
Karaman! O Karaman!

Their fiercest came from Erzerome.
They came from Ukhbar's palace dome,
They dragg'd me forth from thee, my home,
Karaman!
Thee, my own, my mountain home,
Karaman!
In life and death, my spirit's home,
Karaman! O Karaman!

Oh, none of all my sisters ten,
Karaman!
Loved like me my fellow-men,
Karaman! O Karaman!
I was mild as milk till then,
I was soft as silk till then;
Now my breast is as a den,
Karaman!
Foul with blood and bones of men,
Karaman!
With blood and bones of slaughter'd men,
Karaman! O Karaman!

My boyhood's feelings newly born,
Karaman!
Wither'd like young flowers uptorn,
Karaman! O Karaman!
And in their stead sprang weed and thorn;
What once I loved now moves my scorn;
My burning eyes are dried to horn,
Karaman!
I hate the blessèd light of morn,
Karaman!
It maddens me, the face of morn,
Karaman! O Karaman!

The Spahi wears a tyrant's chains,
Karaman!
But bondage worse than this remains,
Karaman! O Karaman!
His heart is black with million stains:
Thereon, as on Kaf's blasted plains,
Shall never more face dews and rains,
Karaman!
Save poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman!
Hell's poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman! O Karaman!

But life at worst must end ere long,
Karaman!
Azreel* avengeth every wrong,
Karaman! O Karaman!
Of late my thoughts rove more among
Thy fields; o'ershadowing fancies throng
My mind, and texts of bodeful song,
Karaman!
Azreel is terrible and strong,
Karaman!
His lightning sword smites all ere long,
Karaman! O Karaman!

There's care to-night in Ukhbar's halls,
Karaman!
There 's hope, too, for his trodden thralls,
Karaman! O Karaman!
What lights flash red along yon walls?
Hark! hark!—the muster-trumpet calls!—
I see the sheen of spears and shawls,
Karaman!
The foe! the foe!—they scale the walls,
Karaman!
To-night Muràd or Ukhbar falls,
Karaman! O Karaman!

*The angel of death.

One word more and then two more extracts. Mangan knew nothing of the Celtic language, but certain Gaelic scholars, supplied him with literal prose drafts of the songs of the old Celtic bards. With these as outlines and with his perfect Celtic temperament to guide him, he has built up a "house beautiful" in the realm of adaptation and translation. The first place is given to his "Dark Rosaleen." While Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Tit Marlowe were climbing Olympian heights in the court of Elizabeth, an unknown minstrel of an Irish chieftain wrote an impassioned song to his mistress, Ireland, wherein he called her—in the original—*Roisin Duh*, which is The Black-haired Little Rose. These stanzas are from Mangan's paraphrase:

Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roam'd for your sake;
All yesterday I sail'd with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dash'd across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lighten'd through my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!

* * * * * * *

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly, for your weal:
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through Daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!

* * * * * * *

O! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,

And gun-peal, and Slogan cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

The breathless magnificence of his translation of "St. Patrick's Hymn before Tarah" is fairly exemplified by these few lines:

At Tarah to-day, in this fateful hour,
I place all Heaven with its power,
And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And the fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along their path,
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness.*
All these I place,
By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the Powers of Darkness.
* * * * * * *
Christ, as a light
Illumine and guide me!

*Strength, firmness.

Christ, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me!
Christ be under me! Christ be over me!
Christ be beside me
On left hand, and right!
Christ be before me, behind me, about me!
Christ this day be within and without me!

Christ, the lowly and meek,
Christ, the All-powerful, be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see me or hear me!

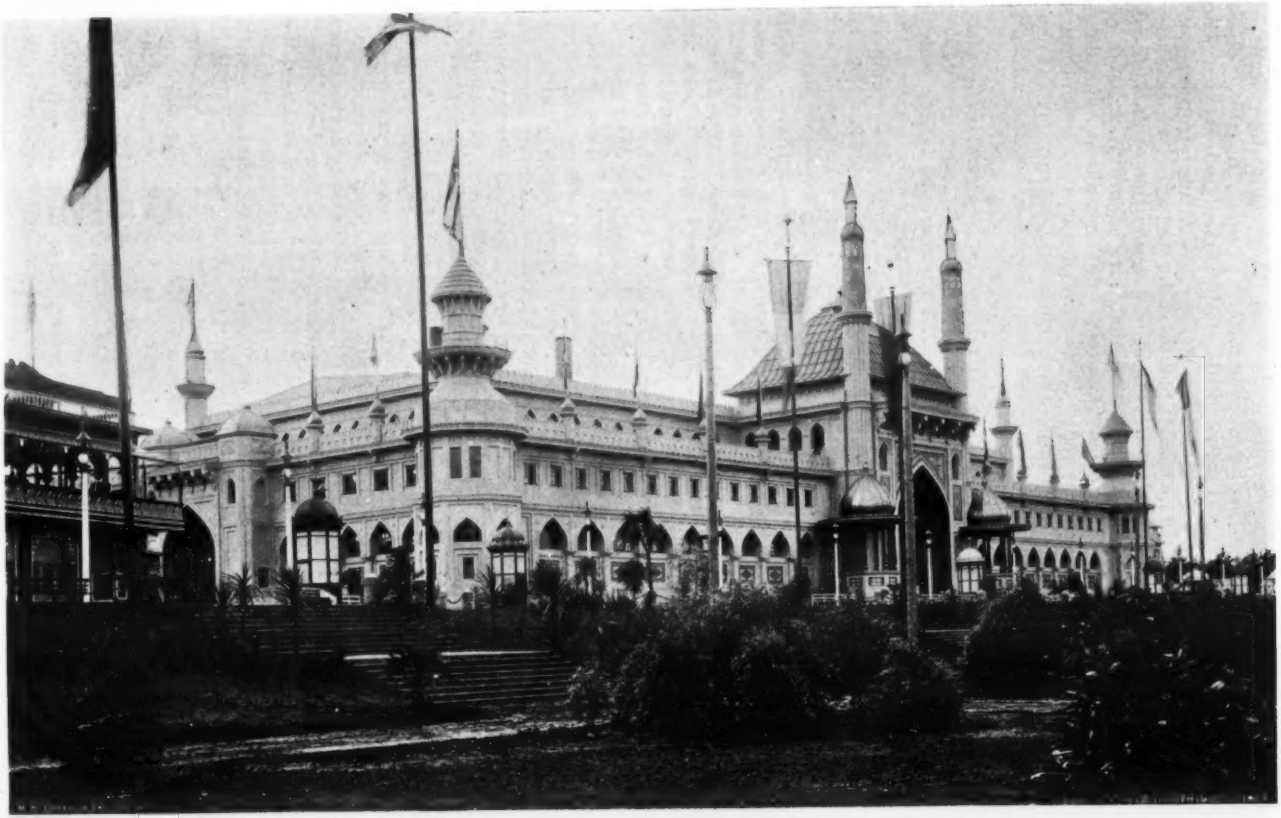
It is a strange but fitting fact that the year of Mangan's death witnessed the passing of three other souls whose lives and experiences had been thrown in much the same paths as his had been: Emily Brontë, Hartley Coleridge, and Edgar Poe all died while black shadows were over their unfulfilled hopes and unfinished labor. These are known and loved and have found their proper places in men's regard. Let us hope that their gifted brother-in-grief, James Clarence Mangan, may some day come into his rightful heritage of fame and memory.

STRANGE PLACES IN SUNSET CITY.

BY BARBARA RIDENTE.

A WALK through the streets of Sunset City is like to a topsy-turvy lesson in geography and history. Desert plains and pine-topped hills; fields of ice and a burning volcano; crowded bazaars and ruined castles; an Austrian concert-hall and a Japanese tea-garden lie upon each other's boundaries. Pharoah's daughter and a Mexican *caballero;* a dancer from the Sultan's court and a scout from Montana; an Apache chief and the descendant of a subject of the Ptolemys go cheek by jowl as if were perfect congruity.

The Arizona Village is a small desert having heaps of sand and many cactus plants. The natives live in huts of straw and prepare and cook their food in the open air. The papooses roll about the sand in one scanty garment and men wear only



HALL OF MECHANICAL ARTS, SUNSET CITY.

sandals to keep the heat from the soles of their feet. Yet just over the fence is the Esquimau settlement where the men and women are clothed in fur. Sunset City being located near a sand dune there is of course much sand in *Little Afognak;* but all the accessories savor so of the frigid zone that a great stretch of imagination is not required to turn the sand to snow. The tiny huts of whitewashed mud are set in a semi-circle. One corner of the settlement is given to a large pool of water wherein the men ply up and down in their frail, pointed canoes, shooting like arrows through the gates which subdivide the water. These slim, hide-covered crafts seem to be uncomfortable, yet without difficulty a fur-swaddled little man will sleep in one of them while a distressed spectator turns giddy from watching for him to turn over into the waters beneath. A score of handsome, long-haired dogs are in the village. Some of them are locked in coops, some are chained outside, and a half-dozen are hitched to a sled which they pull at a fine speed around a long, elliptical track. They growl and moan at the heat and dig deep holes in the sand and bury themselves to get cool. Two dismal-eyed reindeers spend their time sniffing the dry sand and disconsolately pulling at the leather thongs by which they are tied to an eucalyptus tree. A reindeer and an eucalyptus tree! That is one of the geographical absurdities of Sunset City. A very small Esquimau who looks like a squirrel has a wonderful remark by which he makes himself acquainted with all strangers. "*Thimmey pipe thenths.*" And in an instant a nickel is in view. On Niles day the Alameda building was filled with almond blossoms, those lovely forerunners of the spring. Think how fantastic a thing it was to see this same skin-clad youngster from the North Pole decked with bunches of the delicate pink blooms, which he petted and waved and caressed! If the evolutionists and the hunters for the missing link were not so fastidious a set they could find heaps of comfort in *Little Afognak*. These little, brown men and women who dress in close-fitting trousers and blouses of fur certainly look as if they might be a verification of the supposition that lays so heavy a hand on Genesis. But they all sing and shout "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," which throws them out of the controversy. It cannot matter much about the ancestry of a people who sing that.

The Japanese tea-garden is a place of drowsy rest and dreamy peace filled only with the music of falling waters and whispering winds. After the glare of the buildings and the flapping of the hundred banners, after the concessions with their noise and fun and nerve-fag, it is a pleasant place to enter. So still it is that it seems the narcotic, yellow lotus-dust must be in the air, for "mild-minded melancholy" falls on one like a soothing spell. There are running brooks, and quiet pools, and water falling briskly over mimic rocks. The tiniest of baby gold-fish flash and dart about in the limpid waters. Two solemn, white storks stand among the miniature trees. Pretty Japanese girls trip along the tidy paths and carry tea and strange sweetmeats to the visitors. The little tea-garden, on the whole, is the most restfully charming place in all of Sunset City.

Only cross the esplanade with its flags and playing waters and it is an amazing change from the quiet delicacy of Japan to the noisy flamboyancy of the oriental bazaars in Cairo street. The glaring booths and theaters, the gaudy minarets and domes, the fantastic garbs of the denizens—catch the sunlight and multiply it until one is dazzled by the glowing radiancy. But under foot the brick pavement is cool and pleasant, and the people in Cairo street are not half as busy as they seem to be. The camel-drivers lean upon their grotesque charges and tease them and pet them. The camels, in remonstrance, shake their long necks and thus pleasantly

SCENE IN '49 MINING CAMP, MIDWINTER FAIR.

jingle their silver bells. The donkey-boys parade their little gray beasts up and down. The fierce sword-fighter in his bifurcated skirts lets fall his fearful dignity and condescends to have a passage at arms with a camel-man. Also, I have seen him raise the puny wrath of a donkey-boy by giving the donkey orange rind to eat. From the latticed portico above the theater a bedizened dancer lazily will watch the street below, not disdaining a mild flirtation with a stalwart sheik who passes on his way to tell fortunes in his tent. The perfume of attar of roses pervades the place as if the ghosts of the roses were driven on the wind. There are blind walls, mysterious casements and stairways. And as you walk through the mimic street it is as if you were in Amir Nath's gully where Rudyard Kipling's man met the little native widow who finally had her hands cut off for her folly. From any of the barred casements one can almost hear poor Bisesa's love song:

Alone upon the housetops, to the North
I turn and watch the lightning in the sky,
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

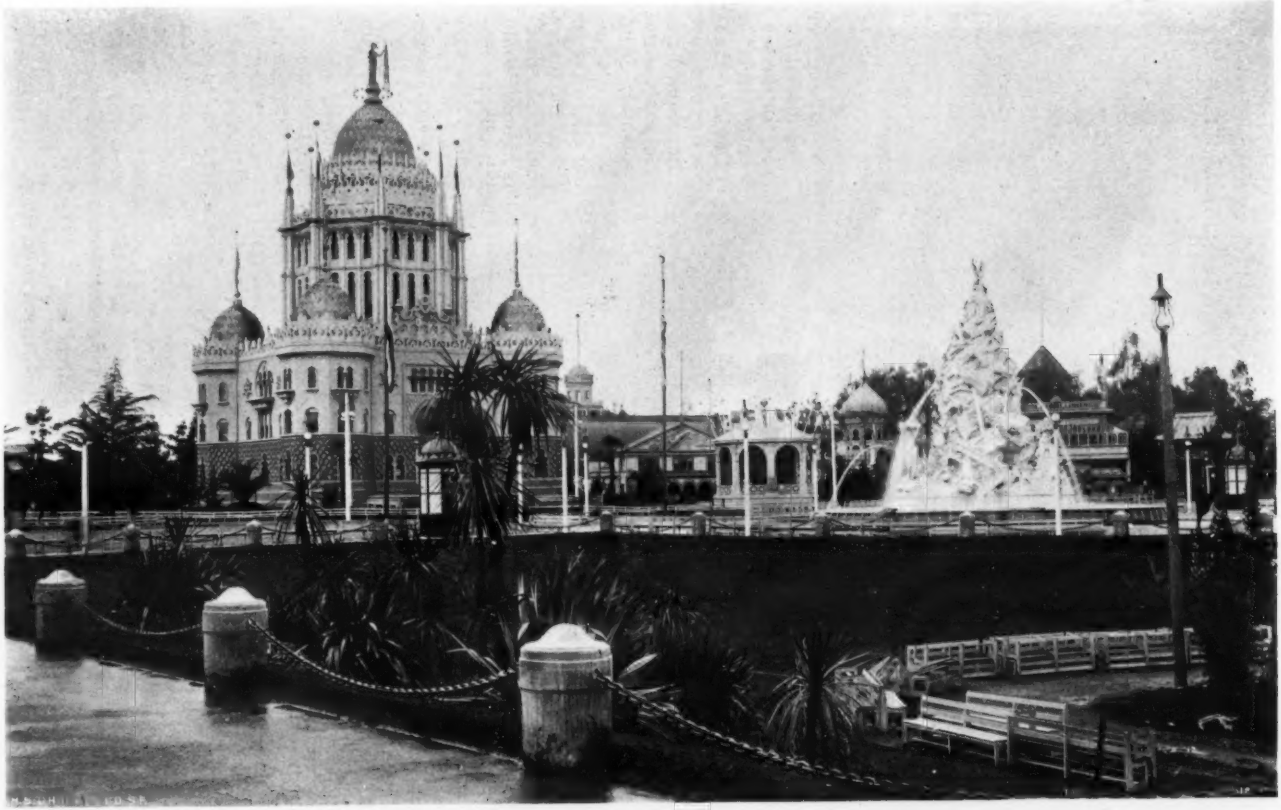
Below my feet the still bazaar is laid,
Far, far below the weary camels lie—
The camels and the captives of thy raid,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

My father's wife is old and harsh with years,
And drudge of all my father's house am I—
My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

This is all very well being in Sunset City; but these blind walls and barred casements would have a wicked look to an American woman in Bagdad or Damascus. And that reminds me: excepting the painted actress in her gaudy robes above the theater, one sees no native woman in Cairo street. I suppose that is why one is so offended by the rods, and bars, and blind walls, and closed stairways.

In the bazaar the shelves and counters of the partitioned booths are covered with strange and beautiful baubles from the Orient—necklaces and bracelets of amber, mother-of-pearl, and misty moon-stones; narrow-necked tubes of cut glass filled with attar of roses; carved boxes and jewel-cases of sandal- and aloes-wood; trifles of beaten gold like caught sunlight and of silver filigree like woven moonshine; rugs and stuffs and cloth-of-gold, and small slippers with turned-up toes and no heels. And always you are haunted by the fragrance of the roses, and everywhere you hear the jingling of the camels' silver bells. After the mother-of-pearl, the amber, the aloes-wood, the sandal, with all the strange aroma of the East, it should not be surprising to find an oasis in Cairo street. And one is there. But it has no deep spring of clear water, with dates, and palms, and cooling shadows. The oasis in Cairo street has a hideous board floor, and for dates they have doughnuts, for water they have cherry phosphate and that kind of liquids!

A visit to the great, pink Chinese building is one of the queerest experiences for a Californian in Sunset City. All other strangers are foreigners pure and simple; but the Chinese have been with us so long and we have grown to be so accustomed to them that it is something of a surprise when we witness them out there in the guise of honored guests, standing side by side with the other natives, showing us the things of which they are proud. And a proud, cold lot they are, to be sure. Much that they exhibit could easily be seen in any shop in Dupont street: crockery, silks, embroideries, carved ebony, and the wonderful work of their fine-fingered goldsmiths. They have the same garish colors, the same splendor of tinsel aud gold thread, the same fantastic outlandish figures that one sees in their quarter in San Francisco. The great change is in their own demeanor. All the dumb sullenness and immobile mystery of their faces disappear. They are not sphinxes, they are men at last, and on their faces they carry an expression of hos-



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND ALLEGORICAL FOUNTAIN, SUNSET CITY.

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pitality and pleasant pride in the fine show of their country. In the theater where the children play they even so far forget themselves as to laugh outright.

The center of the main room of the pavilion is given up to an exhibition of certain Chinese flowers. The man in attendance is courteous and points out the beautiful flowers while he tells you their ugly names. Chief among them is the beautiful lily named after Narcissus. And he is legion there. Hundreds upon hundreds of these flowers impregnate the whole building with their delicious fragrance. After going among them one gets a clue to the reason for the appellation "Flowery Kingdom." If nothing else were in the Chinese exhibit it would be worth the admission fee to see those lovely narcissi. Set at intervals among the flowers are gruesome pots of Chinese ivy trained into the shapes of men and women, with ugly doll heads put on top. They quite put to shame the legend of the basil plant. They are such fearful things to look on that if it were not for the freshness of the leaves they would suggest the dismal forest in the seventh circle of Dante's Hell wherein are imprisoned the sad souls of the suicides. And as the attendant Chinaman pulled the leaves from these hideous figures I could hear unhappy Pietro della Vigna say:

"Why dost thou mangle me?
Why dost thou rend me?
Hast thou no spirit of pity whatsoever?"

WEEPING ROCKS.

BY LOUIS HARMAN PEET.

From fern-plumed rocks the dripping streamlet creeps
In fringe of crystal, glinting silver fire,
And murmurs, as o'er chords half stirred from sleep,
The low sweet music of the woodland lyre.

FACE OF THE MUIR GLACIER FROM THE MORAINE.

GOAT-HUNTING AT GLACIER BAY, ALASKA.

BY ELIZA R. SCIDMORE.

SITKA did not approve of the sportsman, the artist, two women, a small boy, a cook and a camp-hand going over to occupy the lone cabin at the Muir Glacier. Disapproval was hinted and then freely expressed. We might camp unquestioned at the Hot Springs, Katliansky or on the Kruzoff Shore, as that had been done before, but to the glacier none but those bent on scientific mission had ever gone. None of us could pretend to any great geologic fervor, and our questioners could not understand our ideas of an Alaska pleasure trip. A haphazard remark about mountain-goat was taken up, and before we knew it the sportsman was restored to favor and pointed out as a goat-hunter. The word ran round the ranch, the Indians looked upon our leader as a great man, and we all shared in the reflected glory.

"Aha! Now you 'll have to get a goat," said the leader's wife, significantly.

* * * * *

"Do you people think of spending the winter there?" inquired the ship's commander, viewing the monument of our possessions on the wharf—a heap of boxes, barrels and canvas bags, crowning a few cords of firewood, like offerings on a funeral pyre.

Cobalt has minimized his possessions, but was taking all the blue paint he had brought to and could find in Sitka, staking recklessly on this supreme chance to tear the color secrets from the glacier's heart and live up to Nature's most stupendous effort in blue and white. The sportsman had tents, and guns and ammunition galore, and held a fine setter in leash. The Madame had barrelled and boxed a kitchen, pantry and linen-closet entire, and sent her kitchen executive on board with a cook-book under her arm and a small notion in her Tlingit head as to whither and on what we were bent. The small boy swung a camera, and Koster—the best deer-hunter on Baranoff Island—having rung the extra chimes for the

THE GOAT-PASTURE, MUIR GLACIER.

bishop's services in the Greek church, changed from his Sunday clothes, shouldered his rifle, axe and buck-saw and clambered up the gangway envied by all his Russian relations.

It was in the height of the Alaska tourist season. Every berth and cabin sofa was taken. For the one night's trip we were given the whole painfully clean and empty steerage, with a roomy stateroom at the very bow and nose of the ship as a ladies' cabin. The Madame asked to be called when the ship reached Bartlett Bay and was well among the ice in the morning. In the middle of the night the roar and crack of doom sounded by our pillows and uncounted fathoms of the anchor-chain ran through the hawse-holes above our ears, to announce the anchoring in Bartlett Bay. There succeeded a deathly silence for a few hours. The drip, drip, drip of the awnings on deck pattered a tale of mist and fog that would surely hide any enrapturing views of the trinity of great white peaks and the thirty miles of ice floes gilded by the early sunrise lights. With the turn of the tide an insidious little current crept into Bartlett Bay and *Crash! Slam! Bang! Ke-chunk! Gr-r-r-r!* came the ice cakes thumping against the bow of the ship or the walls of our room and twanging the anchor chains. Between the frightful thumps the room-boy made his knock heard, and as he passed in his tea-tray, said: "You can *see* the ice now, ma'am." The sportsman, who lay dreaming of the big white goat for a whole quarter-hour after the ice bombardment began, rushed zealously to the door and shouted through the key-hole: "You 'd better wake up in there. We are right in the midst of the ice, now."

The donkey-engine chattered and chopped and sputtered awhile, the ship's bow shaking in an easy earthquake as it ground up the roaring links of the anchor chain, and, very deliberately, the *Queen* swept through the miles of ice floes and battered and thumped and bumped her way to the glacier's front. Acres of mush ice sang with a mysterious, electric tinkling, clicking and snapping in continuous undertone, and buffeted blocks reeled away with heavy *ke-chunks*, *ke-thunks*, showing where they had scraped red paint from plates below the water line. In the mist the larger bergs were magnified, and once there towered a ghostly form worthy of a Greenland bay. "This just reminds me of the snow on Boston Common," said one tourist with a long shawl around his head and shoulders, when debris-laden, honeycombed white floes surrounded him in good Arctic fashion.

In that world of gray clouds and trailing mists the glacier's long front wall showed its strongest coloring, the intensely blue and snow-white ice cliffs merging into marbled buttresses near the dark moraine whose myriad wet pebbles glistened brightly when a little sunshine filtered down.

The tourist who had so freely criticised us at Sitka as the "laziest lot of campers he had ever seen" had also allowed us to overhear his suggestion that we had better go out and cut firewood when we wanted it, in a country where the woods were so thick no one could stir for them. When he saw the miles of treeless shores, the bare slate and limestone peaks and the leagues of ice beyond, he berated us for not taking several tons of coal and a stove.

Tourists' questions could not disturb us after the fusillades of the Sitkans, though there were some match pieces for those gems put to Prof. Muir by coupon-tearing seekers of knowledge: "What is a glacier *for?*" and "*Could* a man earn a living on a glacier?"

Our companions saw the place in its dreariest aspect to be sure, examined our little cabin before it was swept and garnished, and pitied us profusely. "*Where* are those *poor* ladies who are going to *live* on the glacier?" asked one, hysterically. "I want to shake

your hand. I may never see you again," said another to the Madame, in mournful tones that emphasized this greeting and farewell on earth. Moritura duly saluted her, and we plumed ourselves as if companions of Mrs. Peary. "How do you expect to keep your bread fresh for two weeks at a time?" asked a third compassionate one. "Is she going to take her little boy *there?*" shrieked another, as the youngster lugged the ice-cream freezer down the gangway.

The men, who had never been in the bay before nor gone hunting in their lives, cornered the sportsman in the smoking-room and assured him that he would not find anything for his rifle on those barren mountains and ridiculed his choice of camping ground. One advised that he camp at Bartlett Bay or on the islands. Another did not believe that the sportsman would get a goat, because *he* had never heard of a white man killing one. To this the Juneau miner retorted that he had scared up whole flocks of goats while prospecting in the Taku country; had killed them, taken them into camp, and eaten them, although he did not just exactly hanker for goat-meat himself.

Then a wise man from the East said that an Englishman in Victoria had told *him*, that mountain goat were just as stupid as they looked; that it was all nonsense about their being such difficult game; that you could walk close up to them and hit them over the head with a club.

"He did n't say that he had clubbed any goats himself, did he?" asked the Commander, looking in on the discussion. "Shuh!" he growled, "there are goat and plenty of them on that mountain behind the cabin. You keep your gun handy and you will find plenty to kill. By the way, I do n't see your boat anywhere on board. It must have been left behind."

A fortnight before, when we had broached our plans to the Commander and told of the small boat in which we would sail the bay, picnic on all the islands and take the hunters down to the forests where the cinnamon bear growl, he had flatly objected. "No, you do n't. Glacier Bay is no place for women and children to be knocking about in small boats." Reluctantly we left our boat behind us, and now came the Commander, when a hundred miles away, asking if we had forgotten it.

"Why, no! You said we should n't take a boat."

"What!!!"

"*You-said-that-we-should-not-take-a-boat;* that Glacier Bay was no place for women and children to be knocking about in small boats."

"Well! if this is n't the worst! I can 't let you have any of my lifeboats. We 've got to carry them all by law, and we might want to finish the excursion in them. What are you going to *do* without a boat?"

"You tell," said the disgruntled sportsman, whom we had restrained from attempting to smuggle a boat on board. "*You* put us in this box. But if it worries you so much you might put your passengers on the boats and rafts now, and leave us the ship. I think it would be quite safe for the ladies to knock about the bay in the *Queen*."

All the ship's officers took an interest in our glacial picnic and all, from Commander to scullion, asked if we had remembered matches. The last sailor, pushing off the last boat, waded back to leave us his box of lucifers; the steward sent potatoes; the baker was afraid we might not have enough yeast; and the porter bestowed a brush and a box of shoe-blacking.

The ship raised anchor, dipped her flag and disappeared in the mist, and we began our glacial existence. Seven souls and a setter constituted our world. Our nearest neighbors were in the Hoonah fishing camp, by the deserted cannery at the mouth of the bay, and the people of Juneau or Sitka were equally one hundred and sixty miles away. Before the kettle

boiled we mourned that we had not come a month earlier, and with the rain pattering on the roof the snug dry cabin with its deep boulder fireplace ablaze with noisy hemlock logs was quite ideal.

For a few gray days the glacier roared and boomed continuously. Its midnight thunders jarred the house and frightened even the dog, who sprang up with bristling hairs, bayed and howled in terror. The ice-spirits held high carnival, breaking off icebergs by the score, undermining and hurling down whole ranges of the glacier's front wall and making earth and air vibrate with their thunder. The beach at our doorway commanded the whole mile-and-three-quarters stretch of the ice wall; but many times a day we faced the rain and walked the half mile to the foot of the great palisade where we could see the splendid spectacular play at nearer range. At every crash we ran from the cabin to watch the display, and even the dog learned to bound to the beach and regard the glacier wisely whenever it roared.

The scientists who had hurried away in a cannery-launch the year before had left their mattresses, chairs, tables and gasoline stove in the cabin. We greatly praised the honesty of the neighboring Hoonah Indians who, holding the law of cache so sacred, left all these tempting properties of the white man untouched—everything as safe in this lone, unlocked cabin as if under a watchman's eye. We descanted much on Tlingit honor as we sowed the seams of the canvas ceiling with which we lowered the one absurdly high room, and praised the Hoonahs as the flower of that nation as we made gay sash curtains, hung dividing portières, nailed fast innumerable wall-pockets and arranged red draperies above the monumental fireplace.

A canoe-load of our Hoonah neighbors paddled in, one of those drizzly mornings, and made their canoe fast by a turn of the bark rope round the corner of a little iceberg. They offered their battered craft with two boatmen at ten dollars a day, and seemed dejected when informed that our *tyee* or leader had come to hunt and not to fish.

"Any goat up there?" asked the sportsman tipping his pipe towards Mt. Wright.

"No," answered the head visitor, wearily, both hands run deep in his store-clothes pockets.

"Much seal in the bay this year?" persisted the goat-killer cheerfully.

"No," drawled the gloomy neighbor.

"Are there black bear or cinnamon bear in the woods by your camp?"

"No. Nothing."

"Oh, well, you must have plenty of salmon this year at least," said the sportsman, consolingly.

"No," droned the Hoonah, who seemed to have a secret sorrow—some canker in the heart that weighed him down.

They sat damply on the beach for a tide and a half, gurgling and gargling long guttural conversations and watching the cabin closely. They made ready to go, and the leader approached the smoker's tent.

"How much flour you got? You sell?"

"No. We want all the flour we have," said the sportsman, sternly, wishing no dependent camp to settle around us.

"How long you stay this house?"

"All the rest of the summer—until after the last steamer."

Men, women, children and dogs bundled into the canoe, and they pushed off and sailed away down the silvery evening sea, their white wing soon lost among the whiter bergs.

"Those siwash no good. They come do some devils," said Koster, with a sigh of relief.

There was no night during those July weeks. In August the stars were but white pin-points in the shadowy blue above, and candlelight was an arbitrary hour of our own fixing.

The water-barrel's dashings were heard by four o'clock each morning, when our East River or creek ran low and clear from the glacier's side and Koster went to and fro with the pails. Immediately, the white hemlock sounded a reveille from the fireplace that was no more to be disregarded than a drum-beat, so that the early morning hours, the most beautiful in all the glacial day, were never lost. The first care was to see what had happened to the glacier overnight, to hurry along the beach or the bluff and closely inspect that long, fantastic wall glittering in the clear, still air; or to cross the creek and hurry to some sheltered gully in the gravelly terraces and watch Mt. Fairweather's triple white crown rising high above the red Pyramid Peak with the dull-orange length of the Dying Glacier and the silvery berg-strewn waters in foreground. "Le Beau-Temps" was our weather prophet and defender. Posing serene and superb in the northwest, it held back the threatening blueness that often gathered St. Elias-ward, and to us as to the old whalers signaled the promise of a radiant day whenever we saw its peak unclouded at dawn. For fifteen days in succession the first sun-rays turned the ghostly peak to a mass of solid color—a shape of rose and then of lemon-tinted light. It glistened like mother-of-pearl where the sunbeams reflected from some icy faceting; and all this shining, tremendous mass of snow and ice soaring 15,500 feet aloft, a fit altar for earth's orisons to the sun, often seemed to float, to hang suspended in the bell of the clear, blue, morning sky.

The temperature ranged at the camp from forty-two degrees on cloudy days to sixty-five degrees and sixty-eight degrees when the sun shone and the air was still. But after sunrise a persistent wind—a wind that sounded as if it had come from afar—draughted down over the glacier, following the ice river's current. Though the sun might shine and the icebergs wither and melt, and our door stood open to the Southern sun all day, there was always that persistent wind battering the back of the cabin. We could sit in the flower-beds a thousand and three thousand feet on the mountain so nearly overhead, and, soaking in the warm air, face a gentle south breeze; while the camp-flag was snapping in the same old north wind so far below. To protect himself from the benumbing blast while he sketched, Cobalt made a tent frame of three flagstaffs and the Madame dressed the skeleton in a bell-skirt of canvas. The dressmaker's dummy, this Liliputian tepee, paraded the beach and the bluff, perched itself on every view-commanding point and was once engulfed in berg-waves and perilously rescued.

Cobalt worked from early morning to sunset's last glow in this paradise of the aquarellist, the ideal water-color corner of the continent. The coloring and the atmosphere were alike his despair—tints so pure and clear and skies so luminous and transparent that counterfeit was well-nigh impossible. He had to work quickly to record his impressions of the morning lights, the wondrous glow on the vast, white plain and on the bare, reddish-brown mountain masses—to jot the outlines of new cliffs and crags of ice, of new bergs fallen overnight, and wash in their evanescent blueness; for sun and air are two such powerful bleaching chemicals as to change the intense, transparent blue of such freshly fractured surfaces to opaque white by noonday. These icebergs were his models and were continually changing, turning and re-arranging themselves in foreground and middle distance. One stranded berg tempted a hasty impression every day for a fortnight, and was nobly posing and good for another week's study when we left. While such a berg may seem but a mass of crystallized light—a shape of pure, transparent color—the clear, cerulean hue could be suggested only after washes and undertints of rose-madder, emerald-green,

violet and black had been laid in. All day he worked on glistening water and gleaming ice, on marvelous arrangements of blue and white, on strange effects of white on white, of high lights without ever a shadow. Even deep caverns in the ice wall pulsated with prismatic light and were filled with a dazzling, transparent blue air. There were sunset skies past all comparison—such pale-lemon and golden-green heavens afloat with rose, lilac, and pure-crimson clouds as are seen only in the moist, rain-washed atmosphere of northern seas. Strange mirages sometimes showed as we looked down to the bay, the crowded bergs magnified and uplifted by refraction until a glacier wall a thousand feet high seemed to bar the south.

"Why don't you do something instead of loafing around this beach all day—climb a mountain, stretch your legs, reduce your flesh, saw wood or get a goat?" was the sportsman's challenge to the weary painter when he came in from the cold boulder where he had stopped for a five-minute sketch and had remained for hours.

"Why don't *you?*" retorted Cobalt. "Where 's that goat-head for my studio?"

There was incessant banter between the industrious man of brushes and the huntsman who would not go a-hunting "for fear the glacier might do something" while he was gone—the huntsman whose footsteps made the house tremble and the cake fall in the oven; whose songs and sneezes loosened the roof-pinnings.

"I 'm just going to catch an effect now," he roared to Cobalt from across the creek, and with dog and gun disappeared beyond the gravel banks. A few hours later he came up the moraine whistling "Annie Rooney" with a calliope's strength, every pocket of his canvas coat bulging with grouse. "Nice thing is still life, eh?" dangling the birds against the rough-sawn boards of the cabin wall. "They just want to be mounted on a broad mat like this," as the broiled birdlet fell upon a square of toast, "and I 'll give it a touch of high color like that," and a dab of currant jelly smuggled to the hollow where the heart had been. "You do some things right well, my boy, but you can 't get that tone to your toast. Just hang that on the line, please."

Our society was broken up many times, like that upon the Stainslaw. Each one had an assortment of glacial theories, none of which were received with respect. During the first wet days the sportsman brought pocketsful of rocks from every stroll. Bits of barren quartz and poor galena cumbered the tables, were piled like Buddhist prayers on the mantel-piece and were rising to a stately cairn by the door. Sighing mightily our hunter would say:

"While they were grinding up everything in the country, why did n't this glacier strike a pay streak somewhere? Then, I 'd turn the nozzle on these banks and hydraulic the whole blamed moraine away. Whew! what a placer claim this would make!" Then he brought in glistening, wet pebbles. "Jade, jade, as sure as you live! And there 's a lump up there that weights about three tons. We 'll just prospect back to the vein it came from and we 'll leave here billionaires."

The specimen dried as it went from hand to hand, the precious bit of jewelry jade grew dingy and turned to commonest serpentine and the prospector would never show us the three-ton block of jade.

Although Prof. Muir had distinctly told us a year before that the rains wore and broke away the ice most rapidly, each had some special theory about the sun and tides helping on the destruction as well. I kept record of the tides and ice-falls and every one's opinion was backed. The glacier broke at high tide, low tide and half tide, at midnight and noonday, most often during the sleeping hours and in general when it listed.

"One day's hot sun will settle it. It will crack it all up. It will have

to go then," was the next theory advanced. For ten radiantly clear and sunny days the glacier was silent—only roaring gently in the night. The camera was set and a finger was at the button for hours, but only crumbs and mush-ice slid quietly to the water. One still, drowsy afternoon, when the ice-cliffs and every lumplet of ice were reflected as in a mirror, half of the front wall broke away, rode out, rose up and sank in battering waves. The earth shook, the mountains re-echoed the awful thunder, and we ran for our lives from the combing waves that swept across the inlet and ran far up the beach. Again the glacier slumbered through days of hot sunshine, every blue vein and cavern fading from the white wall; and at four o'clock in the morning one tremendous roar wakened cabin and tents, and in the cold, clear light we saw a half mile of the fantastic ice-wall topple into the sea and a second range of icy mountains crash upon the ruins. Within two hours a second salvo rang upon the air and the rest of the white palisade fell; and from shore to shore there stretched such a silver and sapphire wall as we had only dreamed of before.

(To be concluded in the CALIFORNIAN *for May.)*

IN LIFE'S HARD PULL.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In life's hard pull up the rock-bound steep
That leads to success or renown,
Don't waste your time in trying to climb
By pulling other folks down;
But toil along as your strength permits
With never a halt or stop,
Give smiles to the throng as you pass along—
There is room for you all at the top.

As I look on life this truth grows plain,
And plainer it grows each year:
In another's loss there is no gain
However it may appear;
And the man who is not afraid to lend
A hand in the race after pelf
Or power, is the man who receives at the end
The best of earth's gifts for himself.

For the best of earth's gifts are friends and love,
As each of us learns in time.
There is no success that can honor or bless
If we forfeit these as we climb.
No matter how narrow the path to your goal
No matter how fate may frown,
Don't think or believe you can ever achieve
By pulling other folks down.

FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

BY FRANK BAILEY MILLARD.

IT was all wrong. I ought to have looked upon him as most persons look upon other people's children.

It happened in my gardening year. How hard I toiled then merely to carry out an idea! What great squares of ground I spaded! How patiently I weeded those pansy-beds! Enough lettuce grew in that one patch over by the hen-house to supply six households like my own.

For I was a bachelor and lived all by myself.

I dwelt in a little red house that people called the Dove Cote. They called it that because once upon a time a man brought his bride there to live, and once upon a time, not long afterward, she ran off with another man—but they have no business in this tale.

Across the way was a yellow house with a wide expanse of alfalfa about it. It had the neglected air that the houses of most sea captains on the Pacific Slope are given to wearing. Sometimes I saw a lonely woman—not a bad-looking woman, either,—look out of the little window and down the long row of gum trees to the bay, a mile away. And I thought many a time, as I saw her wistful face, that if I were a sea captain I would make it part of my religion not to marry.

But then there was the Small Third Person—the Captain's little son. He should have been a comfort to her.

I was very busy for several weeks after I moved into the Dove Cote. The inspiration that had sent me there was still warm and I was strong in the faith that gardening was the best thing in the world for a worn-out business man who determined to get out of the hurly-burly for a whole year, to stop the late-hour nonsense and let his system undergo a course of general repair.

Well, it was refreshing to the nerves to turn on the hose early in the morning and give the lawn a good drink. I can strongly recommend the free manipulation of the spray nozzle for an overnight headache or a case of insomnia.

I saw very little of my neighbor over the way. Occasionally I caught sight of the Small Third Person in the alfalfa. He had a very round face and a rather round body; but the alfalfa view of him generally ran to legs. He liked to sprawl in the long, tangled grass and kick up his spring-heel shoes. At other times he was more neighborly. He looked on the lawn-mowing and sprinkling with such interest as only a six-year-old can show in such things.

But he fought shy of me for some time and would come no nearer than the pickets, through which he would peer by the hour, standing very still and looking in upon the garden and lawn.

The conversation, when there was any, was at first very one-sided, as the Small Third Person had nothing whatever to say for several days. Then, in reply to my fiftieth inquiry as to his name, he suddenly remarked in a very hoarse voice,

"Do."

"Jo?"

"Yeth—Do."

You see, he was one of those children that always have bad colds in the throat. That accounted for the hoarseness. It may be that in Do's case the cold was the result of lying in the alfalfa in the morning when it was damp. May be the mistress of the yellow house did not know the

grass ever got damp. I would tell her of it the first chance I had.

After that first interview he was always "Do" to me, and we got along famously. I let him throw corn to the hens, which pleased his lonely little heart mightily—for he was lonely, I saw that plainly enough. Nobody, not even the sea captain's wife, ever seemed to pay the least attention to him, and he had lived and moved in his little alfalfa world, just as if he had been a June-bug or a katydid.

When I placed one of the yellow chicks in his hand I put the clamps on our friendship. He was mine from that day. The chick fared rather badly, for Do wanted to squeeze it and he made it "peek-peek" so loudly by this operation that the anxious mother hen, hovering about, set upon him and effected a retrieval that was very astonishing to Do.

Then he sat on the edge of the wheelbarrow and watched me plant watermelons. I told him what they would be like when they should have grown, and the telling of it captured his imagination. We would eat the big melons together, he assured me.

After that life was not complete to Do without a garden of his own. So I gave him a corner near the geranium bed, and there he made, with his own chubby hands, the most wonderful garden in all California. The patch was about four feet square, and in this he planted three big red beans, a slip of marguerite, two melon seeds, some sweet elysian, two peas, two strange plants from the roadside, a few poppies and the seed of a Hubbard squash. He worked a good deal there with a broken-handled hoe and a little oyster can which he used for a watering-pot—for the corner was out of the reach of my hose.

To make the garden distinctively his own, he laid a row of flat stones around it.

I never thought anything would come of it, as I feared that the earth within the little enclosure would receive too much attention from the hoe; but when the beans popped up out of the ground there never was such rejoicing. Do ran to me and made wild, throaty exclamations that would have aroused even a Greaser at noontime.

Then, in a few days, up came the peas, also the melons and, in due course of time, the poppies. The marguerite liked its frequent watering, and responded by a vigorous growth. So did the strange plants from the roadside. Never was there such a garden.

"He'll tire of it, just as any child tires of its playthings," thought I.

But no. Ten times a day did Do come and insist upon my going over to witness the wonderful progress of that garden. I did not like to spare the time, but when his small, dirty fingers clutched my hand they always seemed to get a hold upon my heart, and enthusiasm such as his over the growth of his marvelous products was not lacking in its effects upon me.

He was with me day after day. Why did not his mother look after him more closely? Perhaps it was because she saw that he was in safe hands. But somehow I did not like this explanation of it.

I went on gardening, my foolish fondness for the child growing as steadily each day as did the thrifty geraniums over by the fence. It was all wrong. I know that now. Even if you have children of your own don't let them get too great a hold upon your heart. It is all wrong. And when they are not yours, but another's, it is still greater wrong. I know that now full well.

The days fled. Along the roadside the weeds that had been so green turned a dry, dull brown, and cracked if you set your foot upon them. The chicks had feathered out wonderfully and were scratching for themselves. Still the boy played about the Dove Cote and there was no sign. Even when the sign came I did not heed it.

I did not see it. He seemed droopy one day like the leaves of the poppies. He complained that his legs "would n't work." I carried him over to the yellow house. The door was standing open, and as no one answered my knocks I went in with the boy in my arms.

In the little sitting-room sat the sea captain's wife reading a cheap French novel. She was in an untidy wrapper and was sprawling in an easy chair. All about her were scattered novels in paper covers. She sprang up and removed from her mouth the big bonbon she was sucking.

"Did he go to sleep over there?" she asked, not at all anxiously.

I wanted to alarm her, for she deserved it, and so I told her at once that I thought the boy was very ill. Now, I did n't think so myself. I deemed it merely a child's indisposition—colic or something,—but as I say, I wanted to alarm her. I felt that it would do her good. But it did not work. She did not seem at all ill at ease, putting the boy to bed and giving him his dose of castor oil with great complacency and then resuming her Daudet. So I went away, wondering what manner of woman she was.

That very afternoon came a message which took me to the city on the next train. I intended to stay away for a day only, but the business was with lawyers, and so, of course, I was gone a week.

When I returned to the Dove Cote I saw nothing of Do. I felt lonely. Looking over to the yellow house I noted a strange bustle of people there. There must have been half a dozen moving about. There was something fluttering from the door—something white.

And then it was all borne in upon me. I stood there like a man in a dream, and saw them come out—saw the little white hearse drive up to the door and marked the way that the sea captain's wife held her handkerchief. I even noted the set of her mourning dress. Although I was a man and stood quite a distance off I saw there was something the matter with it—that it did not fit. Nothing seemed to fit.

And that brute of a driver. Why did he slam the hearse door so sharply? Why did he shuffle to his perch with such an air of well-fed content? He picked up his reins, and the little procession, with the three carriages in it, was off. My eyes followed it until it turned the corner. Then all that was left was a little cloud of dust. This faded like a spirit, and nothing remained.

I found myself repeating, but not sensing those words of Pierre Loti: "Death is so frightfully final." Only I misquoted and said, "Death is so frightfully unfair."

With a chill at my heart and a strange choking in my throat, my eye roamed the acre and a half that lay about the Dove Cote. What a change a week had wrought in the place! The hot north wind had blown for three days and had shrivelled the leaves of the heliotrope, and as I walked down the path I saw that the grass on the lawn was yellowing and the rose slips were crying for water.

Everything seemed to be dead or dying.

Here was Do's garden. Great stocky weeds were growing up everywhere in it and going to seed. A little puff of honey-laden air came to me. It was from the half-dried bunch of sweet elysian in one corner. The little white flowers were struggling amid a mass of dog-fennel. The two dead pea vines rustled on the ground as the light breeze stirred them. The great squash vine ran away out of bounds. The poppies were dead and so was the little slip of marguerite. His garden—the one thing that had been all his—that he had worked over and rejoiced in as his very own!

I looked again at the yellow house. All was still there. But the white something—it still fluttered from the door.

EN PASSANT.

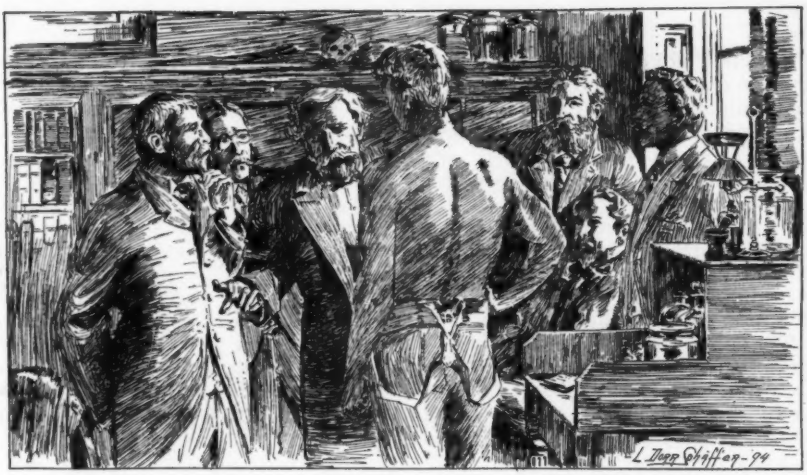
BY PAYNE ERSKINE.

O'er limitary crest
Of rugged mountains rolled,
Out of the land of sun
Into a land of cold;
Far from clear fertile heights
Glowing with living gold,
Into a land where clouds
Heavy and gray enfold;
Off where all flowers lie numb
In dreamless night of snow—
There must we go.

Shall we forget how fair
This place of our sojourn?
Calm depth of sunny skies,
Fair reach of fields that burn
With smoldering flame of flowers—
While on the brow we yearn,
With lingering feet, and see
The strong light wane—in turn
On sky, and crest, and field,
Gold, rose, now purpling gray
Slipping away!

Shall—hearts perhaps grown cold,
Snow-bound in wintry ways—
This beauty pass, as when
Lost in a distant haze
Skies touch the earth no more?
And as our words of praise
Freeze and unspoken die,
So fade these glorious days
In mist of memory?
Ah! This sweet loss were pain—
What will remain?

O'er limitary crest
Of rugged mountains rolled
Out of this land of sun,
Into the land of cold
Take we the touch of hands,
Free hands we loved to hold;
Take we remembered words,
Sweet living words that thrill
Hearts like the song of birds;
Faces whose bright smiles fill
The soul like breath of flowers—
Bides this fair scene until
These fade—fairer for these.
Love shall keep memory's hand
In sunless land.



A TYPICAL CASE.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

I.

IN a large, well-lighted room attached to the office of one of the leading physicians of San Francisco, half a dozen men were engaged in earnest consultation. In their midst stood a young man, bared to the waist, tall, broad-shouldered and sinewy, his finely modeled head crowned with brown hair burnished with bronze lights where the sunlight touched it. In his face intellectual power blended with youthful fire. He might almost have posed for a copy of the Apollo Belvidere had it not been for one fatal defect: a hollowing of the chest just above the breast, a fault of structure in striking contrast to his otherwise robust frame.

"Heredity set her seal there!" remarked one of the older men, touching the hollow with the tips of his fingers.

The others assented with one voice. Indeed, a cheerful tone of good humor pervaded the group, for concerning this case they had arrived at a unity of opinion gratifying to their professional judgment. There was a distinct note of triumph in the voice of the elder man, Elliott, the prominent practitioner in whose rooms the examination had been made, as he summed up his diagnosis of the case:

"A splendid physique; the muscles of an athlete; every organ in perfect condition save one. The entire difficulty lies in the upper portion of the right lung, and is making rapid progress. The cough, at first slight and dry, is now deep and racking, and accompanied by expectoration of mucous secretions, with purulent matter and a slight trace of blood. There is a frequent recurrence of a short and stitch-like pain in the chest, respiration is somewhat affected, and the breath becomes panting upon slight exercise. The pulse is accelerated, and the heat of the body several degrees above the normal temperature. The digestion is as yet unimpaired, but the patient has experienced slight chills, followed by night sweats. So

far, there is not a single complication, and the disease bids fair to progress to its termination without involving any other organ. Gentlemen, this is a typical case of *phthisis pulmonalis*, and as pretty a one as it has ever been my fortune to see."

"And as perfect in its history as in its development," remarked another of the physicians, with enthusiam. "I think you told me there was consumption on both sides, Doc?"

The subject of these remarks, whose fraternity with the profession and his inquisitors was declared by this familiar address, answered the inquiry with the same promptness and exactitude which had marked his replies to those that had preceded it. It might almost be asserted that he himself seemed to regard the case with a professional interest no less keen than that of the consulting physicians, although an alert look, an intent expectancy that had been manifest in the earlier stages of the examination, declared a more personal interest.

"My mother died of the disease within a year after my birth. My father was killed in battle, but he came of a consumptive family, and would no doubt have shared the fate of the rest if accident had not cut short his life," was the quiet reply.

"And you lived on in that confounded New England climate, a very hotbed for those who carry the germs of this disease in their bodies, until you came to manhood; and you went to college, and led the sedentary life of a student, and over-studied, and kept late hours and never gave nature a chance to get the better of her handicap, until you broke down, two years ago," said one of the younger men, who knew something of the previous life of Norwood, the young fellow under fire.

"I don't know about the overstudy, Belknap," returned Norwood, pleasantly. "I suppose it might have been better to have led more of an outdoor life or to have looked sooner for a remedy."

"And then you came to San Francisco to begin practice. And just as you were beginning to mend and could count yourself a sound man once more, you picked up Saffron, your consumptive patient. And Saffron's wife, whose nerves go to pieces every time Saffron is short of breath or fails to devour his usual rations of beefsteak and mince pie, sent for you in rain and wind and fog, and routed you out of your bed betimes from midnight to dawn, and you raced across the city obediently at her bidding, and went into her hot, stuffy rooms when chilled and out of breath, then out again, perspiring at every pore, into the cold and rain and fog. Oh, you took fine care of yourself, Norwood. And there's Saffron, now, good for twenty years yet; while your case——"

"Is of the galloping kind," remarked Norwood, coolly. "Well, gentlemen, if you have rapped the walls of my chest to your heart's content, and located all the cavities and the lesions and are through with taking my temperature and pulse and counting my respirations, I'd better get back into my clothes and be off to my office. I think it's probable there's a call from Saffron on my tablet."

He shivered slightly, and there was a blue look about his lips, but he spoke with perfect composure and smiled as carelessly as if the clinic had been held for his idle amusement and the subject of the diagnosis had been a sore finger instead of a matter of life and death. He spoke quite as carelessly, and there was no tremor in his voice, when he put a brief inquiry to the senior physician:

"How much time do you give me, Elliott?"

"Six months or so—a year at most."

"And then the grave or crematory!" jested the youth.

"Norwood, you have a superb skeleton. I never saw finer proportions or neater articulation. If I could have it to use in my anatomical demonstra-

"I'M A DEAD MAN, MARY."

tions, I 'd wire it together with gold," interposed another, who held the chair of anatomy in a medical college.

"A proud destiny for my poor bones!" laughed Norwood. "It 's worth considering, Doctor. Perhaps I 'll remember you in my will. Good day, gentlemen."

In spite of their good-humored exchange of raillery and banter, there were some who looked after him with a touch of regret, but there was no formal expression of sympathy or condolence. When men stand face to face with death daily and the decay of the body becomes a matter of nice chemical calculation, the tragedy of dissolution loses its acute shock, except in the case of near and dear friends, when the affections sometimes override science.

At the door of the outer office the young man found one of the doctors awaiting him, Leonard, a gray-haired man of modest manner and no great reputation, who had had little or nothing to say during the progress of the consultation. He extended his hand and took Norwood's in a close grasp.

"Norwood, you are a young man. Do n't give up. Try the Vernal Hills."

Norwood made no reply, but returning the pressure of the wrinkled old hand hastened down the steps and into the street.

When a man is condemned to death by due process of the law it is the custom for the press to set a watch over all his movements and to report the minutest details of his daily life for the entertainment of a deeply concerned public. No such account is made of the actions and manifestations of the honest and inoffensive citizen whose death warrant is read in the processes of nature, nor would the public at large be interested in their perusal. Norwood went out upon the street and mingled with a crowd of men differing as greatly in outward aspect and inward character as did the currents of destiny that bore them onward. Now and then he exchanged an indifferent salutation with an acquaintance. Once he was hailed by a genial young fellow, who invited him to join a yachting party on the morrow.

"Thank you. I shall be too busy," he replied.

The young man who had extended the invitation rejoined his companion.

"I expect Norwood is coining money. No time or thought for anything outside of his practice," he said, resentfully.

At his office Norwood found a call to a strange number in an adjoining street. He hastened to the place, a dreary-looking building that bore a placard of "Rooms to Let," and found a little child suffering from a severe attack of cholera infantum.

"I should have been called before," said the young doctor, gravely.

The mother hung her head. Norwood looked around the shabby apartment with its scant furniture, and understood.

"We will save him. It is not too late," he added, encouragingly.

For a couple of hours he worked over the child and at length had the satisfaction of seeing the little one's distress alleviated, as it passed into a natural sleep, chief of all nature's healing agencies. He arose to go.

The woman gratefully took out a worn little leather purse.

Norwood gently pushed away her hand.

"No. When times are better with you, do some small service for somebody else. I will look in again in the morning."

It was growing dark when he went out into the street. Over his telephone came a frantic call from Saffron's wife. He ran into a restaurant, snatched a cup of coffee and ordered a nourishing meal sent to the mother of the sick child, then jumped aboard a cable-car bound westward. A cool breeze was blowing, and a man who had stepped out upon the front platform for a smoke opened the door every few seconds to exchange confidences with some ladies in the car,

who appeared to be nominally under his escort. The sudden draughts and violent currents set Norwood to coughing. The ladies, one a young matron and the other an elderly woman, looked at him with solicitude and exchanged audible comments not exhilerating in character. Norwood stepped out on the dummy and breasted the keen trade-wind until the lights of the Saffron mansion came in sight.

Saffron was propped up in an easy chair, his body swathed in blankets and his feet in hot water. A couple of domestics danced attendance upon him, and his wife hung tearfully over him.

"It came on during dessert—just as he finished his plum pudding and was helping himself to the blanched almonds," explained poor little Mrs. Saffron. "A terrible pain about the umbil—umbil——"

"Cardiac region," corrected Saffron.

"Oh, yes, the cardiac region, Doctor, and he coughed frightfully. Do it again, just once, softly, dear, that he may hear you."

Saffron coughed—a strong, masterful, hollow cough. He looked at the doctor appealingly, and the doctor looked back at him—great, pampered, over-fed, luxurious invalid, with the appetite of an ostrich and a digestion only second to that of the same rapacious bird.

"I will leave these remedies, Mrs. Saffron," said Norwood, taking a bottle and some powders from his case. Please see that he takes them regularly for the next twenty-four hours. Meanwhile," here Saffron gave him an imploring glance, which Norwood sternly denied, "he will have to go on a strict diet."

There were some instructions to give on this latter score; when he had concluded, Norwood arose to take leave.

"I am going away for awhile," he remarked. "Meantime, if you are satisfied, I will turn you over to Dr. Belknap. He lives only a few blocks away," he added, wondering what Belknap would say when he found himself in possession of this heritage.

Saffron whimpered something about the hardship of perpetually changing physicians and just as you got used to one man's set of drugs having to be broken into another's. Mrs. Saffron was in despair.

"I don't know what I shall do without you, Doctor. I have had such confidence in you," she said, simply, and her look of anxiety as she turned to the selfish invalid, was pitiful to see.

"I 'm glad I have no wife or child to worry over me," was Norwood's consoling reflection as he bowed himself out of the room. At the door he looked back. Mrs. Saffron was kneeling by her husband's side, with her cheek pressed against his and her arm around his neck. Something seemed to clutch at Norwood's heart.

He started to walk back to town. On the summit of Pacific Heights he hesitated before a large house retired from the street behind a hedge of scarlet geraniums, its porch wreathed with vines. The lower rooms were brightly lighted and an air of homelike cheer and comfort surrounded the place, which made it unlike other houses that he had passed.

He loitered at the foot of the steps leading from the street to the grounds.

"I will write, instead," he said to himself.

There was a burst of music within, the sound of a girl's sweet voice raised in song. Norwood folded his arms and listened.

"It would be better to write," he said.

The song ceased. As if led by some invisible hand, he slowly ascended the steps and stood at the door.

Mary Wentworth met him.

"You are late," she said.

"A habit of the profession."

His voice sounded weak and strained. She darted a glance at his face.

"You are tired. Something has gone wrong. How is your cough?"

"My cough?" he repeated gaily. "My cough is flourishing—booming!"

Again she darted at him the same keen, suspicious look. This time she shivered.

"Come into the parlor. It is cold to-night. We have a fire there."

The cheerful home-scene which the opening of the door disclosed was good to see: a large, prettily furnished, well-lighted room; a fire glowing in the open grate; two younger sisters chatting with some visiting friends; the widowed mother in a rocker beside the hearth, a late magazine open in her lap, engaged in an animated discussion with a dark-eyed man of forty, who claimed a distant cousinship with the family and was a frequent caller. All greeted Norwood cordially and he met them with lively quip and repartee. To all appearances he had never been in higher spirits than he was that night.

The evening passed quickly and merrily. One by one the visitors took their leave, the company dissolved, leaving Mary Wentworth and Norwood alone. This quiet leave-taking snatched at the end of a gay evening, had been growing very dear to them both, but this night both of them were ill at ease.

Norwood put out his hand.

"Well, Mary, good-bye."

"Why not 'good-night?'" she asked, and her voice sounded low and distant.

"Because I am going away."

"To remain?"

"To remain—indefinitely."

There was not a tremor or thrill in the little hand he held, but he felt it chill within his grasp. He loosened his hold upon it, and it fell lifelessly by her side. He went on slowly, apathetically, like a man who recounts a tale in which he has no part:

"I'm a dead man, Mary—tried and condemned by a jury of my peers; just as much a dead man as the murderer who sits in his cell in the county jail and counts the minutes that intervene between this night and Friday noon when he will march to the scaffold. He has the advantage of me in some respects. The law mercifully executes its sentence upon him at a given date. Nature prolongs mine with a cruel uncertainty. It may be enforced to-morrow; it may be deferred for six months—a year; but she will execute it with as deadly precision. For him there may be some appeal, some escape. For me there is none."

He was seized with a severe paroxysm of coughing as he ceased speaking. He seemed exhausted by it and labored for breath. Mary Wentworth witnessed it in silence. No simplest words of conventional regret escaped her lips.

He went on flippantly, recklessly:

"We have a way in the profession of sending troublesome patients away where they may die decently, out of sight. I received my decree of banishment to-day. I'm off for the Vernal Hills—you know the place, in the heart of the Coast Range, a hundred miles from nowhere. Good-bye."

He did not attempt to take her hand again; he did not look in her face, her downcast face, which was all in shadow. Instead, he let himself out of the door, closed it very softly behind him and passed down the walk with a firm, determined tread. At the gate he paused and viewed the scene spread out before him. Below him lay the city, bathed in moonlight, the stately mistress of the Western Sea, the beautiful bay at her feet, great ships rocking on its silvery waters and its farther shores guarded by blue mountain heights fading into unreality in the distance—the great city, with her measureless needs, her glorious possibilities, her sublime opportunities for lives of usefulness and activity. For many minutes he viewed the scene. Then he flung his arms over one of the stone posts and laid his face upon them.

In a darkened upper room of the house he had left, a girl knelt before a window and watched him with a breaking heart.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE CAYS OF BAHAMA-LAND.

BY ED. L. SABIN.

THE Bahamas, or the Lucayas Archipelago, stretch from the eastern coast of Florida to the east end of Cuba. The islands form a series of stepping-stones, so close together that a child could proceed dryshod, with perhaps a rather long jump at the beginning and terminus of his journey. The group has passed from Spanish to English hands, and from English to Spanish, until, as might have been foretold, John Bull now holds undisputed sway. The region is a veritable land of drowsy-head, a realm of Arcadian simplicity. Perpetual summer smiles there, and the soft languor of the tropics broods over the palm-fringed cays, and the surf-kissed sands, and the waters sparkling in the breeze.

The number of these islands has been estimated all the way from 300 to a thousand. One key, or "cay," as it is called, is very much like another: a small bit of land, of coral formation, with a beach of white sand, washed by surf as a border; back of the beach are a few cocoa-palms, mangoes, sapodillas, etc., with manilla plants; there is usually a jungle of vines and matted grass, and often in the center of the key is a stagnant lagoon, salty and repulsive; there are few elevations. This is one type of a Bahama cay. The other is a low back of dingy grey coral, utterly destitute of vegetation, and cut like scoriæ into a million little jagged points, so that the stoutest shoe is gashed as with a sharp knife.

There are no venomous reptiles in the Bahamas, and the explorer may be perfectly at ease as he crashes through the brush. Indeed, animal life appeared to me to be very scarce. Great bees and hornets buzzed around the lemon and orange trees, and pretty lizards darted in the sunshine. Land birds are not at all as plentiful as I had expected. But the crabs! The land crabs of the Bahamas are famous, and well they deserve the distinction they receive. They rustle by myriads the leaves and the bushes. Colored red and white and with huge, round, bony bodies and enormous, menacing pinchers, they back out of our path at every step we take. Then there are the rock crabs. They inhabit the bare coral reefs. They are hideous, disgusting creatures, of a mottled grey, and, with their flat bodies and wide-spreading legs, they resemble big spiders. Another species is the cave crab, colored red and living in the holes that are found in some of the cays. The hermit crab, too, in assorted sizes, is met with almost everywhere. Taking the crabs into consideration, Bahama-land is no place for a nervous person.

A great charm about these islands is the setting of marvelously clear water that they have. I shall never forget the first Bahama scene that presented itself to me. We dropped anchor one evening off Egg Island, latitude 25.30, longitude 76.53. The sun arose with a bound—for old Sol is the only individual in these regions who possesses any alacrity. He showed to us a panorama of surpassing beauty. Lying a short distance on our quarter was Egg Island, a narrow strip of land measuring a mile in length by one-third that distance across. Covered thickly with trees and bushes, it was green against the blue sky. A bay, deep-curving, fronted us. Glistening white sand formed a sharply marked border—a lining to a green rim. Each end of the bay constituted a horn, and against the tips spray was flung high in

the air, while, along the curvature between, the surf rolled in surges of foam. Just back of the sand a row of manilla plants and cocoa-palms, cut clear against the sky, presented a dark abattis. In the center of the island, standing on an elevation sheer above the vegetation, were a light-tower and the white walls of the keeper's dwelling. It was easy to trace in this scene the abode of some Spanish grandee, who had chosen this Bahama speck for his world, and built his country-house here.

Our schooner rested, seemingly suspended in the atmosphere. She was an atom of dust on a huge emerald. Twenty feet of water was between her planks and the earth, but through the fluid, trembling like jelly, we could see the starfish and the sponges, the corals and the tall sea-fans casting shadows from the sun and waving gently above the snowy detritus. The surface of the water was a painter's palette, and he had exhausted all the greens available. Blotches of lemon tissue succeeded olive, and robin's egg divided emerald from dark green; all these and every intermediate hue, in the most striking contrast, lay spread abroad for miles, jumbled in a bewildering mass of color.

No one knows why the island received its present name. A rooster is the only specimen of the poultry tribe there. The sole human inhabitants are the lighthouse-keeper—Thomas A. Pindar—and his son. They are English and say "hold woman" when they refer to Queen Victoria. They lead a lonely life and rarely see a stranger's face. A few cocoanuts are shipped by them each year, and sapodillas, paw-paws, oranges, and limes abound there. Fish are plentiful and constitute the chief diet.

From this view of Bahama country life we were transported to metropolitan Bahama-land, dropping anchor in the bay at Harbour Island, near the north coast of Eleuthera, latitude 25.30, longitude 76.35. Next to Nassau, this is one of the most important settlements in the archipelago. Harbour Island is situated on a tiny island, so small that a walk around it does not fatigue a person. The place boasts of 400 people, a very large city for the Bahamas. It is a port of entry. From the long dock, projecting into the water, to the half-naked pickaninny who flees with flapping shirt, Harbour Island is a very funny and attractive little village. The inhabitants of the Island are not all of one race—blacks and whites being there in equal numbers. They were very kindly, but they considered Yankees, as we were, a sort of show and treated us accordingly. To them all Americans are "Yankees."

The houses are white and built on the side of an elevation. Cocoa-palms and other tropical plants grow luxuriantly. In the center of the mass of green, floats the red flag of England over the consul's headquarters. From the bay the emerald water, clean buildings, and bright vegetation, all vivified by a blazing sun, make a pretty picture. Trade is not rushing here. Harbour Island never had a boom. There are two stores where articles miscellaneous in quality and quantity may be purchased. These goods were sent from New York—no one knows how long ago. But fashions are drowned before they reach Harbour Island. There are also two grogshops, which are closed promptly at eight each night. Gin, or rum as it is termed, is the staple drink. Ice is, of course, not obtainable. A drunkard is never seen, and the little stone house designated as the jail was shown to us as one of the sights of the place. It had not been used for many years. Harbour Island sleeps in the middle of the day. The able-bodied men are out on the water and the aged stay in their houses, where the sun does not penetrate. Occasionally a child or a negro damsel passes along a street, but that is the only sign of activity. From darkened rooms eyes peer in curiosity

at the stranger and the owners sometimes stand in the gates and gaze after him ; but everything is bathed in a Sabbath hush. Sidewalks and window-glass are not wanted in this metropolis. The streets are grassy lanes, unmarked by a desecrating vehicle. I saw one poor old horse on the island. How it came there is a mystery. Houses are tightly closed with heavy wooden shutters to keep out the sun and mosquitoes. Two pretty little English churches help the people to worship God. Most of the inhabitants are Episcopalians—the rest are Methodists. Harbour Island has a school, too. The majority of the settlements have schools, and education, as far as practicable, is compulsory.

The principal occupations are farming for pines (pineapples) and "going to sea." The pines are grown on the island of Eleuthera, less than half a mile away. Many schooners are built at this Bahaman port, and on the beach in front of the town there is always a vessel on the stocks. Nassau, forty miles distant, Key West, New York, and Baltimore are points visited by the crafts. The harbor is very fine. It is broad and joins the ocean at a narrow mouth. The water is stretched over a bottom of the whitest sand and through the transparent fluid we can see the great crimson starfish lying motionless. Small boats, urged on by leg-o'-mutton sails in all stages of dilapidation, skim the smooth surface. Fish are caught in large numbers. Early in the morning the boats put out to their favorite grounds and in the evening the sun glimmers on the returning sails.

On the dock a multitude of young Bahamans collected to greet us when we landed. Every Bahaman community has a long dock, and here the few events of the day are discussed. Here the people gather to learn the news of the world when a vessel comes back from a voyage. Although everyone stared at us, all were very courteous. The only fault we found was the eagerness with which these friends coveted our pocketbooks. I believe the whole island was for sale. Back of the village is a magnificent beach—a wide, solid reach of white sand—and the great surge of surf rolling up along it for a mile or more. Several cisterns are situated here where the sand meets the grass at the foot of the hill. Two roads connect these cisterns with the town. In the daytime dark-skinned, jolly maidens traverse the glistening pathways and bear firkins of water on their heads. At night the beach is merry with bathers. Standing where the highways bend over the crest of the hill, swept by the sea-breeze, the panorama spread below is bewitching. From North Beach, where the waves rolling in dark-green from the place where sky and ocean meet dash on to the snowy shore, the eye wanders over mango and manilla and cocoa, and the houses embedded, and the sail-dotted harbor on the other side of the island.

Sixteen miles up the coast of Eleuthera is the settlement of Spanish Wells. The route inside the reefs between the places is exceedingly hazardous. The shore is often only a stone's throw away ; there is sometimes just room for a small vessel to pass over an obstructing coral point, and the least swerve means destruction. The channel is said to be the most dangerous in the Atlantic, and is never attempted at night. Half way to Spanish Wells the timbers of a brig project above the sand of the beach. The craft was overtaken here on a lee shore by the memorable hurricane of '66, hurled over the reefs on to the shoals, ground into fragments, and covered by the sand. Cargo and all were buried so deep that by the time the wreckers arrived the spoils were beyond their grasp; only these timbers show the resting-spot of the gallant brig.

Spanish Wells possesses a good harbor, but in other respects is a severe contrast to Harbour Island ; it is flat and not pretty at all. The inhabitants assure you it is pretty, but it isn't. Harbour Island and Spanish

Wells hate each other. The one speaks contemptuously of the "poor, lean whites" at Spanish Wells, and the other sneers at the "niggers" at Harbour Island. Once the cholera invaded the latter place, and Spanish Wells intrenched herself. It is said the Harbour Islanders were wont to sail around the armed cordon and shake infected blankets to windward of Spanish Wells. The Spanish Wells people think this was decidedly unkind, and speak bitterly of it to this day. "We would like to lick 'Arbour Hisland," said Joe Pindar to me, "but we hain't big enough."

Spanish Wells is a very old settlement, and has about three hundred inhabitants. Harbour Island has passably straight lanes; but here the few houses are dumped down at random, and at night the stranger is continually running his head into a front door. The houses are low, one-story, and unpainted.

Through the narrow channel between Spanish Wells and Eleuthera during the Civil War blockade runners passed on their way to Nassau. These were red-letter days for the little village. Once a Union gunboat pursued a rebel vessel so closely that she was forced to throw overboard seven hundred and fifty bales of cotton. And the people of Spanish Wells put out in their crafts and gathered in the harvest. I heard the tale graphically told by an old Bahaman.

The region around this point is peculiarly interesting. At the mouth of the harbor are the most wonderful marine gardens that I have ever seen. With a water-glass one can gaze down fathoms deep on awful caverns, whose innermost secrets are hidden from mortal eyes, but whose approaches are clearly visible, bedecked with brilliant fans and coral and guarded by gorgeous fishes. Here is the island of Eleuthera, one of the largest of the group, sixty miles long. The interior of the island has never been thoroughly explored, but is said to contain immense caves with curious carvings in them. The coast-line is rough and at times fantastic.

At the entrance to Spanish Wells harbor is Ridley's Head. A number of crags so blend together as to form a gigantic profile. It can be discerned only when the observer is in a certain position on the bay. Then he sees a stern, clear-cut face thirty feet from brow to chin and crowned with bush-like hair. A fragment of rock has fallen into the water, and this is Ridley's Hat. Further down the coast are the Cow and the Bull—two odd humps of the cliff, and the Glass Window—an enormous hole through the solid rock.

The Bahamas are rich in romance. Buccaneers used to freely thread the tortuous channels, and the Spanish names linger yet. On Water Key, latitude 25.57, longitude 80.30, we landed to procure water if possible. There was reputed to be a once-good well here; I found the well, a mere hole between two rocks, but the water was nauseous. In the outcropping coral beside the well were many inscriptions carved. They were for the most part unreadable, but I deciphered Awmaju D. Paul, 1857, Decked Well; also a date, 1821, and the name Arun, 1825. This was once a favorite haunt of the pirates.

The religion of the islands is that of the Church of England with a good sprinkling of Methodists. Any other sect is looked upon with disfavor. Young curates from England have a circuit of several settlements in charge and usually hold open-air meetings. The meetings are necessarily irregular and the people enter into them with great fervor. These gatherings and singing are the only occurrences that break the monotony of island life. When anchored off of Spanish Wells our schooner was crowded every night by visitors. They wanted to show the Yankees how the Bahamans could sing—and they did. The school-children, carefully tutored, sang, and then the older persons sang. The

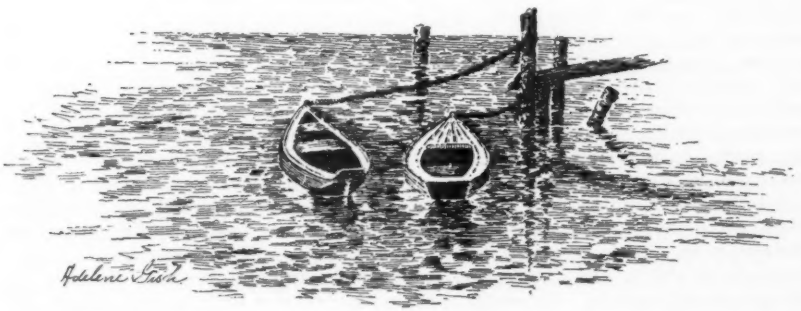
music was lusty if not classical or very melodious. They gave us good old English pieces—"Nellie Grey," "The "Old Black Cat," and "God Save the Queen," while we in turn, when pressed for our popular tunes, taught them "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," "Bingo," and "Doo-da."

A most curious utensil of a Bahaman dwelling is a big cement oven, like a cone, at the back of the house. In this the family bread is baked. Bahamans are physiologically starved, and their thin, attenuated forms show it. An unvarying diet of fish and fruit is not nourishing enough, and the fact speaks for itself in these islanders. The white Bahamans are homely and sallow unless burned so that complexion is a thing of the past. They rarely—some never—wear shoes; hence feet in these latitudes are feet and not merely the ends of legs. I used to gaze in admiration at the feet that daily and nightly visited our schooner. The owners of the appendages could walk where a shod foot could not bear to tread. The skin becomes tougher than leather. Black Bahamans are the finest specimens of the negro race to be seen outside of Africa—strapping fellows with magnificent arms and chests; but they are dreadful beggars and dreadful liars. Those who boarded us asked for everything—from a Bible to a pair of pants. Then they blessed us fervently, for they are exceedingly religious.

It is inconceivable how simple the Bahamans are. I saw old men in Spanish Wells who had never seen a horse, or a cow, or a wheeled vehicle. Nassau is their Mecca. "Why, boy," said Joe Pindar to me (everybody down here is either a Pindar or a Johnson), "Nassau his a city. Hit 'as six thousand people, hand the streets are so wide carriages kin go along, hand leave room for persons to walk hon heach side." After this remarkable statement, I told Joe that we lived over a thousand miles from the ocean.

"Hand his the country wide enough fer that?" he cried.

Life is so easy here! In the morning the Bahaman is wafted by the wind to his fishing ground, and when his meal is procured the breeze takes him home again. Lazily swaying in his dingy boat, basking in the sun on the snowy beach, or lolling beneath the palms, time is of no moment to him. He is separated from the world by miles of ocean over which only an occasional fruiter passes. He lives *sans* money and often *sans* clothes. Sea and land furnish food gratuitously. His tiny island is large enough, and he rarely leaves it. And so he indolently passes his life; and when he dies he is buried in the little sandy graveyard on his native cay.



THE GRIEVOUS ADVENTURE OF FRANCIS SHIPLEY.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

IN the year, Anno Domini, 1567, I, Christopher Hewton, gentleman, being incited thereto by that love of conquest and adventure which in these days imbued all men of England, did quit my home on this quest; for being both young and strong, I deemed it a shame to stand idly by as though lacking in manhood, while others achieved fame and fortune in foreign seas.

And thus it was that my honored father, though sore set against my going, seeing me so well determined out of his kindness furnished me with letters and credit to Master John Hawkins, then fitting out a navy at the town of Plymouth for trade and traffic in Africa and America. With me went one other, Francis Shipley by name, who had already made a voyage to the Canaries and from whose discourse my desire for travel had been greatly strengthened, he being a bold fellow of a merry disposition and lovable withal and my very good neighbor and friend.

Together we arrived in Plymouth, and, presenting our letters to Master Hawkins, were by him kindly received. This, our general, whom I had much curiosity to behold, had a wondrous resolute face, and eyes of the keenness of a falcon with which he did look me over, measuring my bulk and height, and finally said: "You are a proper big man, Master Hewton, and your looks commend you. I know your family well and it pleases me to have your company on this adventure." My comrade, Frank Shipley, he had met before, and he gave him a courteous greeting likewise. We were then tendered place aboard his ship, the *Jesus*, of which the master was one Richard Barrett. There was, besides the *Jesus*, five other ships in this emprise—the *Minion*, the *William and John*, the *Judith* (in which was Capt. Drake, afterward Knight), the *Angel*, and the *Swallow*. Upon Monday, the 20th of October, the weather being reasonably fair, our General commanded his captains to make sail, and so we departed out of Plymouth upon this voyage.

"And now, friend Christopher," said Francis Shipley, clapping me on the back, as we stood upon the deck watching the land go past, "if we do not bring back fame and gold enough to make all the stay-at-home lads of Hertford turn green with envy, call me a shrivelled herring." And he sang a stave of some sea song:

'Yo, heave ho! Away we go,
For we be mariners bold, oh,
To the Spanish main and back again,
With our pockets lined with gold, oh!"

And I answered him blithely in like manner, although I confess my heart was not so light, seeing for the first time my home-land slip away from me. Then he, perhaps for all his jovial bearing being secretly touched by a similar thought, grew gradually silent by my side for the space of a few minutes, watching the distant shore; or it may have been that some warning of what was in store for him was vouchsafed, for they say that all Shipleys, since the time of old Sir Hugh, have such premonitions. Be that as it may, turning to me with sudden gravity, he said: "Christopher, wilt thou swear to stand by me, come good or evil, in this enterprise?"

This question coming on me, as it

were without warrant, nettled me and I answered, "What mean you by that? Dost thou think me one to desert a friend at a pinch?"

"Tut, tut, old lad! You know full well I meant no such thing," replied he, "but in these affairs there come times when men's tempers are warped by hunger, thirst, weariness, and wound, and dearest friends will fall out on slight difference of judgment. And so I thought if we two made a compact now, to stand by each other shoulder to shoulder and let naught come between us either of ourselves or evil tongues of others, it would be a pleasant and a goodly thing for both of us. What say you," he added with a laugh, like one making light of what in secret he was most anxious for, "shall we make a compact to stand by each other to the death, and so speed our own luck and live to tell the tale over a stoup of wine in the old hall at home?"

And I answered: "For my part, Frank, it seemeth to me that we both of us know right well by this time what sort of stuff the other 's made of, having tusselled together ever since we were no higher than a pint-pot, and that hunger, and thirst, and wounds cannot change the hearts of us. But if it is any satisfaction to you I will make the compact."

"To stand loyally by each other, through good or evil fortune to the end!" he said.

"Even so," I replied, "and there 's my hand on it."

With that the shadow, whatever it may have been, seemed to pass from him, and he laughed, and tossed back his yellow hair, and clapped me on the shoulder, and swore that he asked for no better friend at need, and so went off to help about the ship, singing as before:

"So, yo, heave oh! bold mariners we be!
There 's not a man among us all
A foot will backward flee!"

Now, whether or no I kept that pledge so lightly passed that day, let what follows prove.

Of that part of our adventure which pertaineth to the coast of Africa, it concerneth not the matter in hand to relate; but when we finally arrived at the West Indies, our General traded from place to place with the Spaniards and the Indians as he might—with some peaceably, with others by force as at Rio de Hacha, but with all honestly. After leaving Rio de Hacha, we laid our course to the northward, and, after passing the island of Cuba, encountered a mighty tempest. It was on the 12th of August that this gale began, and for ten days we were buffeted by the winds and waves, in deadly peril of our lives, until finally we were driven for succor to the port of San Juan d'Ulloa or Vera Cruz which is the port that serveth for the City of Mexico.

Having cast anchor in this place, our General sent an embassy to the Viceroy of Mexico requesting that we be allowed to repair and re-victual our ships in peace and that orders be taken by his Excellency to prevent any breach of amity between our people and those of the Spanish fleet on its arrival, which fleet was daily expected there to the number of thirteen great ships. This embassy our General did entrust to Francis Shipley, he being able to speak the Spanish tongue well enough to serve and having, moreover, a handsome presence and gentle manners. It was Shipley's desire that I should accompany him, and our General did so order it, cautioning us both to beware of treachery at the hands of the Spaniards.

This town of Mexico where the Viceroy had residence was three-score leagues to the westward, and thither we betook ourselves, riding upon horseback and attended by a guide provided for us by the Spanish General of the port. And as the business pressed we tarried not upon the way, but passing through strange forests we came at last to a mountainous land which we did climb, skirting dark precipices and crossing deep gorges, until at length we arrived

without mishap at a great lake whereon was situated the City of Mexico. There we did deliver our messages to his Excellency, and from him did receive fair answers to all our requests.

And furthermore I would not say of this errand except for what thereafter happened, deeming the glance of a woman's eye but small matter for chronicle; but it was a woman's glance that worked us woe, as it has many other brave men in this world. And this was the manner of it: as we were passing by a church on our entry into the town, there issued forth a young Spanish lady of seeming high degree; and she being muffled in that which they call a *mantilla*, all save her eyes which were dark and lustrous, did cast a look of favor upon my companion, who did thereupon raise his hat, and, being bold and adventurous as I have before said, he did linger, despite the sour looks the damsel's attendant did bestow upon us, to discover, if he might, the place of her abode. I took it upon me to chide Shipley for this ill-timed gallantry, seeing that we were sufficiently surrounded with peril without adding a woman's favor thereto.

But he did laugh and say, "A plague upon your preaching, old lad! You would not have me play the churl to so pretty a pair of eyes e'en though they be a Spaniard's. May the devil fly away with me, but I believe you are jealous!"

"The devil will fly away with you, Frank," I answered, "if you have dealings with such as she."

"Nay, then," he said, "I'd e'en try a fall with his majesty for such a slender witch."

But it liked me not that he should talk in such a wanton way, and I told him so bluntly; but he took no heed of my plain speaking, as he rarely did, only laughed again, and said, "Tut, man! thou art sober enough for the two of us."

And so the matter seemed to end so far as I knew at that time; but I afterward learned that this woman found means to appoint a meeting for Shipley in the short time we were in that place, though what passed between them at that meeting I know not. Only as we wended our way back to the ship my companion was at times very merry and sang jovial songs in the forests, and at other times he was silent and thoughtful, shifting and veering in his moods like any weathercock.

Arriving once more at the port we proceeded aboard our vessel, and there delivered to the General the result of our mission; but scarcely had we done so when there was descried in the offing thirteen sail of great ships which we knew to be the King of Spain's fleet. Their arrival placed our General, Mr. Hawkins, in a position of great perplexity. For did he keep this fleet out as he would wish, the harbor being so small and he dreading some treachery, they might be wrecked, and did he let them come in he had naught but fair words as guerdon for his own safety. Thus, knowing not precisely what to do he did choose what seemed the lesser evil, and upon the earnest assurance of the new Viceroy, who came in that fleet and had command over all, that his terms should be agreed to, he did admit the Spanish navy to the port.

All of the conditions of the agreement were then proclaimed by the Spaniards on shipboard and on shore, with much blowing of trumpets, the ships as they entered saluting, and the Generals and people of authority making great show of kindness and courtesy and promises of amity; but in truth treachery and wickedness were in their hearts, even as our General feared. For the Thursday following they began shifting their weapons from ship to ship and planting and bending their ordnance against our men on the land. Then when our General did send to the Viceroy demanding what was meant thereby, they, seeing their villainy discovered, forthwith fell upon our men, many of

whom were ashore upon an island near to which our ships were moored, and slew them without mercy.

The *Minion*, being nearest to the island, hauled out, but shortly had to bear the brunt of three hundred men that had been secretly placed in a great hulk near by. Then these sought to fall aboard the *Jesus*, whereupon there did ensue a mighty battle. Our trumpets sounded forth the points of war, encouraging our men to fight boldly, while our General did show himself to be a most valiant man as public report had credited him, ordering all things for the best, unmindful of bullets and arrows which did whistle by him. And as for my comrade, Francis Shipley, he also did prove himself that day a mighty man with his sword, and valiant. Running here and there, with his yellow hair flying in the wind, he did hack and thrust, cheering on the men with shouts and cries of "Have at them, lads! Down with the traitorous dogs! God and St. George for merry England!" And at other times he sang to the time of his bloody strokes:

"'* * * Bold mariners we be!'

Take that, thou lantern-jawed son of Belial!

'There 's not a man among us all'—

How likest thou that?

'A foot will backward flee!'

There's for thee, Don!"—just as one hewing wood singeth to lighten the labor. And through it all did find time to note and praise the valor of others and to laugh and make merry of me because, being of large stature as aforesaid, I did find it speedier to strike with my naked fists many of those Spaniards that came up over our sides and heave them into the water whence they were remediless to return, than to play at carte and tierce with a sword, of which I had little cunning. In sooth every man aboard that ship did fight like a wild beast, being wroth at the Spaniards' treachery and driven to bay, and as fast as they did pour upon our ship they got such entertainment that the deck was like unto a shambles and the water around about us was filled with them that drowned, shrieking and clutching one at another as they sank in their heavy armor.

But it was all of no avail, for although we did sink two great Spanish ships and burn one, so that they had little power to harm us with their vessels, they did batter us right grievously with our own ordnance that we had placed upon the island. Moreover, the Spaniards fired two of their tall ships and sent them against us, and the *Jesus*, being greatly shaken and her rigging all cut away, was helpless, but the *Minion*, having trimmed her sails, made shift to avoid her, and presently our General did take refuge aboard the *Minion*, and with him all that could achieve that end, and those that could not were pitilessly slain. Of our ships none escaped except the *Minion* and the *Judith*, and that night in a storm we did lose company of the *Judith*.

Thus were we left alone in that small barque of fifty tons, sore strained and lacking in tackle, with many more on board than the small store of victuals would suffice, and with the groans and lamentations of the wounded piercing our ears with dolorous complaints. And so it came to pass that our General did esteem it necessary to make the land again, which he did do on the eighth of October, to the southward, in the bay of Mexico, our ships being so greatly in need of repairs that our weary arms could scarce keep forth the water. Being thus stared in the face by death from famine on the one side and by drowning on the other, we were in despair and were divided among ourselves as to what was best to be done. Many were of a mind to be set ashore, trusting rather to the mercy of the infidel savages than to the hazard of drowning or being forced by hunger to eat one another. To which desire

our General did willingly agree, considering within himself that it was necessary to lessen his numbers for the safety of himself and the rest. But having made this resolve it was marvelous how all men's minds did alter, for they that did wish most to be set ashore now made request to remain aboard. But in the end the General made device by choosing first those having rank and necessary to the ship, and of the others he did form a company to be put ashore, pledging himself to return, or send for them as soon as succor could be had. And of those chosen to stay aboard the ship, Francis Shipley and myself were of the number.

What, then, was my amazement when Shipley did declare his mind to be one of those to go ashore, which to my thinking was little better than thrusting his head in the lion's mouth! And when I demanded of him his reasons for this rash desire, he answered me not to my satisfaction but talked of those men ashore being of the weaker party and needing support.

"A murrain on you and your support!" said I, being sore disturbed with this fancy of his sprung thus at the last moment. "What support can you give them but another mouth to feed?"

"Nay," he said, "for that matter I have a pair of hands. And what is more to my thinking, that for which we came hither, adventure and Spanish gold, lie more to shoreward than to sea aboard this battered ship."

"Aye, truly," I said, "hungry and ragged, with neither arms nor muniments, we are like to take the Spanish fleet, which we could not do in all our strength, and the City of Mexico to boot."

"Why, then," he said, "we may go further and fare worse than in that same City of Mexico, where our treatment was courteous enough."

"Art thou mad, Frank?" I said, "Are not the wounds given us by those same treacherous devils yet green upon our bodies?"

"I have not asked you to go with me," he replied.

"That is what you have done," I made answer, hotly, "for if you have forgotten our compact, I have not."

"Well, then," he said, turning away, "I give you your freedon of your compact."

"Nay," I said, "that you cannot do, you, nor no man, with honor to myself. For was it not this very point that did prompt you to ask of me the pledge: That there was coming a time when, hungry and weary and wounded, as God knows we both are at this present moment, dearest friends would differ in judgment? And I made reply that weariness and wounds could not change the heart in a man's body, and so pledged you my word as a gentleman to stay by you. And, therefore, stay by you I must and will. So, prithee, Frank, dear lad, let not this wild fancy fly away with your wits, but be content to abide aboard this ship, by which we shall yet find adventure enough and a chance to see old England into the bargain."

But no, he would not, nor did I know till long afterward what so hardened his heart against all friendship and reason. God forgive him!

Well, the upshot of it all was that we two were placed ashore, much against the General's desire and more against my own, for to be told that I was a valiant comrade and true-hearted man mended not the affair. Once upon the land Master Francis Shipley was voted Captain of that company of five score men and more. And when he did muster them for arms there was a fine showing of two swords and a rusty caliver, and no more. Armor we had none, food we had none, and nothing of aught else in fact, but the clothes upon our backs, and of these the most of us were soon to be rid. For as we marched along the first day through high grass and tangled reeds we were suddenly set upon by savages, who, with hideous cries, did shoot their arrows and hurl their

spears into our midst. Then seeing that we made no resistance they forced us to sit down and so surveying us they took from them who wore gay-colored clothes their apparel, and those who wore sad-colored raiment they troubled not. And so they went their way, doing us no more hurt. And of those who were stripped of their clothes my comrade was one, while I, wearing black, was let go. And after the savages had departed I did divest myself of one-half my garments and give them to him to cover himself, which he at first refusing I did throw them on the ground at his feet, bidding him take them in the name of decency, which he finally did. And no other words passed between us, for nothing but bitterness for him was in my heart and he was silent because his rashness was past helping by words.

It was here that one-half of our company, taking council among themselves, left us to go northward along the coast, while we wended our way westward in the direction of the City of Mexico. For many weary days did we press on through forests and thickets, torn and pierced by brambles and suffering from lack of food and water, until, finally, upon the twelfth day we came to the river Panucos, where the Spaniards have certain *salinas*. And here we drank greedily of the water and bathed and rested ourselves. And while we were thus resting we were suddenly set upon by the Spaniards and taken captive and conveyed across the river in canoes to their habitations.

Here we were placed in a little house where we were almost smothered, being so many of us shut up therein, and for food were given sour maize such as they feed to their hogs withal. And when I, being in pain from a wound, and others likewise, did demand of them a surgeon to cure us, they made answer that we should have none other surgeon than the hangman, which would cure us beyond peradventure and that right speedily. For three days were we kept in that foul place, and then word came that we were to be taken before the Viceroy. And so we set out with our arms bound behind us, guarded by Indians and Spaniards on horseback, and thrust forward upon the road with all indignity. And so wearied were many of us that to be free from our bondage even by death seemed something to be courted.

It was at about four o'clock in the afternoon of the sixth day that we entered the City of Mexico by the street called La Calle Sante Catharina, which was the same hour and the same street wherein Francis Shipley and myself did enter it before, albeit in a different plight from that grievous one in which we did now stagger along, bound two and two, like unto negro slaves. And, lo! at the door of the church where we did before behold her, stood the same Spanish lady between whom and my comrade certain passages had taken place, as aforesaid. Only now she stood still biding the departure of our people and looking upon us the while with wonder.

Now it so happened that Francis Shipley was in front of me, and we two were about the end. And when we did come nigh her I saw her of a sudden start and shrink back, and then snatching from her face the veil that shrouded it she gazed upon us like one who sees a ghost. Then did my comrade look her full in the eyes and say in a loud tone: "*Esto es por ti!*" which is to say: "This is for thy sake!" and so passed on.

And when I heard these words, like a flash of light came upon me the true reason of my comrade's desire to be set ashore from off the ship. And when I thought of how he had sacrificed himself and me, his friend, for love of this wanton daughter of the devil, against whom I had warned him in the beginning, my heart hardened against him more than ever, and I said in my wretchedness, "God may forgive him but I never will!"

Well, after this we were taken to a

great hospital where those that were sick were cared for and the others were kept prisoners but all were well used. And hither came sometimes gentlemen and gentlewomen bringing us divers things to comfort us withal, as succades and marmalades. And among them that did stop at my comrade's bedside, he being stricken down with weakness, was this lady of the church. Sometimes there came with her a tall, lean man with gray moustache and grizzled locks, but most times the old woman, her attendant at the church, did bear the lady company alone, and at these times she did linger longest.

Finally, after we were recovered of our wounds and sickness they sent us into a garden belonging to the Viceroy, and coming thither we found many of them taken in the flight at San Juan d'Ulloa. And here we did stay and work for a short space of time, it appearing that the Spaniards scarce knew what to do with us. Till at last proclamation was made that what gentleman Spaniard soever was willing to have any Englishman to serve him and be bound to keep him forthcoming to appear before the Justice on due notice given, that they should repair to the garden and there take their choice. And among the first to avail themselves of that offer, coming early ere the gates were well open, was that tall, gray-haired gentleman, the same who accompanied the lady when she came to the hospital as aforesaid. And now, likewise, she was in company of him. And the gentleman did straightway make agreement with our Governor for my comrade's service. But the lady appeared not in the matter, neither did she speak to or take notice of my comrade as they left the place, but in all things acted as though she knew him not.

Now, in that country no Spaniard will serve another, deeming it unbecoming their dignity, and the Indians were but slaves, therefore the gentlemen that did take us as a rule did make of us chamberlains and overseers; and though I saw not Francis Shipley thereafter I could well fancy that it was to some such high office he had been chosen through the favor of that lady. For my part I was made overseer of many Indians that did work in the mines in the country, and thus for a year or more I heard naught of any of that company that came with me. And during all that time my lot was not altogether unhappy, being a master over others and well paid. But suddenly and without warning, at the end of that time the misery which had dogged our footsteps once more overtook us. For although I knew it not at that time, the Inquisition which hitherto had had no place in the Indies, began to be established there, very much against the minds of many of the Spaniards themselves. The chief Inquisitor, whose name was Dom Pedro de Moya de Contreres, with certain companions, had come and settled in the City of Mexico, being placed in a fair house near unto the White Friars. And they did cast about them to see where they should make a beginning of their detestable practices, and their choice fell upon us Englishmen, the rather that we were prisoners and had, through the favor of our masters, accumulated considerable money.

And so it came to pass that we were apprehended in all parts of the country and were conveyed as prisoners to the City of Mexico; and there we were cast into dark dungeons where we could not see saving by candlelight, and with no companions to keep us company. And at intervals we were brought forth into the presence of the Inquisitors and narrowly examined as to our faith. Being at such times commanded to say the *Pater Noster* and the Creed in Latin, whereas, God knows, the most of us could scarce say them in English; but heaven wrought for us in this matter by giving us for a friend the interpreter, a man whose father had been English and his mother Spanish. And he did reply for us that in our

own country speech we could say these things perfectly, though not so well in Latin. Then they, finding that they made but little head in this manner, did question us of our beliefs in England and whether we did not hold contrary to that we now professed. What others said I know not, but for my part, being worn out with their practices, I did make answer that for my sins and offenses I prayed God mercy, and that if I had offended them or their church in any way, I was heartily sorry for it, seeing the pass it had brought me to; that I was but a plain-spoken mariner cast upon their shore by stress of weather; that I had obeyed their laws, and I begged them of their courtesy to give me back my liberty and let me go my way.

In what manner the interpreter gave this to them I could not understand, neither did I greatly care, but that he in his kindness made it appear to my credit was rendered plain to me afterward. But finally one day when I was brought before them, they asked me no more of myself but began to question me about Francis Shipley, and this with eager persistence, they having in some way learned that at home I was his neighbor and friend, and sought by devilish artifices to entrap me into telling of his religion and practices; but to these questions I made answer that I knew nothing whatsoever about the matter and then remained mute. Whereupon, after whispering together, the chief Inquisitor spoke up saying that while he believed no great evil of me, my desire to shield my comrade of whom they feared the worst showed me to have a stubborn spirit that needed chastening, and, moreover, that my silence would avail little, for did I still refuse to utter the truth on this question they would tear it from me on the rack. And when they found that this threat served not to loosen my tongue, they bore me away to the dungeon of hell.

What took place there it answereth no present purpose to relate, even could I find fitting speech, which I cannot. Sufficeth that they forced from me no word against Francis Shipley of any sort, for which I humbly thank God, in that He, in his infinite goodness, did sustain me in that time of sore need; and whereas, I went into that place a strong and upright man, I came forth bent and broken, and with but little spirit left for that which followed.

Well, to cut the matter short, the inquisitors having by one means or another gotten all the evidence necessary for their purpose, they did cause to be erected a large platform in the midst of the market-place. Then did they go about with beating of drums, proclaiming that on a certain day the sentence of the Holy Inquisition against the English heretics would be pronounced; which being done, the night before the day of judgment the officers drew us forth from our dungeons and arrayed us in yellow coats with red crosses before and behind, which foolish things they call *Sanbenitos*, and spent the whole night devising how we should go in procession, so that we got no sleep at all. When morning was come we were given a cup of wine and bread fried in honey and were then led forth, every man in his fool's coat, with a halter around his neck and in his hand a great wax candle. Upon either side of each of us walked a Spaniard. And so in this manner we came to the scaffold, where was a great concourse of people assembled. We ascended the platform and were allotted certain seats. And after a space of time the Inquisitors came up another pair of stairs, and after them the Viceroy and all the Chief Justices and took seats under the cloth of estate. Then came up great numbers of friars, white, black, and gray, and seated themselves in the places appointed. Then was there a solemn oyes made and silence commanded, and so began their cruel judgments.

The most of these were that the

man should be stripped from the waist up and laid upon horseback and suffer three hundred lashes with whips and afterwards be condemned to the galleys for ten years, and some received less and some more. And a few there were, not more than ten, whose judgment was to serve a certain number of years in a monastery, wearing the yellow coat or *San-benitos* all that time, but receiving no stripes. And I was of that number. And at the last were called the names of four men, and these received judgment to be burned alive in the market place; and of those four Francis Shipley was one!

When I heard that doom spoken I staggered to my feet. I knew not what to do, but before I could so much as move my lips, a shriek the like of which I had never before heard rang shrilly through the square. Then, while the two Spaniards with me pulled me back to my seat, I saw the crowd beneath troubled in one spot, which turmoil, as of some one struggling there, slowly eddied toward the platform. And while it approached, the voices of the multitude arose, some calling to others in vain questioning and others again demanding silence, and many of those upon the platform stood up. And at last the crowd opened and there burst forth a woman with black hair streaming down about her, and with one hand she pressed this back from her face and with the other she strove to free herself from one who would have detained her. And when I saw her, torn and dishevelled as she was, I knew her for the lady of the church. With one great effort she did finally break loose from the hands of the old woman, her attendant, who it was that did vainly clutch her garments, and fled up the steps of the platform, beating the air with her hands and crying aloud: "Mercy! Mercy! Have mercy!" And so coming before the Viceroy, she did fling herself upon the boards at his feet, groveling there in all her woeful loveliness, still crying, "Have Mercy! Oh, for the love of God and the Virgin Mary, have mercy!"

And while all did stretch their necks gazing upon this scene in astonishment, the Grand Inquisitor arose and in a low tone did sternly address her. And I heard enough to know what I had before mistrusted, namely, that she was the wife of one of high degree in that place. And at the last the Inquisitor did raise his voice and threaten her with the wrath of the church, and so having finished his discourse he made a sign to two of his familiars who thereupon stepped forward and each taking the lady by an arm, forced her away to a point where she was compelled to view the dreadful preparations then going on in the market-place, and there they held her despite her moans and plaints. Then at a further signal from the Grand Inquisitor, the drums sounded and the Viceroy's guard opened a way through the crowd, and the friars, according to their order, arose and descended the steps, two by two, chanting a dolorous tune, and in their midst, with their arms bound, walked the four doomed men.

And as the procession paused for those ahead to advance, I heard my comrade's voice call out: "Is Christopher Hewton here?"

Whereupon I struggled to my feet, yet without seeing him for the crowd, and made answer, "Yes, but God help thee, Francis Shipley, for I cannot!"

And he replied, "You 'll forgive me now, old lad, will you not?"

At which the tears ran down my cheeks in my utter helplessness, and I answered, "Say, rather, that you 'll forgive me, Frank, that I did not my duty by you more as a comrade should."

And he said, "Nay, you have been a true friend. Promise me now that you 'll see her and tell her—" But at this point the procession began once more to move, and though I called loudly to know further what

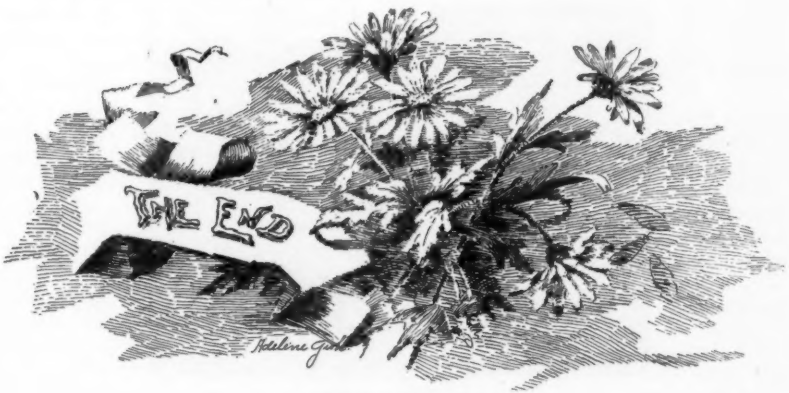
his will might be, the noise of the multitude, of that lamentable singing, and the tread of marching men, overbore the sound of his voice, and I, distraught, fell back upon my seat, and in my great bodily weakness was for the time being bereft of my senses.

How long I remained unconscious I know not. But when I came to myself a friar was working with me to get me on my feet, and the people on the platform had departed. And as I arose and stared about me I saw that the market-place was silent and empty, while from the middle of it there ascended a thin column of smoke, and that was all.

* * * * *

For seven long years was I a prisoner in that country, laboring first in one monastery and then in another. Three times did I make my escape, but each time was I re-taken and brought back by reason of my trying to fulfill my comrade's dying request that I should seek out that unhappy woman for love of whom he had so miserably perished. For although his message was but a broken one, yet did I deem it my duty, according to my promise, to give it as I had received it. And each time that I was brought back I was sorely punished for my pains. Until finally one day there came to me one in a garb of a mendicant friar, and he said to me: "She of whom thou wouldst have speech is dead." And when I would have questioned him further, as to the manner of her life and how she came by her death, he only shook his head, and answered, "It thou art wise thou wilt seek to know no more. She is dead." And so went his way.

Then once again I essayed to make my escape, and at last succeeded in gaining the sea-coast where I found English ships, and being taken aboard I sailed thence and left that accursed land forever.



REMEMBERED.

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

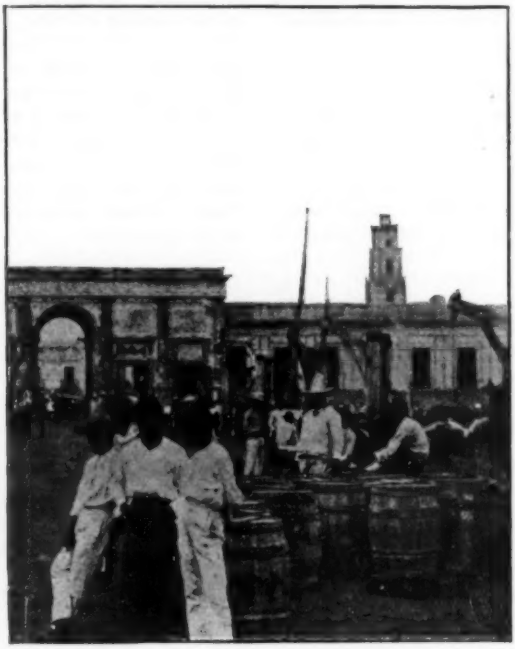
I thought you had forgotten—then life seemed
A winter waste, a stretch of cold gray skies—
And then you wrote. How love's light in my eyes
Through the glad tears in arching rainbows gleamed
Across the April buds of years to be!
And happy nesting birds sang far and near
That love was always true—and skies were clear.
Spring broke again, when you remembered me.

THE CITY OF THE TRUE CROSS.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

VERA CRUZ has always been associated with the romantic and picturesque ideas we are likely to entertain concerning Spanish and Mexican life, which are often justifiable, but in many cases are shattered as soon as realities come within the scope of our observation. *La Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz*—the Rich City of the True Cross—is no exception to this rule. It has its artistic aspects, but many unlovely conditions exist within its environs.

On approaching the city when it is bathed in the lingering glow of a Mexican sunset, a picture of dreamful beauty is presented. And after nightfall a stroll upon the principal mole, by day the centre of the city's life, is really delightful, a deep quietude having thrown its charm over the scene and the roughness of things having lost their offending qualities under the kindly touch of the half-lights of a Mexican evening. Then, too, the beams from the lighthouse and the blinking lights of the ships quietly rising and falling on the rippling waters of the harbor, add beauty to the stillness and soft shadows.



ON THE MOLE AT VERA CRUZ.

Turning to the Plaza it may be found filled with young people of both sexes, promenading. The fashion is for the ladies, unattended by men, to walk around an inner circle, while the men walk round on the outside in an opposite direction. The ladies generally wear mantillas on their heads, and black dresses, while the girls are decked out in French hats and costumes of the most brilliant hues. None of them wear gloves, which are doubtless irksome in so hot a climate.

The women of Mexico, though brilliant and dressy out of doors, are dowdy, down-at-heel and lazy in their own homes. They are affectionate and faithful, but also exceedingly jealous. The wife of an ordinary tradesman wears black, the head being bare except when the black lace shawl is drawn over it. At first it looks curious to see women walking in the streets with parasols held over them but without hats or bonnets, but doubtless the free exposure to the air is beneficial to the hair. Women of the richer class dress just like Americans or Europeans, with a decided leaning towards bright colors and French styles. The women of the humbler class wear white chemises, generally ornamented with lace or open-work and very clean, and cheap print skirts. Those of a rather better class wear over the chemises waists of white or colored print. The dress of clerks or business men is just like that of Americans, light alpaca or drill coats and felt hats with very broad brims being worn on hot days. The peons or laborers wear trousers of white cotton, a jersey and a straw or cheap felt hat, the feet being usually bare or shod with sandals.

On two evenings in the week the band of the Twenty-third Infantry, quartered in Vera Cruz, plays in the plaza until 10 o'olock, after which hour the plaza becomes almost instantly deserted, only a few people lingering on in the billiard rooms or round the cafés. Sometimes a fire balloon is sent up, and is watched until the little speck of light fades out entirely in the still night.

The center of the plaza is adorned with a fountain, statues, flowers and bushy shade trees, and round these are stone benches, iron garden-seats and a marble pavement. As the mole is the business center of the city, the plaza is the social center. On one side is the principal church, a large handsome structure of the usual type; on another the Municipal Palace, with its *Casa de Detencion*, the evil smelling *Carcel Publica*, and other public offices. The third and fourth sides are occupied by stores and cafés. The latter have massive arcades built to the edge of the sidewalk, and on the sidewalk are placed chairs and small, round tables for the accommodation of guests. Awnings of stout canvas shade them from the sun. The polyglot nature of the population of Vera Cruz is clearly shown by the names of the cafés. One of these calls itself "*El Globo*, The Balloon, *Le Ballon*, *Der Luftballon*." On an apartment house we find the legends "*Nueva Casa de Huespedes*," "*Maison Meublee*" and "Boarding House."

The sea-bathing places are partly floored with stone, and entirely surrounded with railroad iron to keep sharks out, the Gulf of Mexico being so full of these dangerous creatures that it would be positively unsafe to bathe in the open water, even close to the shore.

Though Vera Cruz is the hottest and the most pestilential city in Mexico, its natural situation makes it a place of great importance. Not far south of it is the narrowest part of the continent to the north of Panama, the isthmus of Tehauntepec. Though a ship canal is not feasible at this point, yet a railroad could be readily constructed, as the grade is very easy and the distance to be traversed is not more than a hundred miles. In 1879 the Mexican Government granted a concession for a road of two hundred kilometres to Edward Learned, with a subvention of one and a half million

dollars, but the line was not constructed and the concession reverted to the Government. Work has since been begun, and the line is now approaching completion.

The first concession for building a railroad to connect Vera Cruz with the City of Mexico was granted by the Government in 1837, but the road not being built the privilege was forfeited. In 1842 Santa Anna, the Chief Executive, gave the proceeds of a certain customs duty to promote the building of a road from Vera Cruz to the interior; but it was not until 1857, when Don Antonio Escandon secured a concession for a line from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, that any effective work was done. Revolutions interrupted the progress of construction, but in 1863 Señor Escandon obtained a renewal of the concession, which in 1864 he transferred to the "Imperial Mexican Railway Company," the transfer being confirmed by Maximilian. Work was begun, and one hundred and thirty-four miles of road had been completed, when Juarez, the Mexican liberator, came into power and declared the concession forfeited, as having been granted by a power hostile to Mexican freedom. In 1867, however, the rights of the company were restored, and work was resumed from either end. In September, 1869, the first section from Apizaco to Puebla was opened, and in 1870 the section between Vera Cruz and Atoyac. In September, 1872, the cities of Orizaba and Vera Cruz were united by the railroad, and on January 1st, 1875, the pioneer line from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico was completed and was opened by Señor Lerdo, the President of the Republic.

Vera Cruz is the chief city, though not the capital, of the important State of Vera Cruz, most of which lies in the *tierras calientes*—hot lands—or tropical fruit producing regions of Mexico. It has played an important part in most of the stirring events of Mexican history. Being the only Mexican port of any note on the Gulf, it had, before the introduction of railroads, a monopoly of foreign commerce, and through its gateways streams of silver poured into the treasury of old Spain. Naturally its wealth made it the prey of pirates, who sacked it twice—in 1568 and 1683. In 1618 it was devastated by a fire, and in 1822 and 1823, when the Spaniards, during the War of Independence, were in possession of the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, it was bombarded with frightful effect. In 1838 the French fleet attacked both city and castle, and in 1847 the American fleet shelled the city. In 1856 a hurricane destroyed nearly all the shipping in the so-called harbor, and in 1859 the patriot Juarez was besieged in the city by General Miramon. In 1861 the fleet of the "intervening" power appeared, and the city remained in possession of the Imperialists until 1867, since which time no special disasters have befallen it. Here the ill-fated Archduke Maximilian landed, and was received with a show of manufactured loyalty.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The climate is so unhealthy and so dangerous to new arrivals,

OLD HOUSE AT VERA CRUZ.

that General Grant, as President of the Mexican Southern Railway, proposed to have the terminus of his line at Anton Lizardo, a port some distance south of Vera Cruz. Yet despite its unhealthiness its streets are the cleanest in the country. Streams of fresh water course down the gutters, and all refuse is quickly snapped up by the zopilotes or vultures, of which one sees hundreds perched upon the roofs of the houses and strutting about the streets in a most comical, impudent and independent manner. They are so valuable as scavengers that no one is permitted to harm them. It is a very amusing sight to watch a cat, a dog and a zopilote fighting for the tid-bits of a heap of garbage just thrown into the street. Almost always the formidable beak and claws of the bird, combined with a supreme belief in his own superiority and divine right, cause his adversaries to retire from the field. As the zopilotes alight upon the ground from the roofs, they lazily half open their wings to break their fall, but, once on the ground, they rarely condescend to fly until they wish to rise again. Dogs, street cars and passers-by cause them merely to hop along in an indolent way, showing plainly that they are conscious of their value and immunity from injury.

The prevalence of the vomito, or yellow fever, has caused Vera Cruz to be called by the ominous name of *La ciudad de los muertos*—the city of the dead. Almost every one who lives in Vera Cruz is sooner or later attacked by the fever, and unless the disease is treated at once death follows very quickly. People coming from colder climates are more open to attack than those who come over the sea. The safest time at which to visit the city is the latter part of December or the beginning of January. There are two seasons—the hot, from March to September, and the cool, from September to March. During the cool season north winds prevail, and during the

hot season south winds. The vomito probably never entirely disappears, even in the cool weather, but it is much less deadly then. In the hot weather a stay of even a few hours in the city may suffice to communicate the disease. The Vera Cruzans deny that the vomito is endemic, but that it is very dangerous and often fatal is beyond a doubt. It may or may not be contagious, but it is probably spread by germs from the ground in which those who have died from it have been buried. After one has had the vomito once and escaped alive, immunity for the future is usually the reward. By the way, I heard one enthusiastic English resident, who had had the yellow fever in Brazil, maintain that the Vera Cruzan climate is much maligned and that Vera Cruz is really one of the healthiest cities in Mexico. This view, however, is that of a sanguine man, somewhat fond of paradox, and few will be found to agree with it. As evidence on the other side we may take the following facts: Of the three successive American consuls the first held office for many years, resigned, and died before he could leave the city. The next and his whole family were attacked by yellow fever during the first week of their stay; he recovered, and lived there twelve years. The third, a Nebraskan, died thirteen days after his arrival and before he had entered upon the discharge of his duties.

If one enters the United States of Mexico at El Paso he has not to undergo trial of the Customs officials of Vera Cruz; but travelers who have done so speak very favorably of their courtesy and reasonableness, which is said to offer a refreshing contrast to the roughness and ungraciousness of the corresponding officials of the United States of America. A present of a few *pesos* goes far towards smoothing the travelers' way, for subordinate officials in Mexico get poor salaries and have not the large opportunities which higher officials are said to seize so eagerly.

Besides the principal mole, the Mexican railway has a mole and near to it a coal wharf. Still further on a large breakwater is being constructed to join at right angles another, which is being thrown out from one end of the island of San Juan de Ulloa. When the two jetties are united it is hoped that they and the island together will make a passably good harbor. The plan of construction of the jetty from the city is pouring cement into a strong framework of timber, which is taken off when the cement has hardened into a solid block; the block is then carried by a powerful engine along a railroad track and dumped into the water, being permitted to fall as chance may determine. Until it leaves the shore the mole is smooth and level, but at the seaward end the blocks of concrete lie tumbled about in general confusion. The lighthouse is built upon the site of an old church tower, the once sacred edifice now serving as a public library. There are more than a dozen churches in Vera Cruz, but only two or three are now used for divine service, the rest being utilized as stores or warehouses for tobacco, dry goods and other merchandise.

On the little, barren, rocky island of San Juan de Ulloa Cortez set up his standard on Holy Thursday, 1519. Then he landed his scanty array of soldiers in the City of the True Cross, destroyed his ships and set out upon his career of conquest. He was accompanied by Marina, a Tabascan princess, who was an invaluable help to him, for she acted as an interpreter between the Aztecs and the *conquistadors*, and on one memorable occasion saved the Spanish army from destruction and changed the course of history. The building of the picturesque castle of San Juan de Ulloa is said to have been begun in 1662; but though additions were constantly being made and money repeatedly devoted to its construction, it was not completed till 1796. It is an irregular parallelogram with a tower at each of

the angles and was at one time considered impregnable. As long as the Spaniards retained this fortress, that is, until the year 1825, the city was completely at their mercy, for it is distant only three-quarters of a mile from the castle.

One may be rowed from the city in an awning-covered boat by four lightly-clad Vera Cruzans and landed in a waterway running between massive stone walls and crossed by a stone bridge which bears a great resemblance to the Grand Canal and Bridge of Sighs of the Old-World Venice. The fortress is now used as a prison—confinement in its damp, dark dungeons being much dreaded by prisoners, especially by those from the interior, who frequently die here in no very long time. Yet to try to escape by swimming to the city is almost certain death, for the surrounding waters swarm with sharks. At one end of the face of the castle which looks toward the city is the lookout tower and at the other is the lighthouse. Though there are many openings for guns in the walls of the fortress none are mounted now. At the entrance to the parade-ground an officer and some soldiers—the latter with muskets and fixed bayonets—are on duty, but they look little smarter and hardly less miserable and slouching than the prisoners, who are continnally following visitors, wishing to beg a bit of tobacco or to sell polished and carved cocoanuts or rings as souvenirs. The nuts are very curiously carved and are well worth the dollar asked for them. A few poor cattle get scanty pasturage on the island; and near them is a little burial-ground containing a few wooden crosses with stones piled round them, and a monument to the Mexicans who fell in the North American invasion. The monument consists of a small cannon half buried in the ground, and having on each side of it a mound of round shells. The commandant of San Juan de Ulloa is a Colonel in the army, and has under his control about four hundred prisoners sentenced to imprisonment for ten years or longer periods.

The contractor engaged upon the construction of the harbor works, a Mexican who has lived in Europe, spoke in terms of high praise of the Mexican soldiers who, he said, though fed on the poorest and scantiest food, fought excellently and beat the French whenever they met them on fair terms. He complained strongly of the tedious-

VERA CRUZ TERMINUS OF THE MEXICAN RAILROAD.

ness and vexatiousness of getting work done in his own country, and said that he has endless trouble with the Commandant of the island, who, on some days, will not permit the cement and sand for the works to be landed, but keeps the laden boats idle all day. The prisoners receive six *reales*, or seventy-five cents per day, but sometimes the Commandant arbitrarily takes them off before they have done a full day's work. He said that the breakwater from the city, which is now a jumbled heap of blocks of concrete, will be built up to an uniform level; and he feels satisfied that in

two or three years the work can be completed and that then Vera Cruz will have a harbor capable of protecting ships against their bane, the "norther." As things are at present,

THE MOLE.

whenever a strong "norther" springs up, all loading or unloading of vessels becomes impracticable and shipmasters must submit to a wearisome detention. The breakwater from the San Juan end, being in shallow water, is constructed with wooden compartments at its head, filled with cement; at the wooden end of the last compartment a strong canvas screen is held down by railroad iron—into this space the cement is poured; the screen keeps out the water, and is gradually advanced further into the sea as the concrete hardens.

Originally, Vera Cruz was a walled city, but now it has extended its limits so far that the walls remain in only a very few places. The houses in the older part of the city are substantially built, with great beams, massive arches and walls of stone or brickwork eighteen inches in thickness. The stone employed in building is obtained from the coral reefs and is intermixed with bricks and mortar. One house near the shore has its front entirely covered with glazed yellow tiles. Most of the houses have heavy wooden window-gratings and balconies, painted green; over the balconies are wooden screens and in front of the windows in the daytime stout canvas awnings are stretched as a protection against the blazing sun. The awnings are rolled up at dusk that they may not obstruct the entrance of the cool night air. The houses are square and are built round interior *patios*, enlivened with trees, flowers and frequently a fountain. A house in the Calle de Vigario especially attracted the writer's attention. The lower part is a drug store and the upper floor is either occupied by the family of the druggist or rented out. Along the whole length of the upper floor run heavy stone arches, each shading a window. The windows are deeply recessed and add a very picturesque element to the construction. The humbler houses are generally of adobe, though occasionally of wood, which latter must be very hot in summer; the street-fronts are shaded by broad verandahs. The Hospital de Caridad San Sebastian, a two-storied structure, is as massive as a fortress, which, indeed, it resembles much more than a place of human kindness. It is large, and one face of it looks out towards the sea. Near this is the Hospicio de Zamora, with a great central courtyard.

The Paseo, or grand promenade, has an asphalted pavement and is bordered by cocoanut palms which give it a very tropical appearance. Though pretty enough, it is little frequented, as it starts from a somewhat unfashionable quarter. It is adorned by a bronze statue of Manuel Gutierrez Zamora, the hero being represented in a frock coat and leaning one hand on a book and the other on a cane. The pedestal is inscribed: "*Bombardeo de Vera Cruz, 1847. Reforma, 1858–1861. Patria y Libertad.*" It

was erected by the city and State governments in 1892. To the left of the Paseo is a little suburban church with a dome and a belfry very like those of the Mission churches of California. The Paseo is concluded by a circular space or *glorieta* surrounded by a stone bench and having in its center a statue of Liberty leaning on a shield and holding a torch in her right hand. The inscription runs: "The City of Vera Cruz to the brave defenders of their country who fell fighting gloriously in March, 1847."

Two regiments of the Mexican line are quartered in a series of massive but ugly buildings near the Paseo, which are partly used as a military prison. Here the prisoners carry in firewood and sweep out gutters, under the supervision of soldiers with fixed bayonets. The full-dress military uniform is of dark-blue cloth, with very narrow red stripes. A leather belt is worn round the waist and over each shoulder, the belt over the left being broader than that over the right. The officers' uniform is the same as that of the private soldiers, except for a little gold lace on the cap and on the cuffs of the tunic. Many soldiers wear a fatigue dress of brown holland, and over their shakos white covers with the regimental number in brass figures on them, so that no great amount of gayety is imparted to the streets by "the military." Not far from here are the bull-ring, the cemetery, the gasworks, a match factory and a petroleum refinery.

From the refinery a sandy path winds its way through tufts of grass and prickly-pear bushes to the city. From the higher sand-dunes, which are reminiscential of our own Golden Gate Park, one has a capital view of the domes and towers of Vera Cruz. But the wind, at times, become so strong and things outside so restless that one is very often obliged to retreat from his point of observation. A really violent norther has been known to strew the wrecks of thirty or forty vessels and boats along the coast. Once a heavy storm covered the beach with the bodies of innumerable fish, evidently killed by a submarine eruption. The stench of the dead fish was so terrible that gangs of men had to be sent out to bury them lest the pollution of the atmosphere should precipitate the vomito.

Vera Cruz, as seen from the water, is a collection of cube-shaped houses, the walls of which are tinted in very light brown, blue, green, red or pink. None are white, which would be intolerably glaring in the unwinking brightness of a Vera Cruzan sun. Here and there a portion of the old wall or of a picturesque port still remains, and adds the charm of antiquity to the scene. Many domes and turrets break the sky-line, and as the former are often of brilliant, glazed tiles, the effect is striking. The red-tiled roofs of the southern suburbs, intermingled with cocoanut palms, lend color, variety and a tropical appearance to the view. At the back of the city are dunes of yellow sand, here and there tufted with bunches of grass or stunted bushes. Down the coast the yellow sand-hills are constantly shifting in the wind, and a line of white foam marks the limits of the shore. To the eastward the Isla de los Sacrificios lies low on the dancing waters of the bright blue sea. Near at hand is the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, with its lighthouse, lookout tower, frowning battlements and scattered cocoa palms. To the west the green waves are broken into white foam as they dart over an ugly, low-lying, dangerous reef. On a clear day the volcanic peak, Orizaba, sixty miles distant, is clearly visible, standing out as a shining white cone against the azure sky. It is 17,500 feet high, and is visible to the mariner thirty or forty miles out at sea. This glorious summit has impressed by its beauty the various races who have occupied Mexico: the Aztecs called it the Mountain of the Star, and the Spaniards, the Star of the Sea. We but call it the crowning charm of the city's languorous beauty.

HONEST BIG-EARS.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

THE drollest citizen of New Mexico is the sober, slow-going burro—the dwarf donkey familiar and dear to all parts of Spanish-America. He is smaller than the tiniest Shetland pony; and though he sells for far less—twelve dollars is a high price for a trained burro—he is really worth far more. Owlish and clumsy as he looks, he is one of the most reliable and useful beasts in the world; and our desert Southwest could hardly have got on at all without him. He will carry a crushing load up mountain trails so dizzy that the best horse would be of very little use on them (an Eastern horse, no use whatever), and is wonderfully sure-footed. Moreover, his fellow-citizens have a great respect for his moral qualities.

The Pueblo Indians are particularly fond of him. In every adobe-walled courtyard of their quaint villages he is to be seen of an evening, contentedly munching a wisp of straw or folded to sleep something after the fashion of a rusty jack-knife whose four blades will not *quite* shut into the handle. During the years that I lived in a Pueblo town, in one of the comfortable Indian houses and with the Indians for very true friends, I, also, came to regard Mr. Burro as a very good neighbor, except when he took a notion to sing at night. His voice is not exactly soft—as you may have noticed of other donkeys,—and the only song he knows is "Haw-ee-eeh." So one does not always appreciate his efforts at a serenade. Still, I have heard other folks try to sing who could n't; so I can forgive him.

When, after the Indians had come to trust me, I was at last admitted to their story-tellings, I was greatly interested in the strange fairy tales which the old men taught the boys, of a winter's night. The fox, the coyote (or prairie-wolf), the bear, badger, beaver, eagle, and other beasts and birds figured in no end of stories; but there seemed to be nothing about the burro. This was not entirely strange, because—like the horse, and cow, and dog, and cat—the burro was brought to America by the brave Spaniards, and was not native here. Most of the Pueblo fairy stories were made even before that wonderful Conquest of three hundred and fifty years ago, and therefore tell only of animals that were already here.

But at last wrinkled old Patricio told me a story of the burro; and here it is, just as he told it—except that I have turned it into English from the strange language which he spoke:

Once on a time Boo-róo-deh* was sent by his master to a town far beyond the Eagle Feather Mountain. It was the time when all must work in their fields, so the man could not go himself, but he said to the burro:

"Burro-friend, in Shum-nac is one who owes me so many cheeses of the milk of the goat; and since I cannot leave my garden, go thou and ask for what is mine. And bring them to me with care, for they are worth much."

So Boo-róo-deh started, carrying upon his saddle a very large bag for the cheeses. Three suns he traveled, going over the mountains, and came at last to Shum-nac.

"But how shall I give so many cheeses to a four-foot who comes without a man?" thought he who was owing. "For either he will eat them or drop them by the way."

"You should not think so, Man-friend," answered the burro aloud—for you must know that in those days all the animals could talk like people.

*The burro.

"Only tie the cheeses very carefully in the bag upon my back, and I will carry them."

So the man did; and Boo-róo-deh started for home slowly, for he was heavy with the load. He walked till night, and then lay down and slept under his burden, for there was no one to help him off with it.

In the morning he went on until he came into the pine woods of the mountains, where the path was very narrow. Before long a coyote came running up beside him, speaking very politely and saying:

"Ah, Burro-friend, I am sorry to see you with so great a load. Where are you carrying so many cheeses?" For he smelled them in the bag and was hungry for them.

"I take them to my master in the Town of the Red Earth," answered the burro, not stopping.

"Oh, yes," said the prairie-wolf, "I know that town very well. That is where they have so many chickens. I will go along and help you. Come, give me part of your load to carry."

Now the bag was very heavy on Boo-róo-deh's back, and his legs ached. But he thought: "No! for my master sent *me* and not this one." And he said aloud: "Thank you, Coyote-friend, but I will carry them."

"At least, give me one cheese to eat," said the coyote. "For my family is very hungry, and there is nothing in the house since two days. Your master will not miss one cheese."

"I am sorry for your family," answered Boo-róo-deh, "and if these were mine, you could have one. But as they are not, you will have to ask my master," and he kept walking on.

"Then you are very foolish, for he would never know; and if you would give me one I would go along and help you take off the saddle, so you could rest sometimes; but because you are so stupid, good-bye."

Saying this, the coyote went off; but when he was hidden by the trees he turned and ran ahead and waited in a bush. Soon Boo-róo-deh came along, groaning with weariness, and the coyote, coming behind him very quietly, cut the bag with his teeth, took out a cheese, and ran away.

Big-Ears kept going home, not knowing what had been done; but when his master had taken off the load and counted, he said:

"Where is the other? I told you to be very careful, and here is a cheese missing."

Boo-róo-deh rubbed his ear with his foot, to think. "Oho!" he said. "I think it was Too-whây-deh* who did it; for he came to me asking for cheese, and I saw no one else; but I will catch him."

"Go, then, and bring him, or you shall pay me for this cheese."

So Big-Ears went a day into the mountains, looking this way and that way. At last he found the house of the coyote; and falling down in front of it, he shut his eyes and opened his mouth as if dead.

In a little while the old coyote-woman came to the door, and seeing this she called loudly:

"Old man! Come out! For here is a Big-Ears dead at our door, and now we will have meat enough."

At this the coyote came out, very glad, sharpening his knife to cut up the meat, but his wife stopped him, saying:

"You never think of me! You know I like the liver best. Get it for me, this very now!"

"It is well," answered the coyote, "I will get it first;" and he started to crawl into the open mouth to get the liver; but at that Big-Ears shut his mouth suddenly, catching Too-whây-deh by the nose, and, jumping up, went running home with him.

"Ho!" said the master. "This is indeed the thief, for his breath still smells of cheese. You have done well; so go to the fields, eat, and rest."

So he killed the coyote, and gave very much hay to Honest Big-Ears. And it is because of this thing that the coyote and burro are enemies to this day and the coyote is afraid.

*The prairie-wolf.

THE THEATRE OF ARTS AND LETTERS.

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

THE fact that The Theatre of Arts and Letters did not please the press, nor produce a great play, nor result in pecuniary gain to its founder, Henry B. McDowell, by no means stamps it a failure. It commanded the attention of New York for an entire winter—a feat more difficult of achievement than observance of the seventh commandment, and it gathered together the most picked audience ever seen in an American theatre. Above all it was an interesting experiment for the reason that it was in the direct line of progress. Whatever may have been the result, there was a brave attempt made to swing aside from theatric ruts and restore literature and the drama to the twinship of their birth. The two poor children have wandered afar during their stumblings down the centuries, and to reunite them seems almost as hopeless as to restore them to their original heroic proportions. Mr. McDowell's experiment went far to prove that the twin gifts have been granted to the Undiscovered Few. Only one of the plays presented, however, was wholly bad, and that is saying much for a repertoire of seven experimental dramas. There is no conservative theatre in the country with hacks, pirates, and soap-bubbles galore at command which can show such a record.

Interest was very strong even before the first performance. Mr. McDowell exercised every legitimate method to give the enterprise prestige. The public was given to understand that it was not wanted. No single tickets would be sold. Only subscribers would enter the sacred portals, and no one could subscribe except by invitation or by recommendation of someone in authority. Everybody must go in full dress, no seats would be reserved, no one could enter between the rising of the curtain and the dropping thereof. The tickets for the season of five performances in as many months were twenty-five dollars. The subscribers were made members of the Club of the Theatre of Arts and Letters according to the laws of New York, that the audience might be still farther removed from the basis of a common gathering. On the other hand the members of the Club were not to be held responsible for debts or expenses. Mr. McDowell put up a bond of thirty thousand dollars, and on him alone fell the burden of the deficit (the expenses were very heavy, for only the best artists that New York could afford were engaged). But if it so happened that at the end of the season there should be a surplus in the treasury, that surplus would go to the erection of a building for the future performances of The Theatre of Arts and Letters. Otherwise Mr. McDowell, who was destined by high heaven to die with his boots on, would build it himself.

Furthermore, mystery lent its artful aid. The actors themselves did not know who had written the plays which would be produced on the eventful first night. It is doubtful if any one knew but Mr. McDowell and the authors. Of the committee the less said the better. It is doubtful if the members know to this day whether they were members or not. Mr. McDowell is a very able man, and is willing to spend money like a prince; but he does not like to be contradicted.

The first performance was given in January. The doors were open at half-past seven, and some of the most fashionable people in New York were on

hand to secure good seats. At eight o'clock the house was full and would have been a brilliant sight had there been more gas; but Mr. McDowell evidently intended to do away with garishness in all its forms. Not a hat was to be seen. Many were the bare necks, few the jewels. Flowers and gay robes in profusion; coiffures fashionable and individual. The swells wore their tresses in a tight knot and meagre bang; sometimes no bang—always sleekly brushed. They held themselves very erect and looked good natured and expectant. The literary contingent was not as well dressed, but looked more supercilious and unexpectant as became the superior furnishing of its skull. The newspaper men—who had been permitted to purchase tickets at five dollars per head—looked as pleased as school-boys out for a holiday. The artists were sympathetic and willing to contribute their quota to the advancement of the inferior art. Professional dramatists and managers were on the alert as never had they been before.

There was no music—neither before nor between the acts, nor in lugubrious wail when something of import was going to happen. For this alone Mr. McDowell should be canonized. A staff gave three loud, solemn thumps. The curtain went up. Our programmes had informed us that we should first witness a one act play, called "Drifting," by ——, and later a three act play, called "Mary Maberly," by ——. The little play opened with a succession of crisp, sparkling lines, and gave Adeline Stanhope (Mrs. Wheatcroft) an opportunity to do a very clever bit of work. Then the stage was left to Nelson Wheatcroft as man of the world, who had been drifting from flirtation with, into love for a girl of sixteen, Miss Kühne Beveridge. The man does not want to marry, and has sought the girl for a final scene. Mr. Wheatcroft as usual would have carried any play, but Miss Beveridge acted with surprising force and versatility, showing herself well adapted for emotional rôles. It is impossible to recall any of the conversation, and it was not until a week later that I accidentally learned that the girl, in order to ascertain the nature of the man's love for her, suggested that he need not worry about such a trifle as matrimony. The subtlety of the authors on this point was really magnificent. Moreover, it was unthinkable that a girl of sixteen, at all events the sort of girl portrayed by Miss Beveridge, should have known enough to make such a proposition. I may mention, right here, that the play was written by two young women whose knowledge of life and what people do in its crises is palpably derived from the parlor romance. The end was not far off. The man burst into violent love-making. The girl spurned him. Man goes. Girl faints. Curtain falls. Audience applauds mildly. The little play, they inform each other patronizingly, was certainly literary, hardly dramatic.

Then the curtain went up on "Mary Maberly." Briefly the plot, if plot it can be called, was this: Damon and Pythias are in love with Mary, a London belle and beauty with a managing mamma. Each has a modest sum. They agree to propose on the same night. Whichever is accepted gets the other's "pile." They propose. She loves Damon, and accepts Pythias by mistake. Damon goes to Australia and makes a fortune. Pythias turns up as a tramp, tells of how Mary has befooled him, and dies. Damon goes back to London swearing revenge on Mary. He ruins her husband, a worthless lord, at cards, consents to help her elope with another man, falls in love with her meanwhile, relents, and settles the unhappy wife and boozy husband on their feet with toes turned in the same direction. To say that the audience was bored hardly expresses it; but at least the play had this value: although cast in London it was the concentrated essence of the fashionable American literary spirit—thin, light, sketchy,

clever. It was as unsubstantial as thistle-down, as light and unsatisfactory as soda water, an excellent impressionist sketch of life as seen from afar through a lorgnette. Not a vice of that school which is passing away was omitted. It might almost be regarded as an epitaph. Dorothy Dene, who had been imported from London for the occasion, won much admiration for her pretty face and clothes.

When the curtain fell for the last time it was announced that Mr. F. J. Stimson of Boston had written the piece. The audience awoke to a sense of duty, applauded, and called "Author." The admirers of the author of "Guerndale" and "Mrs. Knollys" were perhaps too surprised to applaud. Mr. Stimson, a tall, slim, good-looking young Bostonian, appeared, bowed low. and the audience went home.

The next day the papers "roasted" The Theatre of Arts and Letters to a turn. So violent was the denunciation that it seemed as if the venture must be frizzled to a crisp and would be heard of no more. But its vitality astonished its most ardent advocates. At the next performance the audience was almost double in number.

This time we had almost a sensation; moreover, the best piece of dramatic work of the season, as well as an interesting example of what can be done with the stock materials of the old, old melodrama in the hands of the *fin-de-siècle* artist.

The scene is a fashionable church. The altar is decorated with palms and greens and roses as for a wedding. Two ushers stand before the chancel railing discussing the unredeemable badness of the prospective groom as contradistinct from the angelic, philanthropic, unworldly character of the bride. A bevy of girls, real New York girls, flutter in and take possession of two front pews. They discuss all things, bride, groom, decorations, and trousseau, in glancing and girlish epigrams. Then the mother of the bride enters and confides to a friend that she does not approve of the match, but is helpless. In a moment one of the girls, twisting and craning, catches sight of a dingy woman in the rear, elevates her eyebrows, and says she supposes she is one of those who have cards to the church. Not a word is uttered that does not bear directly on the plot and carry it forward.

The action begins. The clergyman, correctly clad in surplice, prayer-book, and expression, enters and takes his place among the palms. The wedding-march peals. The bridegroom and his best man saunter forth, the former a villainous-looking cad enough. The girls vibrate. One or two mount the pew and convey the all-important information in loud whispers. Down the aisle marches the father and the bride—Miss Grace Henderson, in white satin, bridal veil, and bouquet. She pauses, lifts her head, gives the groom a thrilling glance, almost flings her hand at him, and they stand before the minister. The latter, with eyes on prayer-book, mumbles. The audience squirms. The words "sacrilegious," "dangerous," "laws of New York," are distinctly heard. The minister raises his voice and demands if any one present forbids the ceremony to go on. A determined voice from the rear announces, "I do," and up the aisle strides the dingy woman, leading a dingier boy. The girls emit faint shrieks. The bride gasps. The groom has the expression of a suppressed murderer. The clergyman looks bored and disgusted. The woman begins her tale. Same old property joke. The groom orders her to desist. She persists. The girls almost run out. The bride changes her expression several times, her father whispering in her ear and attempting to lead her away. The groom, when he can make himself heard, feebly remarks that he supposes he is no worse than other men. By this time every guest has left the church. The bride rallies and asks the groom if he has forsworn the pastimes of the liber-

tine since becoming engaged. He swears. That settles it. She orders the minister in the deep thunder of the Henderson voice to "Go on with the ceremony!" The clergyman, mindful of the fat fee in prospect, attempts to obey. The woman shrieks her protest. The bride thunders "Go on with the ceremony!" The woman rushes to the altar and flings herself on the man. He raises his fist and smites her to the floor. The bride crouches, gasps "Coward!" flings the bouquet at him, and is carried out by her relieved parent.

The audience applauded wildly, commenting excitedly. "Author! Author!" they shouted, and Mr. Clyde Fitch came forward, looking as pleased as Punch. The astute reader will perceive that, despite the ethical daring, the play ran along conventional lines. All the effects were made by violent contrasts and antitheses, and the end was calculated to conciliate the moralist. However, the woman waved a wedding ring as a further guarantee to the audience that it could keep its seat. As an amusing commentary on this play, the newspapers a day or two later had a story of a Brooklyn wedding which was interrupted in a similar manner. The groom threw the interloper down stairs, the father sent the groom after, and the bride ran away next day and married her erring lover before a Justice of the Peace. But the drama is not emancipated yet.

Following came a dramatization of Mr. Stockton's "Squirrel Inn," by Mr. E. V. Presbrey, stage manager of The Theatre of Arts and Letters. This was neither a play nor yet a reading of the book aloud, but a cross between the two, and wholly charming. It flowed along like a limpid mountain stream seasoned with Attic salt. Every sentence was an artistic pleasure, and so clear was the adaptation that, although there was not a situation, the performance never dragged. The play was in four acts, but might have been in one, for there was never a climax, and it ended where it began. But it was the one play of the season with which the audience condescended to be wholly pleased. It was admirably acted by Miss May Robson, Miss Mary Shaw, Miss Adeline Stanhope, Mr. Haworth, Mr. F. F. Makay, and Mr. Paul Arthur. Mr. Stockton and Mr. Presbrey bowed their acknowledgments. The next day the critics devoted their attentions to Mr. Fitch.

At the third performance, given in March, the audience was larger than ever, adverse criticism having grown louder and louder. It was a notable evening in the history of The Theatre of Arts and Letters. The play was called "Shadows" and was the story of a morphine fiend, the character magnificently played by Miss Mary Shaw. The curtain goes up on a happy home in Westchester county. The husband, middle-aged, is adored by a young wife, two small children, and a "niece." The audience is quickly given to understand, however, that all is not well with the husband. The wife thinks he is ill, but the audience knows better. Well trained audiences can give wives more points than would add to their domestic comfort. The stage clears. A woman, ragged, unkempt, ghastly, staggers in, apparently intoxicated She mumbles that she is hungry and houseless and has sought refuge. She falls in a heap by the fireplace. The husband enters, rambles about, and informs the audience that in his indiscreet youth he took to himself a "common-law" wife, who turned out to be a morphine fiend. He cast her out. Hearing that she was dead he married again. Of late dark hints have come to him that she lives, and hence his uneasiness. Having set the audience right he discerns the lady by the hearth, and there is a loud and unpleasant rattling of the skeleton. She faints. The family doctor, Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft, comes in, recognizes her, and sensibly advises the husband to get rid of her at once.

While the husband is vacillating—he is an excellent study of a human pendulum—the young wife enters, quotes the Bible, and carries her predecessor off to bed. When the sinner wakes up she is too grateful to disturb the peace of the household which has sheltered her. In a short while the craving for morphine returns, the doctor administers the drug to save her life, and she immediately becomes a fiend bent upon destruction. So it goes through four acts—an alternate struggle between the human woman and the morphine woman. Finally the fiend conquers and she proclaims the truth. The husband and wife part, the latter quoting the Bible. (This proclivity of hers was a great saving to the play-writer in the matter of conversation.) The woman discerns that the "niece" is her own child, and collapses in a heap. The doctor reverses her spine and says, solemnly, "Take those children from the room." So much for realism. No morphine fiend ever looked more like one. No doctor ever jabbed more expertly than did Mr. Wheatcroft. The children said their prayers on the stage—an unpardonable bore, for no mother living takes the slightest interest in other people's children's prayers. The Bible was quoted, yards and yards of it, exactly as all good young wives quote the Bible, when they do.

Was the play a success? Never in the history of the drama has a play been as interesting as that audience. It giggled, it laughed, it howled. It is almost incredible that a well-bred audience could act like a pack of hoodlums, but it did. When one of the characters wearily demanded in the last act: "Why does n't the woman die?" it was five minutes before the actors could progress. From the first it required superhuman courage on the part of the actors to go through their parts. They looked dazed for a moment, incredulous, then pulled themselves together and went steadily forward. It was claimed afterwards that there were professional guyers in the audience, "mutterers;" but that is a slim excuse to offer for the behavior of the men and women who claim to be the "finest audience ever seen in New York."

So damning was the reception that the name of the author was withheld. Nevertheless, the play had much strength and merit. It needed only the revision of an experienced hand to give it a sure place in the drama of realism and the approval of the followers of Ibsen.

Next day the newspapers changed their tactics. They ignored The Theater of Arts and Letters. It survived even this last exercise of cruelty, and at the fourth performance the house was packed to the doors.

Three little plays were given. The first, "The Decision of the Court," by Brander Matthews, was wholly clever. It sparkled with epigrams and clever talk. The scene was in Newport, where an American wife, Mrs. Agnes Booth, awaited the decision of the court which would free her from her English husband, Mr. Gilmour. Of course, the husband drops in, and after a half hour of witticisms they go in, arm in arm, to be married over again. After it finished many people filed into Mr. Matthews' box to congratulate him. This interested the audience quite as much as the play.

Then came Richard Harding Davis' story "The Other Woman," done into dialogue. To say that it was dramatized would be stretching a point. Even Mr. Wheatcroft's admirable art could not save it from dragging. The story is clever and the knowledge of the eternal feminine keen, but it is unsuited to the stage. Nevertheless, all the women loyally applauded, for they dearly love Mr. Davis. The third play, "Hal o' the Hall," is absolutely unworthy of mention.

Mr. Aldrich having withdrawn his play, "Mercedes," Mary Wilkins' "Giles Corey, Yeoman," was given at the fifth and last performance.

Mr. Presbrey had pared it of much of its wordiness and whipped it into shape for the stage. The result was a strong dramatic picture of Salem witchcraft, powerful, gloomy, realistic. Miss Wilkins has not the gift of writing notable lines, but she has a fine sense of dramatic situation, of proportion, and a mastery of atmosphere. Giles Corey may drag in the reading, but it was better worth listening to as it was presented that night than ninety-nine out of any hundred plays. The trial scene was especially stirring. Agnes Booth as Martha Corey never acted better. Eben Plympton looked the part at least, and Miss Grace Kimball was charming as Olive. Take it all in all this was the most significant night of the five, and although an accidental climax, was a worthy one.

So ends the first chapter in the history of The Theatre of Arts and Letters. Its first year was a social success; its second will probably be an artistic one. Mr. McDowell has enough courage to stock an army, enterprise, money, love of art. Moreover, he has as coadjutor one of the ablest and most successful organizers in the country, Mr. Luther Lincoln, founder and president of "Uncut Leaves."

PATIENCE.

BY PHILIP B. STRONG.

Patience two forms displays:
  The one those prove, who, knowing loss and pain,
In faultless faith the patriarch's prayer can raise,
  "Yet will I trust though slain!"

The other (few do see,
  Since, hid from sight, a secret of the heart,
'Tis seen but in the sweet serenity
  Of life it doth impart)

Is that, so hard to learn,
  Those show whose souls in perfect peace abide,
When joys, long craved, for which they strongly yearn,
  Are still by Heaven denied.

TOM: JIM'S FRIEND.

BY ALFRA YORKE.

JIM always held that it was a matter of no importance, or at any rate unworthy his friend's extreme gratitude. Most of the men about the pan-mill agreed with Jim, and Tom himself would unhesitatingly have done as much for any of them. Still the fact remained that Jim had saved his life, and as Tom told the story—which he did to every new friend he made, and they were many—his open, honest face and fine, gray, Irish eyes lit up with affection for the older man.

"I was only a boy just out of school, where I might have stayed longer but for the devil in me. They put me to work in the mill, and the first day I felt too big for anything. I was a man earning a man's wages, and I strutted around pretending that there was n't anything in the whole mill I could n't do ; nothing that was wonderful or beyond me in the big, humming building. The tremendous noise of the stamps, the buzzing of the long, flat cables, the whirring of the deep pans—they did n't bother me at all. Anyway, I was n't going to let the fellows see that I was green, for I was awful afraid of chaff.

"I had noticed big Jim the first thing, over at the furnaces, with his solemn face and long legs; but he did n't pay much attention to me. When I came back from lunch I was bubbling over with excitement, and the busy motion and sound in the mill set me wild, I suppose. I had watched the men running up and down the long narrow steps which lead from the stamps to the mixing-pans, from the pans down to the sieves, and down again to the amalgamators, and down and down and down, till my head grew dizzy. It had taken years for them to get accustomed to the din and the height, but I was too young to know that their secure footing was n't show-off. The brag in me could n't stand it, and when I was sent with a wheelbarrow along a plank to the annex-mill I started on a run. 'Twould have been all right if I 'd kept it up, but I caught sight of the long, black, endless belt swaying as it twisted below me. I could n't keep my eyes off it. I tripped and fell. It is only a few feet from the lower pans to the amalgamators, but I seemed to fall forever. Well, old Jim, there, caught me before the belt did. He had called to me, but the crash and clatter drowned his voice. He carried me out on the dump, and the first thing I saw when I came out of the faint was his ugly, tender, old face."

The men had reached the mine by the time Tom's story was ended. Most of them had heard it before, but they listened good-naturedly to his eager voice because of the look on his pleasant, handsome face.

"That was six years ago," Tom went on as they all entered the red-brown hoisting-works and marched off to the changing-room, "and when Jim was made a shift-boss in the 'Bertha,' why I just came along with him and we've been room-mates and partners ever since."

"An' what 'll ye do, youngster, when Jim's girl comes out from Canady and they get married?" asked old Dennis, who worked the same shift.

Tom laughed with the rest of them. They had changed their clothes and stood in groups about the mouth of the shaft, waiting to be lowered.

"To think of old Jim getting married," said Tom, ruefully. "Well, boys, tell you what I 'll do. It's just what anyone of you 'd do in my place.

I 'll go up to dinner with Jim whenever they ask me and I 'll be godfather to the first boy."

As he was speaking, they all stepped upon the platform and the men's shout of laughter could be heard on top after the cage had slid downward, the tarred black cable vibrating with its weight.

Jim got married and settled with his pretty young wife in one of the numerous little cottages on the upper streets of Silver Hill — a perfectly plain frame building, guiltless of ornament, style, or character. In front, the four or five steep steps led straight down to the narrow, unpaved street. In the back the yard sloped up towards the next higher street. There was no garden—in the mining towns of Nevada the luxury of plants and flowers is not for miners and their wives; but the four rooms were beautiful to Jim, and the trifles of needlework made by his wife's hands gave a touch of elegance in his eyes to the little parlor with its close blinds.

Jim had never known a home. His youth had been spent in a charity school. When he was old enough he worked. For the past ten or fifteen years the big boarding-house on the Row had been his sleeping-place. With the other miners he had spent much of his time in the saloons and gambling-halls, but temptation had not come to him—or he had been strong enough to resist it. He was well liked among the men of all sorts that make up the population of a mining town; he made no pretense to sainthood, but he lived a clean, honest, steady life.

Tom had been shown through the house, had admired its air of snug comfort, had laughingly envied Jim his happiness, and the latter, leaning back luxuriously in the big armchair, had smiled at his wife and then at his friend and catching a glimpse of his own broad, good-natured face in the hanging glass opposite, smiled again.

Jim was only a miner. He lacked learning and he lacked culture; but he had a genius for being contented on very little, and although he was a well-balanced, undemonstrative, rather slow fellow, his happiness almost made him dizzy at first. The snug little home and pretty, fair-haired wife—what more could a man wish in this world, save the strength to continue to work for them?

Dinner over, the two friends took their pipes and sat smoking upon the stoop. The evening was beautiful. The light mountain breeze blew the smoke gently from them; the gracious Indian summer, softening the rugged outlines of the crude dwellings and irregular rocky streets, touched the barren little town and encircling mountains with hazy beauty.

Jim said very little—he smoked in calm, placid silence; and Tom leaned back watching the big fellow and enjoying his friend's happiness.

It was still twilight when Jim's wife, her work being done, joined them. Her husband rose with awkward politeness to give her a chair, but she shook her head and curled herself up in the narrow doorway. The light from the sitting-room lamp shone through the little hall full upon her saucy round face and fair fluffy hair. Tom sat looking at her with open admiration, but when she met his eyes her pretty, long lashes drooped. The young fellow thought perhaps he had offended her and he wished to be friends with Jim's wife. There was a complication of feelings struggling within him, and he turned gratefully to Jim, who was saying in his slow, easy voice:

"I 've been telling Ella, Tom, that next winter we 'll send to Canada for her sister Margaret. She was such a nice little thing when I saw her ten years back."

"Ye-es," said Ella slowly. "Margaret is the beauty of the family," she explained to Tom, with a swift upward glance from her round blue eyes.

Jim laughed lazily. "Well, I 'm satisfied," he said, simply. "Tom,

when the beauty of the family comes out to Silver Hill you might see if you can't keep her here. Eh?"

"Thanks. Guess I 'll try."

He had risen to go and stood on the steps saying good-night.

"But why have you never married?" asked Jim's wife, curiously.

"The boy 's only twenty-four, Ella."

"But are n't there any pretty women in Silver Hill?" she insisted coquettishly.

"Lots," Tom answered with a laugh, "but they 're not so pretty as those from Canada, I 'm afraid." He ran down the steps and turned to smile up at them again.

Jim was wrapping a shawl around his wife's shoulders, but she rather pettishly shook it off and stood in the moonlight looking after the young fellow.

"He 's awfully handsome, is n't he?" she said to her husband.

"Tom? He 's the best-hearted fellow in the world. If anything ever happens to me, Ella, down there at the 'Bertha'"—he pointed towards the mine, from whose tall chimneys the smoke poured and the throbbing of whose engines filled the night,—"if an accident should happen to me, Tom 'll be a brother to you, my dear. I can count upon his truth as I do on your love, wife." He drew her to him very tenderly and they went into the house together.

Tom at the corner turned again, but the porch was deserted. He walked rapidly down the hill singing in a low tone to himself, but an exclamation of impatience cut short his song. He was trying to fix in his mind Jim's strong, good face as it had looked while they were smoking together; but always instead there rose before him the graceful little figure of Jim's wife as she sat in the doorway, the light shining upon her rosy face and downcast eyes.

* * * * *

Jim's life had grown precious to himself. Through the first winter of his married life his home had been to him a warm, sweet haven of rest and comfort from which he looked out upon less fortunate men with a benignant pity. His equable nature and broad, charitable generosity made light of his wife's variable moods. There was a certain chivalric strain in the big miner which led him to treat her as a wayward child, whose faults might be troublesome but could not be great. The very solidity and strength of his character made him indulgent, and his wife's rather delicate physique was an appeal never disregarded by his splendid, vigorous manhood. His love for her was apart from and surrounded it all. His life had been lonely, and there was a depth of sentiment in the hard-working, practical man that he never revealed to anyone except his wife.

She pouted at his thorough domesticity. The pretty little home which Jim's savings enabled him to give her, the petting and affection of her husband, the opportunity she had of reigning over the good fellow and making up to him for the cheerless life that had been his—it all palled upon her in time. Ella had left a home far less comforable than that to which she came—a rather crowded home where life had not been free from quarrels and the little cruelties which poverty and discontent breed. She had looked forward to her marriage as a deliverance from these disagreeables, and had built up a romantic picture of life in a mining town, which she knew only through books. She had expected to be a queen among a crowd of worshipers—had imagined a life full of gayety, excitement, admiration.

When, after the short honeymoon, Jim took his lunch-can and walked down over the road to the "Bertha," she was left alone in the little house and time hung heavily upon her. She had not made many friends. The miners' wives of the neighborhood had all come to see Jim's wife, ready with honest good-wishes and homely

advice. They were busy women and earnest with the seriousness which their life begets, for they live in the shadow of misfortune; they are fearful of a chance that may leave them widowed, their children fatherless. Yet they bear this and their poverty as cheerfully as may be; and their readiness to help each other, their sympathy and generosity are the reverse sides of, and perhaps consequent upon their brave, hopeful, patient lives.

Foolish little Ella threw away her chance here as elsewhere. The women bored her with their talk of shifts, housework, babies, etc. All of them seemed older than she and had lost what beauty they might once have had. Each was careless of the opinion of any man other than her husband; while to Ella no man's admiration came amiss. Her heart did not warm to the pathos of their weary struggles for their children's welfare. They are mothers more than wives, these women of the mining towns. They sacrifice every personal comfort for their children—and for the big child, the husband, over whom they brood with a like watchful care that he may be well and able to resist the long, hard winters; that his strength may not give out down in the dark depths where, year after year, and every day for more than half his waking hours, he works for them all; that his head may be clear and his heart sunny to resist the temptations which she recognizes and prays against.

Ella thought them commonplace, uninteresting. In her eyes their unselfishness was stupidity, their content the dull apathy of lower minds. But they were wiser than she knew. They judged her, not uncharitably; she was not as they were and they left her to the young girls, with whom she sought companionship, competing with them for the prize her restless vanity valued most—men's admiration.

For a man like Jim to realize the character of his wife was impossible. To him she was a pretty young girl who had stooped to marry a rough fellow like himself. Ella rather fancied this view herself and was pert and critical, disposed to be exacting, and requiring her husband to live up to her ideas of gentility. He was infinitely patient, tender, and good-natured with her whims and notions. He bore with her absorbing love of excitement, and spent many evenings in the dance-halls, where he watched her enjoyment, the innocence of which he would have killed any man who questioned. Her faults were trivial in his eyes, for the love he bore the frivolous, selfish woman overpowered his judgment and his reason.

* * * * *

Not religion nor patriotism, nor sentiment stills the mines of Silver Hill. They labor day and night. They know no creed, no country, no humanity. The miners, as a class, reconcile themselves to the monotony of their lives, and a holiday is unthought of.

On Christmas night Jim left his wife as usual, his shift being night work. They had had a merry evening. The pleasures of entertaining appealed powerfully to Ella. She delighted in being queen of the feast, and to have her little rooms filled with a good-natured, admiring crowd was almost a realization of her ambition. She stood at the head of her table dispensing good things to eat and drink, a smile of gratified vanity on her pretty, flushed face. She was discussing with those nearest her a prospective trip down the mines.

"Tom—you know Jim's friend, has promised to let us know to-night when I can be taken down. I 'll enjoy it immensely, although I 'm an awful coward. And won't it be funny to wear men's clothes? They must make one look like a fright——"

At the sound of singing outside she stopped and stood listening, holding the pitcher poised in her hand.

Many of the men in the mines have fine voices, and when shifts coincide

or lay-offs permit, their sturdy glees and choruses fill the sharp clear air on winter nights. That they should come and sing before their window was a pretty compliment to Jim and his wife. Ella rushed to the door, and throwing it open stood smiling as the last strain died away, Tom's clear baritone prolonging the chord.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried. "Come in, do come in!"

They walked up the steps, shaking the soft feathery snow from their heavy coats and wide-rimmed hats. She led the way and they entered, answering jovially the hearty roar of recognition with which they were greeted. Then they drank to Jim and his wife, and to Christmas, and to the "Bertha," and to each other, and to all of them.

But at eleven Jim was due at the "Bertha." The whole company stood up and drank a parting glass and filed out through the narrow hall into the snow-banked street. When Jim had hastily taken his bucket and heavy coat he followed. The men's voices were still to be heard, mellowed by distance, enriched by the shining snow which covers the ugliness and squalor of the mining town with a gracious white mantle. It was no longer snowing. The night was beautifully calm, the moon brilliant. Jim's big heart and honest soul were very susceptible to nature's influence. He stopped on the corner half-listening to the carol. The men were two blocks down the hill in front of him; but, still singing the old-fashioned English song, they turned at the Row and passed out of sight. Jim turned, too, and ran back to the house. Something in his wife's manner had jarred upon him that night, and he wished to atone for his unspoken condemnation.

The light still streamed from the windows, and Jim crossed the little hall and entered the dining-room. Ella, in her pretty blue gown, was standing with one foot on the stove. Her back was turned to Jim, but Tom, who stood near her, was facing the door. The light dazzled Jim's eyes, and he passed his hand before his face. Ella turned and came to meet him with an odd expression in her eyes.

"Hullo, Tom! You here?" he said, taking her in his arms. "I came back to say good-night, Ella." He bent over her and she glibly explained Tom's presence. "Forgot your coat? Well, I tell you you 'll need it going up towards the divide." When he looked up Tom's face was aflame. Jim laughed.

"Young fellow," he said, "you look as if you 'd had too much Christmas. What has he been telling you, Ella?" He did not wait for her answer, but added, tenderly:

"Well, I can guess. When Tom gets that excited look in his eyes and the red in his cheeks, he 's telling the wonderful story of how a hero named Jim saved his life down in the Gordon stamp-mill some seven years ago. Eh, Tom?"

Tom had n't said a word. He stood dumb, and at Jim's last words he shivered and sank into a chair.

"I believe," he stammered, "I 'm sick or——"

Jim threw off his coat and stood, big and helpless, looking at his friend, whose brown head lay upon the table buried in his hands.

"Can 't you give him something, Ella?" he appealed to his wife.

She went to the table, but Tom shook his head and rizing, dizzily, went out into the hall and put on his coat, saying: "It 's my long lay-off. I do n't have to go to work, but I 'll walk down with you, Jim." His face was ghastly, and there was a weak, hysterical tone to his voice as he said good-night to Ella and hurried out of the door.

She sat thinking for awhile after the door slammed behind them, but presently the smile came back to her face, and she put out the lights, and, still smiling, went to bed.

The two men walked down the hill, through the snow-massed, quiet streets,

to the hoisting-works. They did not talk much. Tom impatiently turned aside Jim's solicitous inquiries as to his illness. When they parted at the wide open door, Jim was saying :

"Glad you fixed it with Ella about going down the mine. She 's been wanting the trip ever since she came out."

"Yes, but I change shifts to-morrow, you know," Tom said, slowly. "I 'll be at work on the nine o'clock. You do n't need me, though. Good night."

"Good night. Go straight to bed, Tom. Do n't lose your way down the Row. When a man 's out of sorts he 's like to do foolish things. Keep away from the saloons to-night. Take care of yourself, old man."

* * * * *

Ella looked like a mischievous boy in blue flannel trousers, long blouse, heavy shoes, and old slouch hat set on the back of her fair head. Jim stood with her on the platform, his hand on her arm. As the cage descended she uttered little exclamations of fear, delight, and coquetry, attracting the admiring attention of the engineer and the signalman at the rope.

At the station the cage stopped and they stepped off. His lantern in hand, Jim walked ahead of his wife explaining to her everything they saw, his explanations growing in detail as he became interested in showing her the place and manner of his underground life. He was a thorough workman, his knowledge of mines and ores was complete, and there was a degree of self-assertion and domination in his manner now that was not present in his home. As he led her through the long, dark, dripping passages—which were familiar to him as the streets of his boyhood to a village lad—he had many a story to tell of rich ore-bodies, famous winzes, thrilling escapes, sudden perils, and awful deaths. He checked himself, fearing to frighten her, and when she said she was tired they sat in the cooling-box till she was rested. She decided that she wished to see the men at work, and at a signal from Jim the cage came down again, and they descended further.

At a turn in the drift they came upon the miners, who were working at the end of a winze, drilling in the green-gray walls by the light of candles stuck in the rock. Ella recognized Tom among them. With his graceful figure well drawn back, his firm, naked chest gleaming in the candle-light, he swung a heavy hammer. His small canvas cap was tilted back, and the short brown curls lay damp upon his forehead. She watched the miners working, and they turned to look at the slight, pretty figure in the clumsy flannels ; her fair face borrowed refinement from contrast with its rough surroundings.

"Come, Ella," Jim said, with an impatient note in his voice, "we 'll see the giraffe and then take the cage to the surface."

At Jim's request Tom had left his work ; covered with a heavy overcoat, he followed them in silence. Jim's wife cast an inquiring glance at him over her shoulder as they walked, but the lanterns threw a circle of light on only the ground in front of them ; it was too dark to see his face. She tossed her head and walked on. Jim was in front, his tall figure bent to avoid the jutting timbers. Always a man of few words, he led the way in silence, making no further explanations, though sometimes appealing to Tom in the rear ; but the latter's mood was not talkative.

Once Ella affected to stumble, but it was Jim who turned to catch her, and the silence once more closed them in.

Suddenly a sharp noise like a pistol shot was heard. The stillness, the dark and dripping corridors, the closeness, and the heat had unnerved Ella, or perhaps some mental conflict stirred her shallow nature. She screamed, and her lantern fell crashing to the ground. Jim, who had unconsciously walked on faster, separating himself

from her, ran back to explain that the report was only the sudden cracking of a rotten timber. He found his wife almost fainting in his friend's arms. He bent over to take her to himself, but half-crazed by terror and emotion she repulsed him violently, clinging to Tom and burying her face in his breast—revealing in a moment all that she had before so successfully concealed.

It stunned Jim. He looked imploringly at Tom, who was kneeling on the track and supporting Ella. Their eyes met for a moment and then Tom's fell. He drew back his head and put out a hand in miserable abandonment of self-defense.

Jim's face hardened, his eyes lost their look of unbelieving horror; he turned his back upon them, and steadied himself against the wall.

Far ahead in the gloom a light twinkled. It grew brighter and larger, and presently an ore-car came running along the track. Old Dennis, who was pushing it, stopped and shouted, "Hi, there! What's the matter?"

It was Ella who answered. She had quite recovered, and stood up brushing the soil from her clothes. With the assurance which only fools can command, she attempted to deny what she had betrayed. She turned to Dennis with her pretty smile.

"I fainted," she said, hesitatingly at first. "Jim said it was only the cracking of the timbers that frightened me; but I thought of all the terrible stories he had told me, and lost my head, I suppose. Jim always said I was a coward."

Dennis nodded. "They all are," he said, dryly. He spat upon his hands, bent his neck, and braced his powerful hairy arms against the car. The sound of the car's wheels died away and the light in front became a mere glimmer and then disappeared. There was no word from the men. Jim's wife laughed nervously, and, turning to her husband, said, warily watching him:

"It was so dark and I was so frightened! It's really your fault for shocking me with those dreadful stories. I—I didn't know who it was——"

Jim turned upon her with a terrible gesture, and the lie hushed upon her trembling lips. He took up his lantern, walking with bent shoulders and bowed head like an old man, and they followed as before, the silence deepening till they came to the opening at the bottom of the shaft, where the giraffe lay ready, almost resting upon the dark, warm, greasy water beneath. One of the miners standing near began an explanation of it to Ella:

"'Tis only a kind of big, underground car, ye see, ma'am, that runs in a slantin' box, like, which opens at stations like this. 'Taint very comfortable—the seats are jest slantin' steps laid in,—but it 's soft enough an' it goes mighty quick. Course, when ladies is aboard, we jest signal *slow*. It's three bells for folks, ye know—mostly they jest go as far as the 1600 or 1500,—but only when ore is to be dumped. When I pull this rope only once the giraffe goes whizzin' along up the incline, never stoppin' at stations o' course, but straight on like a flash till it reaches the top of the incline—the 1400 level. There's no one stationed there; there aint no need. The ore is jest automatically dumped out, and down it falls with a tremendous crash into the ore-chute, sixty feet below. I tell ye, ma'am, it 's foine to see ten tons of rock dashed from the giraffe. It—— "

Jim interrupted him.

"You can go, Haggerty." He spoke slowly, as if words were hard to him. "I think there 's something wrong with one of the blowers back in the north drift. I 'll 'tend to this."

"I was jest goin' to have the rock dumped. The car 's half full. If ye say so I can send it up and have it down again empty," the miner said.

"No need," Jim answered.

"Won't it be uncomfortable for the

lady?" Haggerty asked. "Course a man gets used to ridin' top o' the rock, but——"

"She'll not mind."

The miner turned to Ella. "I 'll slip a board across for ye, ma'am. I say, Jim, better let me dump this——"

Jim turned upon him with an oath, and the old miner, who had never seen the shift-boss angry, looked at him in amazement and then walked away. He climbed up a perpendicular ladder fastened to the rock-wall, disappearing where at an abrupt angle a second ladder joined the first. Jim motioned to Tom, who stepped in without a word. Then Ella was handed down.

"I want to go on top. I don't care any more for this horrible mine," she said fretfully.

Jim seemed not to hear her. He had again become quiet. His face was set like granite, and though his breast heaved convulsively, he was hemmed in by a wall of hate, disgust, and pain which left him dead to outward things. He stepped into the car and took his place at the top. Then he leaned out and pulled the signal-rope once.

Mechanically Tom waited for the other two bells, but the slow seconds passed and Jim withdrew his hand. Tom shivered. He understood, and fell back with an inarticulate cry.

The straining, preliminary movement of the car roused him. A moment remained. The signal might yet be changed. He put out a trembling hand toward the rope.

"Not all of us," he began, appealingly, "I——" Meeting Jim's eyes he stopped. Slowly he withdrew his hand; his head drooped; crouched at Jim's feet, he waited.

Through the denseness, the folly, the wickedness of the woman some glimmer of knowledge of her husband's nature must have penetrated. She had not half listened to Haggerty's words; her mind was busy with plans; but, fearing she knew not what, she cried:

"Tom! Tom! What is he doing?"

But her voice was drowned in the roar and rumble as the enclosed car started upward. Moaning and whimpering, she cowered down.

Walled in on all sides in a dark, close, sloping tunnel dimly seen by the light of the streaming lanterns, they were borne madly on. They all bent low to avoid the swiftly passing, heavy-timbered roof. As the car gained speed Ella raised her head with a quivering cry of alarm, but her husband laid his hand almost tenderly upon her and she sank down, her uncomprehending terror stilled by his strong, calm touch. Jim, himself, must have been dead to all feeling. He sat motionless, as if cut out of rock.

In Tom's mind blurred pictures rapidly succeeded each other. He knew how short their time was. In five minutes, three minutes, one minute the car would reach the top. Their bodies would be lifted and shot as from a catapult, to fall—crushed by the overturned mass of ore—into the yawning chute far below. He had a mad impulse to rise and let the jutting roof dash his brains out as they were hurried on. But that passed, and in the calm which followed, the thumping of his heart sounded to him like the roar of the stamp-mill.

Then clearly he seemed to see the mill. The great building throbbed with the thunder of the stamps. They roared in his ears, and before his bloodshot eyes they danced up and down with crushing, crashing force. The long swaying black belts increased their speed till all motion seemed left behind in the mad race, the revolving pans becoming a fixed point. The din and the frantic motion overpowered him. He felt himself falling and thought he cried to Jim to catch him—but no sound came from his lips.

Myriads of lights seemed to twinkle before him, as the electric lights used

to show from the outside of the pan-mill on the dark night. At last, as the giraffe neared the top of the incline, it all left him. He was seized with a mortal desire for his wronged friend's forgiveness.

"For God's sake, Jim, forgive me! Forgive me! Forgive me!"

Whether the words ever passed his lips no one knows. They had repeated themselves over and over again in his mind till all was blank.

THE DANCING EAGLES.

BY ASTAROTH.

I AM a physician, of middle age, married, and in good practice—a sober and I hope a sensible man, somewhat acquainted with science, and hence not a believer in dreams, omens, warnings, presentiments, or any other supernatural bosh. My speciality has been diseases of the brain and cognate affections. That I know something about such matters may be inferred from the statement that some of my own independent observations communicated to Charcot were acknowledged by him with thanks in his celebrated treatise on diseases of the medulla oblongata.

However, notwithstanding my conviction that the future is an absolutely sealed book which mortal hand is not permitted to open except page by page, I have an experience to relate perhaps as singular as any that we read of in the books. It is a vision and, in a way, a fulfillment. Yet to accept and believe it aught than a remarkable coincidence would be to give the lie direct to all the dicta of the science of psychology. I narrate it, therefore, merely as a strange coincidence, and do not, in the present stage of cerebral science, attempt any explanation.

From my childhood I have been haunted by a peculiar dream. I suppose that I have dreamed it at least a hundred times. Whenever, after a day of exhausting labor—especially of labor requiring concentration of the eyesight,—I fall into a restless sleep, I see this vision:

A drear waste of granitic rock and boulder, without a sign of vegetation, shining heatedly in a full blazing sun; amid the confused mass one crag rising in the foreground; clearly seen upon its flattened but jagged top, two eagles solemnly treading a measure—actually dancing, slowly lifting up first one foot and then another, then whirling gravely around, again balancing solemnly, and once more sedately raising their feet and bowing to the right and left. Thus, for a few seconds. And then comes over me the fever sense of an increasing distance and a striving on my part to grasp the disappearing forms fading in the vagueness. I fail in this, and the failure envelops me in a painful sense of anxiety terminated by some sudden shock that invariably awakens me.

That is all, but the dream is ever the same, without a change in the smallest detail. Of course I have settled in my own mind that all this is the result of some diseased convolution—perhaps for instance an organic lesion of some portion of the third left frontal convolution governing the center of sight, and that the persistence of the same vision is owing to a chance association of isolated impressions that happened to be present to the apprehension of the center when the lesion first became manifest. The symptomatology of our science often shows such instances of the continued repetition of primary impressions. Pretty as this explanation is,

however, it fails to explain the sequel, —an adventure that happened to me last summer in the Sierras.

I had been spending my vacation hunting in the Kaweah cañon near the new Sequoia Park, and was quartered for the time being at Kelly's near Three Rivers on the main river. Due southeast less than a mile from the hamlet of three houses rise some peculiar peaks called the "Three Guardsmen," probably because there are four of them. The highest, named after the irrepressible Gascon, has a jagged insolence in its bearing that invited me to exploration.

It was already disagreeably warm, one day in June, when I started on the trip, and as the morning advanced and I found the way more difficult than I expected I almost abandoned the idea of reaching the top. An unexpected cloud covering the sun and a fitful but delicious breeze suddenly sweeping down the cañon from where Whitney rose in icy splendor to the east, reinvigorated me, however, and I continued the struggle until I was on the sumit.

My first glance was over the sullen chasms and torn and tumbled ranges adjacent towards the high Sierras; the sun shone out and plated them with gold. My next survey was of the plateau on which I stood—a table-land not more than a score of feet square, piled up with granite boulders of every size and shape; on the eastern slope one solitary, serrated stone rose high above the rest.

Upon that rock two eagles were gravely dancing.

I laughed at my hallucination, rubbed my eyes, closed them a moment, and then again looked at the crest of the towering stone, this time critically. There was no mistake—it was my dream-scene, without the possibility of a doubt. I recognized, over and over again, every detail of rock and fissure—the hornblende, porphyry, and dark-green epidote. From them, in the blazing sun, glanced the remembered waves of heat; and on the crag the eagles were gravely dancing.

There swept over me, then, the familiar and irresistible desire to capture the great birds.

I threw myself on the ground and crawled slowly and cautiously forward. The most intense desire of my whole life was to clutch the eagles; those long legs, irregularly feathered, seemed made to fit my hand, which ached to grasp them. I was drawing near—I was close behind them; they made no attempt to fly, but kept on their measured bowing, with a solemnly ludicrous sway and bend. I was within arm's length now. I reached out my hand—slowly, slowly, slowly, my heart standing still for eagerness. A moment more and one of the birds would have been mine. Just then some fearsome influence seemed to reach in upon me. I looked upward.

A glittering eye was fixed upon me.

I paused—I had no choice, pause I must, so strange and weird was the compelling eye. My mind flew back to the dread tales that chilled my heart in childhood. Had I here the realization of some of them?

Large, full, and liquid—only an eye, with no surrounding feature! It was so full so strange and of such commanding power, it so closely fixed my alert attention, that, my eager passion notwithstanding, my outstretched hand dropped beside the eagle's feet. But I felt that the dance continued.

That eye! Soon I forgot everything else than to look at it. It was brown, now, veiled by a film of tears, and with a look of unutterable sadness in its depths; then the iris seemed to twitch, as the flesh of a sleeper does sometimes just before waking. And it changed in color and size as it moved: now it was of a rolling tumbling brightness, involuting and irridescent, with a million vivid violets and greens oranges and scarlets, like the assayer's button of gold in the muffle just as

the base metals sink into the cupel; then it was a black darker than the darkest night, yet of a clear and deep transparency behind which seemed to be a curtain about to rise.

I watched with still more wrapt attention; and the veil within the eye was rent, and through the rift shone a ray of yellow light more gleaming than burnished gold, rich with a potency and glory of color that now makes me sick with longing at the very recollection and that bathed me then in its radiance, lulling me to sleep—to a sleep of inexpressible joy.

Half dreaming thus, I was suddenly overwhelmed with a desire to dance, but to do so solemnly and languorously—I a Benedict, aged fifty, who had never even walked through a quadrille. "In a moment," I thought, "in a moment!" And my whole being was filled with a rapturous, delirious delight.

Then there came a sudden reveille as of a thousand war drums, breaking the solemn silence of the hills—sharp, quick, startling; and I was struck in the face!

* * * * * *

How I got down that hill I never knew, for it was swarming with diamond-backed rattlesnakes, hissing, coiling, and striking beneath my feet; but the distance which had taken four hours to ascend must have been covered in less than ten minutes on the return.

Arrived at Kelly's I pulled myself together and inspected the wound on my face. There were two tiny punctures—a veritable rattlesnake bite—exactly in the center of my forehead. I slit the wound open and put on carbonate of soda and then a poultice of snake-weed. No veins had been touched, and the fangs had barely penetrated the skin. It was a miraculous escape.

Speaking of the dancing eagles, later that afternoon, and still wondering whether it was a hallucination or not, I was assured by one of the Kaweah Indians that birds and squirrels alike, when charmed by the rattlesnake, perform movements closely resembling those I described as the movements of the eagles.

"Rattler," he explained, "he fine god. He give to die much good, much easy. We dance snake dance in big pines him make feel friends. Look rattler eyes all sure die—no hurt, all go sleep."

That my view of the dancing eagles was not a hallucination was proved the next day, when a number of us made an ascent of D'Artagnan. We found the eagles, dead and swollen, on the top of the peak. They had been bitten in a dozen places. I carried away the wing feathers of both, and have them yet. And, by the way, this time we cleaned out the nest of snakes. There were nineteen of them.

It will be of interest to know, perhaps, that despite this climax in actual life I still regularly dream of the dancing eagles, but never of the rattlesnake's eye.

"No thought which ever stirred
A human heart should be untold."

GUSTAVO ADOLFO BECQUER.

BY AMY NORDHOFF.

THE name of Gustavo Adolfo Becquer is little known outside of Spain, where all of his short life was passed, though it is difficult to understand why his works have not made him more famous.

In delicacy, tenderness and fantastic grace his verses are quite like those of Heine whom he is said to have taken as his model; and his stories and tales closely resemble many of those of Hoffmann.

He was born in Seville on the 17th of February, 1826, his father being a painter of some note at the time. He was only five years old when his father died, and he was then sent to the college of San Antonio of Abad, where he remained till his ninth year, when he was entered at the college of San Telmo. He was there only six months when he lost his mother, and he was soon after taken to live with his grandmother, who was without children or relatives and who possessed a large fortune and had determined to make her young grandson her heir.

She seems to have had very little sympathy with the delicate and imaginative child, for she overlooked all of his natural tastes and determined to educate him as a merchant.

Becquer bore the life as long as he could, but finally at the age of seventeen gave up all idea of his grandmother's money and left her house to seek his fortune in Madrid, where his verses had already attracted some attention.

He took with him only enough to pay his way to Madrid, and from that time his life was a struggle for existence.

In 1857 he had a severe illness probably brought on by overwork; and when he recovered, one of his friends, pitying his extreme poverty, got him a position in the Dirección de Bienes Nacionales. He accepted this out of necessity to gain his bread; but spent the greater part of his time making caricatures of people and objects about the office, to the great amusement of his fellow-clerks. Finally the attention of the authorities was attracted to this and he was discharged, much to his relief.

After that he devoted his time to writing, but finding that this brought in a very small

income he did whatever else he could find to do—mainly assisting painters and decorators in their work. Though it is known to very few in Madrid, the figures in the frescoes of the Ramesa Palace are the work of Becquer and are a credit to his talent as a painter. He was later engaged on the staff of the *Contemporáneo*, for which he did all of his best work.

In 1862 his brother Valeriano, who was well known in Seville as an illustrator, came to live with him; and together they struggled along, getting a good deal of pleasure out of life in spite of poverty and ill-health.

The eight years following were probably the happiest of Becquer's life, for he was doing the work he loved, and all his leisure time was spent at the opera, or theater, or in the Café of the Puerta del Sol with artist friends. He had rather a funny experience at Toledo, whither he went with his brother to show him the city in the moonlight. They arrived there one beautiful night, and finding a decidedly picturesque spot among some ruins from which they could see the whole of the quaint city silvered in the moonlight, they sat down and spent the night exchanging ideas on art and poetry and making plans for their future greatness.

Toward morning a party of the *Guardias Civiles*, passing by, heard the voices of the two brothers. Seated behind a ruined wall overgrown with vines the enthusiasts were hotly arguing together.

The guards listened, but could understand only that they had come upon two very much excited men concealed behind the wall, and at once determined they were conspirators. They pounced down upon the brothers, and in spite of explanations, to which they refused to listen, dragged the youths off to prison. Soon after, a very funny letter, profusely illustrated, appeared in the *Contemporáneo*, dated from the prison of Toledo.

Valeriano died very suddenly in the year 1870, and with his death Gustavo seems to have given up all hope. He lived only three months after his brother, and died on the 24th of December, 1870, when only thirty-four years of age. The physicians could not give a name to his disease, which seemed to be a general giving out and wasting away.

Mr. Ramon Rodriguez Correr, to whose sketch of the life of his friend Becquer I am indebted for a great many of my facts, says of him that he was a peculiarly sweet-natured man, never speaking unkindly of anyone, and that, though his life must necessarily have been under a cloud of gloom from extreme poverty and continued ill-health, he never allowed his somber feelings to enter into his work.

His writings include criticisms, plays, articles on politics, short stories and verses.

The short stories or "Caprichos," show most perfectly his nature—sensitive, refined and delicate, with a delightful trace of humor running through them which is quite untranslatable.

One of the best is "Maestre Perez el Organista," which is a fair example of the delicacy and simplicity of his style. It has almost no plot. Master Perez, the organist, is a gentle, reserved, old man, who lives with his young daughter in a poor part of Seville, but is known far and wide for his beautiful compositions and for the wonderful music he draws from the ancient organ of the Chapel of St. Inez. On the night of the *Misa del Gallo* particularly, people come from all parts of the city and from many miles away to hear his music.

The story opens with a description of the different kinds of people who enter the chapel—the wonderfully dressed dukes whose followers get into street-fights on their way there; the delicate ladies whose pages bring lovely silk cushions for them to kneel upon; the Archbishop and his gorgeous suite; and finally the crowd of poorer people who stand in the background, picturesque in their bright handkerchiefs and colored caps. At last the service begins, and as the Host is elevated the cloud of pale-blue smoke from the incense floats slowly through the church, the bells ring out on the night air and the blind organist lays his frail, old hands on the keys.

"At that moment the note which Master Perez tremulously held, broke, fell to pieces, and an explosion of harmony shook the church. The corners echoed forth tremendous melodies and the painted windows trembled in their narrow arches. Each of the notes which formed the magnificent harmony as therein unfolded—

some near, others far-off, all brilliant however distant—declared that the waters, the birds, the breezes and the leaves, men, angels, the earth and the heavens each and all send forth in their language a hymn to the birth of the Saviour."

The Mass suddenly stops, and Master Perez is found dead at his organ, which is still vibrating with his last touch.

A year passes, and this time the Mass is to be played by the organist of San Ramon, who has always been jealous of the popularity of Master Perez. The people crowd in, but with frowns and whispers of disappointment look at the man who is to take the master's place.

The Mass is played with the same beauty and inspiration as that of a year ago, so that all could have sworn that their dear master was with them again. At the end, the organist, pale and frightened, declares that no earthly power can make him touch the keys again—though he refuses to give any reason for his pale looks and trembling hands.

The next year, the daughter of Master Perez, who has become a novice, is asked to play in her father's place. She consents, but begins with fear and trembling and breaks off with shrieks of terror suddenly in the midst of the most solemn part. The priests and people rush to the organ loft, and find her gazing with frightened eyes at the organ keys, for the old organ is playing softly and continues of itself all through the wonderful music of the Mass.

With so simple a plot Becquer has made a very finished and pathetic little story, putting together a series of exquisite words and picturesque scenes and breathing into them the brilliantly colored life touched with mystery and romance which is so peculiarly Spanish.

Another of the short stories which is very taking and shows his most fantastic vein, is the one called "Los Ojos Verde," The Green Eyes. It begins with a short description of a hunt—with the noise of trumpets, the neighing of horses and baying of the hounds.

Fernando, the heir of the Duke of Almenar, finally wounds a deer, which bounds off into the forest. All the huntsmen follow to a certain spot and then stop with the exception of Fernando, a hot-headed young man who calls loudly to his attendants and demands to know why they all stop, bidding them push on at once. It is his first deer, and he must have it at any cost. Inigo, the old servant, replies that it is impossible to go any further, as the path leads to the fountain of the Alamos, in whose waters lives a spirit of evil, and that he who disturbs the solitude of the place must pay dear for his daring. The young hunter scorns his warning and swearing by all that he can think of that he will find the first deer he has ever shot, even though it be in the waters of the fountain, dashes off.

In the second chapter the young Fernando relates to the faithful old servant his experience at the fountain:

"Listen, Inigo! The fountain springs from the bosom of the rock and falling drop by drop glides down among the green plants which grow along the borders of its cradle. Each separate drop as it falls gleams like a point of gold and sounds like a note of music. The stream slips along among the grasses murmuring like the sound of many bees, rushing over the sands, doubling on itself, leaping, and flying and running sometimes with laughter and at others with sighs, and finally falls into the lake with an indescribable murmuring lament. Words, names, songs—I cannot tell what I heard in that low music, as I sat alone on that rock and listened."

As he gazes down into the clear waters of the fountain he sees two points of light which change, sparkle, burn and gleam till, as he sits spell-bound and wondering, they seem to become eyes. He loses sight of them, finds them again and at length grows utterly confused. "Perhaps it was a sunbeam darting through the foam; possibly one of those flowers which float among the tangled water-weeds and whose hearts glow like an emerald. I know not, but a glance from those eyes clung to my heart and raised in my bosom a burning fire."

The poor young Fernando is held by the fatal charm of the eyes and goes day after day to the fountain to look down into the waters. "Her hair was like gold, her eyelashes gleamed like threads of light, and through them glowed the unquiet changing eyes."

The old servant begs him never to go there again, but he looks at him with wonder and says: "Do you know what is dearer to me than all the world—for what I would give the love of my father, the kisses of her to whom I owe life, and all the tenderness of all women? For one glance only of those eyes."

In the last chapter he talks to the strange and beautiful creature of the fountain, and asks her who she is and where she comes from, telling her that he adores her and will adore her even if she be a demon. She gazes at him tenderly, and tells him that she loves him, that she is not a woman but a fay, and that she lives in the waters of the fountain.

"See! see!" she says, "the clear floor of the lake and the plants with large green leaves which wave slowly in the depths of the water! Those shall give us a bed of emerald and coral, and I will give thee happiness of which thou hast never dreamed in hours of delirium and which none else could give thee! Come! the mist of the lake floats over our foreheads like a veil; the waves call us with strange voices; the winds sing among the poplars their hymns of love! Come! Come!" Wrapping her arms around him she slowly walks to the edge of the rock and they disappear.

Becquer's poems are equally fantastic and delicate. The best known among them is "Las Golondrinas," which is called the Love Song of Spain; but to me is not so fine as some of the shorter poems and detached verses. Take for example the one beginning "*Del Salon en el ángulo Oscuro*," or another, "Que es Poesia?" There are very few of these "Rimas," as they are called, but each is perfect in itself, and like Heine's most perfect "Songs" all must lose greatly in the translation.

The works of Becquer are published in Madrid in two volumes—the first containing the most finished of his short stories or "Caprichos," and the second a series of letters, "Desde mi Celda," some stories and articles on various subjects and also his beautiful "Rimas." No translation has yet been made, so far as I know, of Becquer's works. If the verses were translated they could not fail to lose a certain delicacy, and if the prose were put into any other language it would necessarily turn into verse.

"THE PRINCE OF INDIA."

BY C. H.

FEW American writers have made so clear-cut an impression upon literature as General Lew Wallace, an impression that speaks of strong individuality and the enduring qualities now so rare among contemporary writers of prose and verse.

There had been, up to the appearance of "Ben Hur," a feeling that the glory of American letters was on the wane. Whittier, Hawthorne, Lowell, Emerson and Longfellow gone, it was a serious question as to the succession. Pessimists were free to declare that literary genius in America was dead and that there were no writers to take the places of the departed. The appearance of "Ben Hur" was in the nature of a reply to this—a masterpiece which aroused the whole world of letters. Now comes "The Prince of India," a work equally satisfying, which elevates its author still higher in the estimation of scholars.

The evolution and development of General Wallace is distinctly emphasized in his works. The son of a distinguished jurist and former Governor of the State of Indiana, we find him a law student at the breaking out of the Mexican War. An ambitious youth with a public school education, he was among the first to respond to the call, and entered the army as a first-lieutenant. After good service he was successively lawyer, State Senator and Adjutant-General of the State, holding the latter office when he responded to the call for troops in the Civil War. It was the author of "The Prince of India" who led the center at Donelson, and who, with fifty-eight hundred men stood between Early's twenty-eight

thousand and Washington. General Wallace retired from the war with many honors, and later was appointed Governor of Utah and Minister to Turkey, earning distinction as a statesman, diplomat, lawyer, soldier and littérateur. His story, "The Fair God," first gave him a name in the field of letters. This was followed by "Ben Hur," which proved the literary sensation of the day, having the extraordinary sale of nearly three hundred thousand copies. A "Life of Harrison" and "The Boyhood of Christ" suceeeded. Finally, after several years of preparation, "The Prince of India" was produced.

The critic, were he disposed to point out the faults and errors which follow the most exact writer, is disarmed at the outset. The beauty of the work, the evident time employed in its construction and building, its strength and vitality and its evident capacity for doing good are all so apparent that one forgets all else, and the book, which is a monument to the genius of the writer, commands our full admiration. As suggested by the second title—"Why Constantinople Fell," the work is essentially historical; and the critical reader is at once impressed with the accuracy of the descriptions and the minuteness of detail covering the period between 1445 and 1453, at which time the ancient Byzantium Capital was captured by Mahommed II. War and religion are the two essential features of the story, and they are most skillfully played against each other. General Wallace has taken the idea of the Wandering Jew and used it to inculcate a valuable lesson. The Prince is given a composite character. He has the philosophy which the experience of centuries might bring, and all the phases of his life as a ruler, renegade, intriguer and diplomat are most skillfully presented and given a realistic and dramatic interest.

The Prince was a dreamer. Weary of religious contention, he conceives a plan of religion—the unity of all sects under one God—which he proposes to Constantine and then to Mahommed II. While attempting the conversion of the Emperor he adopts a young girl who is abducted. This abduction arouses the demon of revenge in the Prince, who incites Mahommed to attack Constantinople and raze it to the ground.

Much literary skill is displayed in the development of the character of the Prince, and its various negative sides are strongly contrasted.

Aside from the general enjoyable features of the book the reader is most impressed with the vast preparation that must have been necessary to adequately present the work. The detailed description must be fully appreciated by those familiar with the country and life in Constantinople and along the Bosphorus. The accuracy of description is obvious everywhere and does not detract from the beauty and glamour of romance that are thrown over all. It is shown also in the character of the Emir Mirza, of Sergius the Russian monk, the beautiful Lael, the common Uel, and in the actual historical characters—as the Emperor Constantine, the faithless Notaras, the vizier Kalil and the fanatic Gennadius.

It is impossible in the limited space of this paper to more than hint at the beauties and literary excellence of this work. At once a story of intrigue, love, war and religion, it appeals to the masses as well as the lover of these fields distinct, and many of the characters will take their place among the great literary creations of the time. Perhaps one of the most artistic pictures is that of Mahommed, the son of Amurath —Mahommed, the mighty conqueror of Constantinople, — a strange composite: scholarly, brutal, at times a tiger floating in human blood, again tender as a woman, a dreamer of dreams, a wanderer by summer streams, a warrior, a diplomat, a schemer, a king, a statesman, a soldier, a fierce child of the desert, a chivalric gentleman—a man who reflects a thousand phases. The strong features of the work are seen in the elaborate pictures of life, covering a wide era of time, the skill displayed in the recital and in the succession of events, the sustained interest and the successful presentation of so many varied and strange individualities. The entire work is a monument to the care and exactness of the author, who has presented a picture so true to the life, so faithful to the times and so rich in its power of doing good that it will endure as long as literature exists, and take its place among the great literary productions of the time.

MY FIRST BOOK.

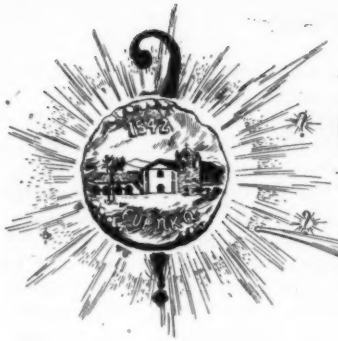
The following letter for publication was addressed to the Editor of the CALIFORNIAN in response to this question: "What were the circumstances which encouraged you to write your first book?"

Editor of the CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir—There were no circumstances which encouraged me to write my first book in the year just preceding our civil war. If you were to ask me what there was to *dis*courage me I could tire you with replies. There was scarcely any "literary market" for an American author; publishers were few, and more afraid of poetry than they now are afraid of verse. Magazinists and newspaper men were ill paid. My first book was a little collection of "Lyrics and Idyls"—pieces which I had composed from time to time because it was natural for me to do so. Some of them had been written in my youth, and all of them before I made any literary acquaintances. However, three long ballads of mine were published by Mr. Dana in *The Tribune:* "The Ballad of Lager Bier," "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry," and "The Diamond Wedding." These gained me the friendship of Bayard Taylor and Richard H. Stoddard, and it was on Mr. Stoddard's recommendation that the late Charles Scribner, of gentle memory, brought out my little volume.

For "The Diamond Wedding," a social satire, I was challenged by the father of a lady who now for many years has been my cordial friend. The correspondence got into the papers, and much fun and tumult ensued. This greatly abashed and discouraged me; for I had notions of high art, and did not wish to sell my book on the strength of what I rightly considered a trivial and passing *jeu d'esprit.* In this respect I was too priggish. If I had been wise in my generation, and more a man of the world, I would have pushed my book, as my friend Bret Harte did his "Heathen Chinee," and would have accepted some of the offers for "popular" work which the "Diamond Wedding" brought me.

As it was, I tried to live down my record as a satirist, and starved, and went to the war. And I still have notions of "high art!" And, after all, I am no longer starving. EDMUND C. STEDMAN.



Questions Of the Day

A CHINESE PROTEST AGAINST EXCLUSION.

THE most amusing feature of the recent attempt of the foreign missionary government of Hawaii to present the United States with a piece of property which it did not happen to own was the cool complacency with which it ignored the rights of other foreigners. It not only brushed aside the aboriginal race; but, though of the foreign races domiciled on the islands the Chinese number 15,000, the Japanese 20,000 and the Portuguese 10,000, while the Americans, English, Germans and French all together number only 3,200, it assumed that the latter alone were sovereign and the three former were servile in various degrees. It was the settled conviction of the Americans and English that God had given them the Islands, probably because some of them are sons of missionaries; and they claimed the right of determining who should settle on them and on what terms.

By the Constitution of 1887, which was missionary drawn and was the fifth constitution adopted within half a century, the right of suffrage was limited by a property qualification which practically disfranchised the bulk of the Kanakas and Portuguese; it was denied under all circumstances to the Chinese and Japanese. The members of the missionary party reserved to themselves and to a few wealthy Kanakas the exclusive right of making laws for the Islands and of putting them into effect. The first Legislature that met under this constitution limited the number of Chinamen who could land to one hundred per month. This seemed too many to the gentlemen who constituted themselves a provisional government in 1893. They allowed it to be known that they purposed to follow the example of the United States and to exclude Chinamen altogether. On this, on Feb. 14, a mass meeting of Chinamen was held in the Chinese theater at Honolulu to protest against further discrimination against the Chinese. The following report is from a Honolulu paper:

Over 3,000 Chinese were present. Lau Chung of the Wing Wo Tai Company presided.

The Chairman then introduced Ing Chan of the Tong On Jan Company, who was received with cheers that shook the rafters. He spoke in Chinese as follows:

"We came to these Islands, some of us, over sixty years ago, and settled here. Up to ten years ago this Government treated us as equals—as men. They realized that, while the foreigners controlled the sugar plantations, the Chinese owned the rice fields and were entitled to a footing of equality with others. There are now over 20,000 Chinese on the Islands. Many of the white mechanics are opposed to our race, and yet we are, as far as we know, law-abiders. We do not meddle with the politics of other foreigners. We have been patient up to now, for we have been treated well before, but for a few years past our treatment has been getting worse every year. Shall we put up with it? (Cries of "No! No!") The Chinese here are of different occupations—merchants, mechanics and laborers—and they do good to the country. But the white people are not satisfied and want to impose on us and pass laws that other countries would not think of. The cry of these Islands now is the scarcity of cheap labor and the hard times, but these things are not our fault. We are treated like small children and are not expected to understand anything; but we must not give up hope. I am sure that the day will come when our mother country will remember her desolate children. We, in these Islands, are like one big family and we must unite our forces. Let us send a communication to the Councils, asking them not to pass such a law. If they will not listen to us let us instruct our representative here to communicate with the Chinese Minister at Washington and ask him to write the Home Government about our troubles. (Great applause.)"

Wong Wah Foy said: "The Government is not satisfied with what has been done, but wants to tie our hands still more. Shall we allow it? (Cries of "No! No!") These foreigners do not remember their own Scripture which says 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' They claim to be an enlightened people, but I say they are not if they act in this way. (Cheers.) Unity is what we want and must have—unity in mind and action.

If we unite we will gain our point. (Cheers.) We must unite but in a peaceful way. There must be no talk yet of a man-of-war settling our troubles for us. That may come later."

This is almost the first Chinese demonstration against the exclusion of natives of China from the labor markets of the Pacific. In 1857 a meeting of Chinamen was held at the Ballarat Diggings in Australia to protest against their expulsion from the mines. A memorial was drawn up and presented to the Legislature of Victoria; but it did not prevent the passage of the bill the white miners demanded. Since then, members of the Mongol-Tartar race have submitted to ostracism and exclusion without complaint. If they had been inclined to protest, opportunities have not been wanting.

Three hundred years ago, Chinamen overflowed into Siam, the straits settlements, the Philippine Islands and the Dutch East Indies. In the two former they were unmolested and they gradually formed prosperous and law-abiding communities. There are 1,500,000 Chinese in Siam; the Chinese merchants of Bangkok are wealthy and carry on a large share of the business of the port. Chinese villages are met with all along the Malay peninsula. Baron Von Hubner reported in 1884 that three-fourths of the inhabitants of Singapore were Chinamen and that many of them have acquired wealth, live in luxury and splendor, and are liberal and charitable. At none of these places do they interfere in politics or come into conflict with the authorities.

In Java and Sumatra their coming was violently opposed by the Dutch, who sought to establish a monopoly of trade in the Islands. For a century or more the heads of Chinese settlers at Batavia and Padang were likely to fall from their shoulders when the Dutch authorities became aware of their presence. In 1746, it having been declared by the Dutch that the Chinese must go, there was a general massacre in which 10,000 Chinamen are said to have lost their lives in two days; but the heathen Chinee failed to take the hint. He kept on coming, and at the present time there are some 200,000 Chinese in Java, of whom 25,000 are in Batavia. They have managed to secure a monopoly of the livery stable business and have intermarried with the Japanese women. They are not allowed to carry on business as general merchants.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of the history of Chinese emigration is that which relates their experience in the Philippines. They had got a foothold there when the Spaniards came. They were necessary, for the natives were hopelessly idle and stupid; fields which were not cultivated by Chinamen lay fallow. But they were utterly impervious to religious truth, and the priests, after vainly endeavoring to convert them, concluded to put them to death as the best thing for their souls. With the assistance of the natives, the Spaniards fell upon them and massacred—it is said—the enormous number of 25,000 in the island of Luzon alone. The operation was not an economic success—the natives were as lazy as ever. A Spanish hidalgo could not be expected to farm. Provisions grew scarce and dear, and to supply the markets the Spanish Captain-General had to consent to the admission of 6,000 Chinese "to be employed in the cultivation of the country," on the payment of $8 a head. This was in the first decade of the seventeenth century.

The history of that century is a chronicle of alternate emigrations of Chinamen to Manila and of massacres of Chinamen by Spaniards and natives who could not forgive the heathen Chinee for his thrift and industry. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the prejudice burst into a flame. The Chinese were accused of monopolizing trade. Government officials reported that "under the pretense of agriculture the Chinese carry on trade; they are cunning and careful, making money and sending it to China, so that they defraud the Philippines annually of an enormous amount." They were expelled; the decree of expulsion anticipated by a few years the expulsion of the Moriscoes from the Spaniards' mother country. Both decrees were followed by the same effects. Sonnerat states that the exile of the Chinamen from Manila crippled art, trade and industry; and no complaint was made when the Governor, for an adequate bribe, connived at the return of a considerable number of the ostracised people.

But the foes of Chinese cheap labor appealed to the mother country, where the

church was actively engaged in rooting out, for the very same reason, another sect of heretics—the descendants of the Moors. Peremptory orders reached the Captain-General bidding him exile every Chinaman from the Philippines; the commands were obeyed. The old results followed after a few years. A stream of Chinese again set in toward the islands, to the relief of the markets and to the great benefit of the corrupt officials. Then came a Spaniard of the name of Auda, who solved the problem in a simple manner by ordering that all the Chinese in the Philippine Islands be hanged. According to Zuniga, this humane remedy was carried out. This was in 1763. Yet at the close of the century we find Chinamen engaged in trade in Manila, and farming land in the richest valleys of Luzon. In 1804 a decree ordered every Chinese shopkeeper in Manila to leave within eight days; those who disobeyed were to be kept in irons in prison for two or three years. Yet, in 1819, there were enough of them on the islands to be accused of causing the cholera by poisoning the wells; and another grand massacre took place, much to the contentment of the hoodlum element.

After this, however, the Spaniards appeared to abandon the policy of exclusion as impracticable, and to have contented themselves with discriminating against the Chinese in the matter of taxation. Nearly all the retail trade of Manila is in Chinese hands. So are half the export trade and three-fourths of the trade in European imported goods. Chinamen pay licenses and imports from which Spaniards are exempt, but such are their acuteness and industry that even with these burthens they take every profitable branch of business out of the hands of the lazy, easy-going, thick-witted, cigar-smoking, spirit-drinking Castilians.

Some time after the middle of the nineteenth century the pressure for existence in China became so severe that there was an exodus of people from the Southern Provinces. The hungry exiles made landings wherever they could. Two hundred thousand settled in Peru and Chile, a hundred and fifty thousand in Cuba, about as many in the United States, some fifty thousand in Australia, a few thousand in Calcutta, fifty thousand on new points in the Malay Peninsula, nearly as many at Rangoon, ten or fifteen thousand in the Hawaiian Islands, and perhaps fifteen thousand in Canada. The emigration roused fierce opposition from the working-class in English-speaking countries. The Irish, especially, found it impossible to compete with the sober, industrious and thrifty Chinaman; they demanded legislative protection, just as three hundred years ago the English workmen required Parliament to grant them protection against the Flemish weavers and potters, and a hundred and fifty years ago the lazy, stupid Spanish peasants declared they could not make a living so long as the Moriscoes remained in the country. The first Chinese Exclusion Act was passed by the Colony of Victoria in 1857, to keep the Chinese out of the mines, which Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen purposed to monopolize. A few years later, Chinamen landing in New South Wales were compelled to pay £10 each as head money.

In California jealousy of the Chinese had not developed in the fifties, but it was chiefly confined to ignorant and greedy miners and did not spread to the community at large. In 1868 the Burlingame Treaty was applauded in San Francisco as a harbinger of a new era of prosperity based on Chinese immigration. But the collapse of the Nevada mines in 1878 threw thousands of men out of employment, and they allowed themselves to be deluded by demagogues into the belief that their woes were caused by Chinese competition. The result was that, in order to please the Pacific Coast, Congress followed the example as shown in the Philippines, and began to pass exclusion acts which culminated in the shameful Scott Act of 1888. In the same year, 1888, the Australian Colonies, by concert of action, raised the import duty on Chinamen to £100 a head. In both cases the remedies proved effectual. The immigration of Chinamen into the United States and into Australia practically ceased.

By a curious coincidence the stoppage of Chinese emigration to Australia preceded only by a year or so the beginning of the money depression which has given the Colonies such a set-back. In 1890 business of all kinds was paralyzed by strikes, which were caused by a general reduction

in the demand for labor. Sydney was crippled by strikes in which dock-laborers and sheep-shearers took part. In Victoria, there was a collapse in the real estate market, which threw members of the building trades out of work and led to strikes among masons, carpenters and bricklayers. Their example was followed by bakers and shoemakers. The year 1891 witnessed a prolonged and disastrous struggle between workmen and employers; every trade was involved, with the coal- and gold-miners at the head, and peace was not restored until the military were called out. Meanwhile the parks of Sydney and Melbourne were full of hungry men clamoring for work, which did not exist. As happened here in 1878–'9, a workingman's party was organized to carry agrarian measures through the legislature. In 1892 commercial depression overtook one province after another. England refused to advance more money to communities which appeared to be ruled by Jack Cade, and the consequence of this was a wholesale collapse of the building societies and failures of banks without number. There was a deficit of $6,000,000 in the revenue of the prosperous colony of Victoria. As to the merchants, few of them could tell whether they were solvent or insolvent, and of course they were unable to supply work to the laboring class. Australia is now painfully struggling to get on its feet again; it is admitted that it will be years before it is again what it once was, a paradise for workmen.

But in the eighties the example of the English-speaking communities was contagious. Among the Spanish-American countries, Colombia and Costa Rica passed Chinese exclusion acts, which, however, have been a dead letter.

British Columbia occupied different ground. A number of Chinamen had been imported to work on the Canadian Pacific. The labor unions protested against their presence, and they exercised such sway over the provincial legislature that it memorialized the Dominion Parliament to exclude the Chinese. A committee was appointed at Ottawa, consisting of Secretary Chaplean and Judge Gray, to examine the question. On their report a poll-tax of fifty dollars was levied on each Chinaman arriving in the Province and a limit was set to the number who could be imported in each steamer. It did not occur to the British Columbians that they were sacrificing the interest of their Province to appease the clamor of a few ignorant workmen—chiefly foreigners—banded together in labor unions. If no impediment had been thrown in the way of Chinese immigration, a formidable rival to San Francisco might have been built up on Fuca Strait and the Province might soon have exceeded in population, wealth and importance the maritime provinces on the Atlantic. The very workmen who howled for Chinese exclusion, and who are now complaining that they can get only four days work a week and those at starvation wages, might have found steady employment at fair pay. As it is, the fifty-dollars poli-tax does not exclude—the census of 1891 showed 9,127 Chinamen in the thinly peopled Province of British Columbia; but the tax operates as a bar to the growth of Victoria.

Thus we come to the last step in this Chinese controversy — the denial by the Hawaiian Chinese of the right of the upstart missionary government to exclude them. It is not easy to predict what will follow. China has been such a patient, long-suffering country that no one expects it to resent outrage or insult. But this is a world of change. It used to be said before the war that the North could not be kicked into fighting; but when it did fight, it fought for a funeral. The rabble of the Sandlot stone Chinamen with impunity, and shallow observers have hence formed a mean opinion of Chinese courage. That opinion is not shared by the Frenchmen who met them in battle in Tonquin. It was not acquiesced in by the late General Irwin McDowell, who wrote: "The Chinaman meets death with an indifference and courage to which a European is a stranger. Many of them are descendants of the fierce, whirlwind Tartars of Jenghiz Khan. They now, under European training, make better soldiers than any other of the Asiatics." They are fatalists, like the Arabs. They throw away their lives in fight with perfect recklessness. After a battle the prisoners submit to the customary decapitation without a whimper. It is over thirty years since the French

made their landing in Tonquin with a flourish of trumpets, predicting that they would soon be knocking at the back door of Canton. They never got a sight of Chinese soil and they are now seeking a less formidable opponent in Siam. In 1884, the French sent powerful fleets and armies under competent leaders to the coast of China. They made one landing on the island of Formosa and it required consummate skill on the part of the General commanding to reimbark the shattered remains of his army.

Like the Emperor of Germany the Emperor of China is a young man; he has been carefully educated and is probably ambitious. He comes of the race of Jenghiz Khan. For thirty years his ministry has been slowly building up for him an army and a navy which are largely officered by Englishmen, Germans and Americans. They are armed with the latest improved weapons. The Emperor has the command of such vast resources that he could lose half a million men in a campaign without impairing his fighting strength. Is it not within the range of possibility that this young man might follow his recent edict permitting the expatriation of Chinese with notice to the world that nations will hereafter discriminate against Chinamen at their risks and perils—especially as the challenge would afford China an opportunity of testing the value of the army and the navy on which the Empire is spending so much money?

Suppose the Emperor should send an envoy and a fleet to Honolulu with a polite request to the missionary government that it forthwith repeal all laws discriminating against Chinese as compared with other nationalities. The Rev. Mr. Dole would of course appeal to this country for protection on the pathetic ground taken by his confederate Stevens that the Islands are the vanguard of Christianity and, likewise, on the more practical ground that his Exclusion Act is copied from the United States statute book. What answer would we make? The filibuster element and the barroom brigade would of course clamor for war. But would conscientious and honorable Americans consent to embark the country in a war to maintain the right of white men to deprive Chinamen of all rights? Would not such a new departure tread rather too closely on the heels of the ratification of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments?

The idea of a war between China and the United States seems absurd; but absurd things sometimes happen. If a diplomatic controversy should arise over our right to interfere in a dispute between China and Hawaii, accidents might occur. Officers are sometimes reckless. One bitter word leads to another. The Chinese would be anxious to try the range of their guns, and our young West Pointers would hunger to show their mettle. Between them we might find ourselves drifting into a war in which we could not possibly gain anything, and which might cost us a town or two on the Pacific. The gentlemen of the anti-Chinese persuasion in the press and on the stump would of course spring to the front to glut their ire on the mangled corpses of heathen Chinese; but it might strain their bank accounts to foot the bills for the works of defence which our cities would have to undertake even if no actual war broke out. The contingency of war with China seems remote, but it is not as improbable as the Civil War seemed in 1856. Men are the same all the world over. What old Shylock said of the Jews might be said by the Chinese: "If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

The time has passed to discuss the right of a nation to exclude foreigners from its soil. Rightly or wrongly, the Supreme Court has settled the question; henceforth, if a foreigner tries to settle on forbidden ground he must come with bow and brand. But the policy of Chinese exclusion is still debatable, and after a dozen years of actual experience we ought to be able to discuss it with more light than the anti-Chinese of the early eighties enjoyed.

It is interesting to note how few of the prophecies of those days have been confirmed. The authors of the first Restriction Acts confidently predicted that the exclusion of Chinamen would lead to an active immigration of Eastern and European peasants to work in the orchards and vineyards of this State. They said it was the presence of the cheap-labor Mongol which kept out

the labor that was developing Iowa and Kansas and Minnesota. In fact Chinese exclusion has not been followed by any remarkable increase of Eastern or European migration. There has always been a stream of white immigration to this State, but it did not swell materially after 1880. In the decade 1880–90 Nebraska more than doubled her population, Minnesota nearly doubled hers, the Dakotas nearly quadrupled theirs, while California increased hers from 864,697 to 1,208,130.

In an article written in 1880, the late Senator John F. Miller spoke of the irrepressible conflict between Christian and Chinese civilization on this coast, and predicted that it would end "in the displacement or extinction of one or the other." This is precisely the argument which Philip the Second used to justify the Spanish Inquisition. As Philip declared there could not be two churches, so Miller was sure there could not be two civilizations. If the Spanish monarch had lived to the present day he would have been amazed to see Protestantism and Catholicism thriving side by side in the Netherlands, and the Senator from California, were he still in the flesh, would have to confess that, fourteen years after he wrote, neither civilization had made any inroads upon the other. John Chinaman is just the same old John Chinaman that used to work in the diggings, and neither the doctrine of Confucius nor the use of chopsticks has been engrafted upon our life. It is noticed that, unlike the race to which we belong, the Chinese never meddle with the religion or the politics of the countries to which they migrate. They do not ask for votes; they make no proselytes; they go about their business unobtrusively, earn and save all the money they can, and, when they do not lose it at tan, take it home to spend in their old age in the Flowery Land. In the Philippine Isles where they have had a foothold off and on for three centuries, in Java where they have lived for two centuries, in this country and in Australia where they have been half a century, they have never spoken a word or taken a step which was calculated to bring the two forms of civilization into conflict. They are content with theirs and they never object to ours.

It is distressing to remember that Senators Miller and Sargent set the example to the small-fry demagogues who succeeded them of buttressing their anti-Chinese argument with statements-of-fact which would not bear scrutiny. Mr. Miller affected to be appalled at San Francisco's Chinatown with "its hideous gods, its opium dens, its slimy dungeons and its concentrated nastiness," yet the health rate of this dreadful place is higher than that of any other part of the city. He said that the Chinese gladly work for three dollars a month—wages on which a white man would starve. So Senator Sargent assured his colleagues in the Senate that the "Chinese will work for wages which would not support a white laborer." Both these gentlemen should have known that the Chinese both in city and country have always insisted on the market rate of wages and will drive as hard a bargain with employers as the keenest German or Yankee.

Senator Miller professed to be shocked at a race in which "not a trace of nor a substitute for a moral sense or a conscience ever appears." The Senator was an educated man; he surely knew that the philosophy of Confucius and his disciples has been pronounced superior to that of the Greeks and Romans and almost on a par with that of Christ. It is indeed a curious coincidence that five hundred years before the Savior pronounced the words: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise," Confucius being asked for a single rule of life, answered: "Do not unto others what you would not have them do to you." According to the late Senator Miller, this was an expression of a faith "without a trace of a moral sense."

The misfortune of these utterances was that they set an example to the rabble of the political world, who, in the press and on the stump, have carefully fomented the prejudices of the ignorant against the Chinese. If the Senators from California had been better informed, or less time serving, some members of the press would have found courage to refuse to truckle to the Sandlot, and the people would not have voted by 154,638 to 883 that Chinamen could have no part or lot in California. There has, however, been a change of late years, and for

the better. The domination of the sandlot is not as obvious as it was. Intelligence seems to be spreading even in political circles, where it has been a tradition that whatever other opinions a man professed he must not swerve from his prejudice against the Chinese. It has been remarked that no conspicuous apostle of anti-Chinese prejudice has been a favorite at recent conventions. Mr. Geary thought his bill would make his nomination for Governor sure; he is not even mentioned for the place. It is felt that the Geary Act is too heavy a load to carry. Governor Markham went before the people with a record as an employer of Chinamen in preference to Irishmen; he beat Pond, who was orthodox in the Californian sense, by 7,945 votes. Cleveland went out of his way to drive the Scott law through Congress and hardly drew breath till he signed it, while Harrison had very reluctantly consented to vote for the original bills for Chinese exclusion: yet Harrison carried California by 13,207 votes over Cleveland. It is not to be assumed that these votes meant nothing; if they meant anything, it was that, in the language of the late George Hearst, who had more hard horse sense than many of his critics, Californians were getting a little tired of this perpetual beating of the tom-tom against the Chinamen, and that they reckoned a few more of them would do the State no harm.

Three or four years ago the *Examiner* newspaper had the exceedingly bright idea of sounding the planters of the southern counties on the subject of Chinese labor. Circular letters were addressed to them, begging the favor of a frank opinion on the subject. Several score replies were received. Almost without exception the planters declared that they were in favor of the repeal of the Restriction Act and of the readmission of Chinamen under proper limitations. They said that the only white labor they could obtain was unreliable and unsatisfactory. Germans, Irishmen, Portuguese, Spaniards would not put in a full day's work in the fierce sun; many of them knocked off at noon; others got drunk and lost two or three days in the week; some stole; and even with these defects the supply of them was below the demand. Chinamen were just the laborers the ranchers wanted. They drove a hard bargain for wages, but the bargain once made they lived up to it and gave no trouble. They worked faithfully and were generally honest and intelligent. They lived by themselves in their Chinese huts, prepared their own food, and had no wants except a supply of water for washing, on which they insisted. The planters, generally, agreed that, if the supply of Chinamen were not reopened, the limit of fruit production had been reached in Southern California. As it was, large quantities of plums, prunes, peaches, apricots, oranges and lemons were lost every year for want of an adequate supply of labor in the picking season, and when the new orchards came into bearing the loss would be still larger. It appeared that the resource on which other countries rely, the labor of boys and girls, is not available in this State. Our growing youths will not work all day in an orchard under the broiling sun. They say they cannot. Such work can only be satisfactorily accomplished by Chinamen or negroes.

If the *Examiner* had persevered in the purpose it must have had in view when the circulars were issued, it might, perhaps, by this time have effected a revolution in public sentiment on the Chinese question. By dint of hammering solid truths into the public head, a vigorous and intelligent newspaper may change many minds. But there were two classes to which the discussion was unpalatable: the politicians, who discerned a possible loss of their battle horse, and the labor unions, which shivered at the thought of open square competition with industrious Chinamen not addicted to whiskey or beer. These two classes brought influence to bear, and the newspaper was muzzled.

The Chinese problem is, in fact, the old conflict between the labor organizations and society. The labor organizations are opposed to the admission of Chinamen, as they would be opposed to the labor of Irishmen, or Germans or Scandinavians if there was any likelihood of these coming in such numbers as to disturb the scales of wages fixed by the unions. They regard the Exclusion Act as their only safeguard against cheap labor. Therefore they insist that it shall be

maintained, and all the small-fry politicians and newspapers which look to the members of unions for votes or support abound in their sense and proclaim that the Chinaman is a heathen, an opium smoker, a gambler or deceiving knave and a vile wretch. In point of fact, the unions are as wrong-headed as usual. Run as they are by members of the community who are not conspicuous for intelligence, they arrive at wrong conclusions on most subjects, and this is not an exception. It does not dawn upon them that the society which supports them derives its means to do so from the productive capacity of the State, and as this productive capacity is measured by its supply of available—that is to say Chinese—labor, a reduction of Chinese labor will sooner or later take the bread out of the mouth of the white mechanic. San Francisco is only able to support tailors, and shoemakers, and masons, and carpenters, and painters, and plumbers, and iron-workers, and car-drivers, and hostlers and paviors, because it is the distributing market for the raisins, and oranges, and green fruit, and wine, and honey, and wool, and gold, and wheat and barley of the interior. If the supply of these various products were cut off the city would not support white mechanics at all; if the supply be reduced the number of mechanics whom it can maintain will have to be correspondingly curtailed. If the trades unions had a sound appreciation of their own interests they would agitate for the repeal of the Exclusion Act, so as to increase the volume of products which the State can output and to swell the demand for such labor as they furnish. But they will need more education before they are prepared for any such step as that.

JOHN BONNER.

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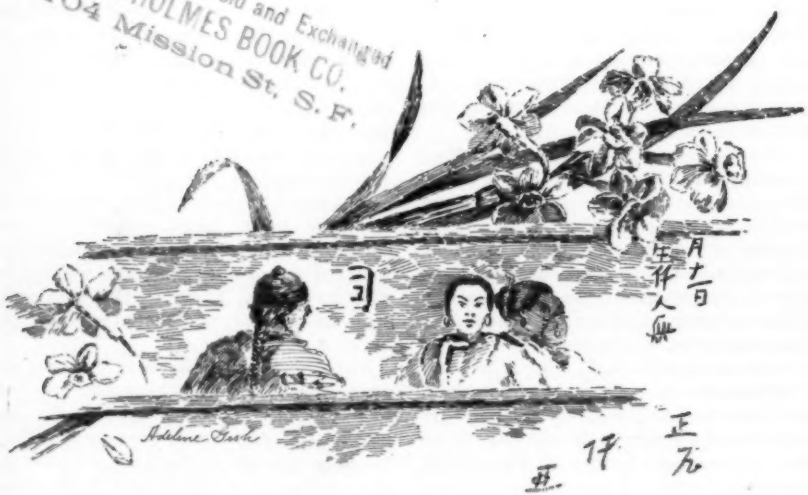


HOSPITAL FOR MENTAL DISEASES.

THE ROBERTSON HOSPITAL.

BY E. J. L.

ON the outskirts of the quiet little town of Livermore an institution has sprung into existence which, I feel assured, is destined to achieve national celebrity—the John W. Robertson Hospital for Nervous and Mental Diseases. It has long been customary for the periodicals and daily newspapers either to ignore such establishments or to notice them merely in the advertising columns; but I have fully concluded that, in a matter which so essentially concerns the happiness and welfare of man, monetary consideration should not influence the press to withhold information the giving of which might serve to alleviate suffering and to rescue the afflicted from the hands of the charlatans. That is my excuse for mentioning in the CALIFORNIAN the founding at Livermore of the Robertson Hospital. Such an institution has long been needed on this coast, and it seems but right to announce that the need has been well supplied.

Finding it absolutely necessary to provide for his patients a home wherein they could be isolated, Dr. Robertson determined, recently, to abandon his general practice in San Francisco and to open in some quiet, healthful interior town a model hospital where he could carry into execution directly and with the assistance of nurses of his own choice, those methods and ideas which his studies and experience had proven to be most efficient for the treatment of disordered minds and shattered nerves. Livermore was selected especially because of its climatic advantages. It is 600 feet above the sea level, well protected from fogs, and so cooled by the ocean breezes as to render it climatically delightful. Moreover, it is so situated that a ride of an hour and a half from the Oakland mole and without change of cars brings one to the station.

The Hospital for Mental Diseases, consisting of a large central building and adjoining cottages, is so arranged that patients may be segregated and privacy assured them. It is surrounded by ten acres of land, laid out in well-kept lawns, vineyard, and orchard.

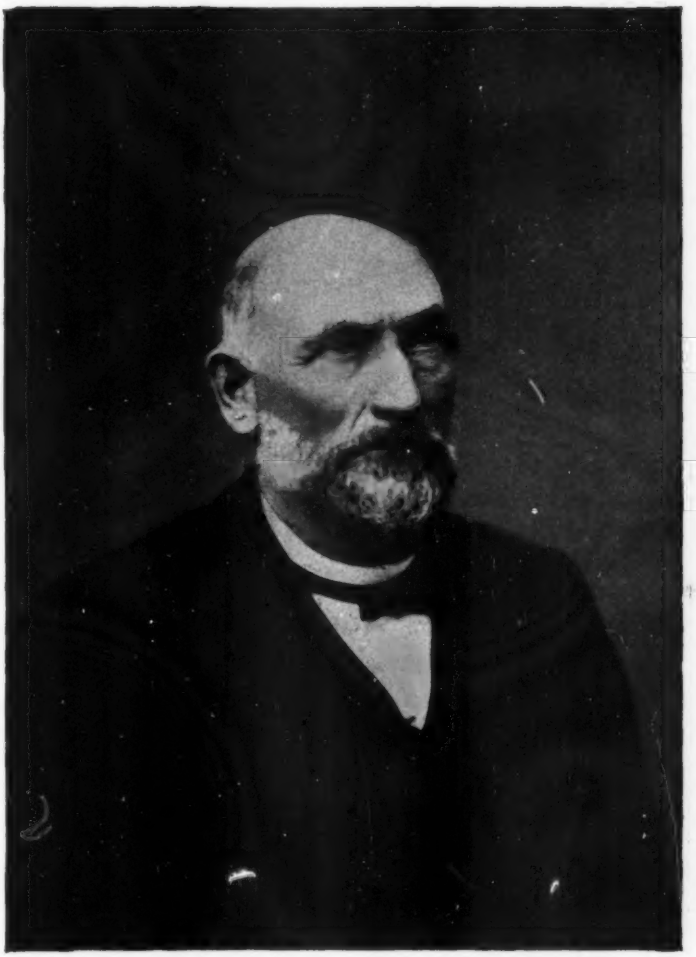
A separate building, also amidst handsome grounds, has been secured

for the use of those suffering from nervous diseases; and while both establishments are under the same management, they are disassociated. In the latter department especial attention is being given to electricity, hydro-therapeutics, and massage, and skilled nurses have been employed for carrying out the rest cure of whose value Dr. Robertson has had ample evidence. in the East, a special home being provided for the patients. The hospital at Livermore, indeed, is the only institution on the coast in which the rest cure and the latest methods of massage and hydro-therapeutics are used in the treatment of epilepsy and nervous prostration.

It would, certainly, be very hard to imagine an establishment conducted

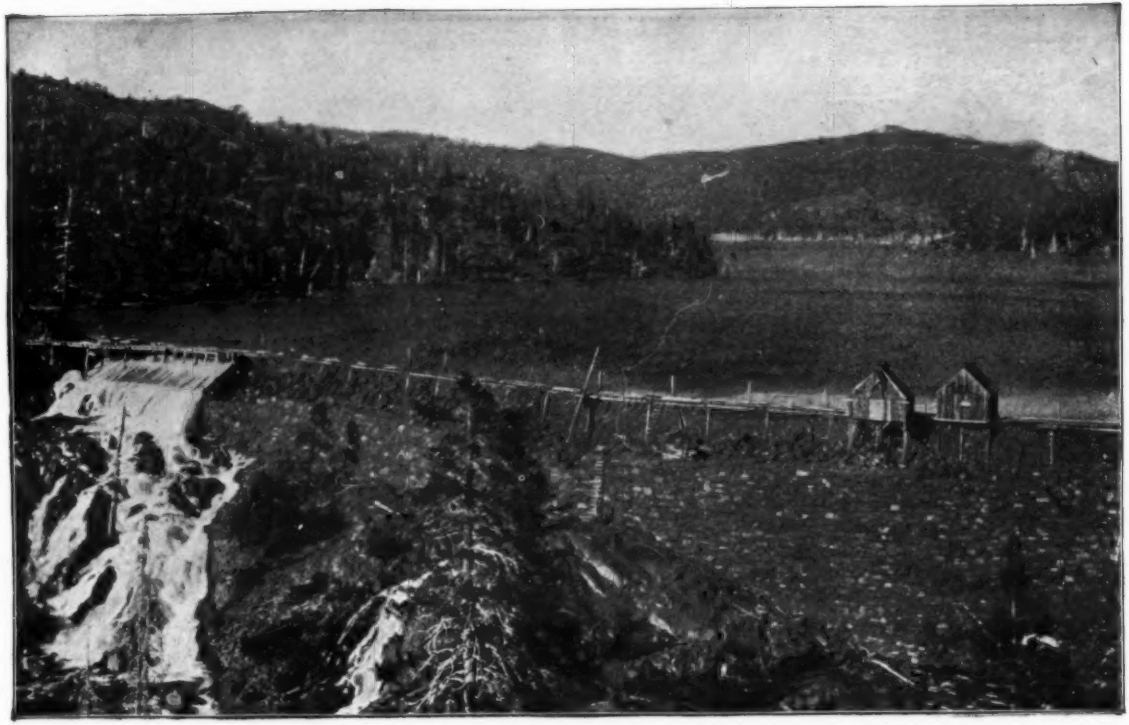
HOSPITAL FOR NERVOUS DISEASES.

Alcoholism and morpho-mania are being treated with remarkable success, the methods adopted bringing all the desirable results of the Keeley cure without any of the attendant dangers. Especial attention is given to the care and treatment of persons afflicted with epilepsy. For the cure of this disease nursing and diet are as important as medicine, and proper nursing and dieting cannot be fully given save in such an institution. The rest cure is carried out on a plan similar to that of Drs. Hammond and Weir Mitchell on gentler, abler lines than the one at Livermore. The high character of Dr. Robertson as a gentleman and his great skill as a physician naturally impress themselves upon his hospital, whilst the official position he holds in our leading university is a guaranty of scientific treatment. It is peculiarly pleasant to be able to recommend to the general public an institution of this kind, which commands attention through its meritorious work rather than because of the expenditure of coin.



JOHN SPAULDING,

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE GREAT SOUTH YUBA WATER SYSTEM.



FORDYCE DAM.

A SACRED TRUST.

BY CHARLES VAN NORDEN, D. D., LL. D.

SURPRISE is the sauce of event. Mohammed, coming hot and weary out of the Arabian desert upon the gardens of Damascus irrigated by streams that brought down the snow water and the verdure of the Lebanons, startled at the contrast deemed himself before beauties that might imperil for him the future Paradise.

So one feels when, leaving the snowsheds of the Central Pacific at Emigrant Gap, he trudges up the summit of the ridge through deep lava dust, in a fiery June sun—desolation on every side,—and finds himself looking down upon as picturesque and verdant a scene as ever rested the eye and quickened the imagination.

Beneath him lies Bear Valley. There are several Bear Valleys in California but only one like this. Nine hundred feet below (though four thousand above the sea level) spreads out a green meadow, a mile in width and miles in length, with splendid cliffs to north and south—here forest-clad and yonder bare. Over against the traveler and across the deep, broad valley may be seen, through a pass, the mountains that wall in the South Yuba; while to the right Grouse Ridge shuts out the further view. Still to the east rise Red Mountain and mountains beyond mountains.

The writer knows few sweeter joys than to sit on a certain massive fence-post down in those grassy fields and gaze upon Red Mountain when the sun goes down and the snowy slopes grow roseate as the shadows steal into the valley and the air loses its summer fervor. The trout in the river that murmurs by begin to leap for their evening meal, the larks sing their last songs for the day, the rattlesnakes chilled creep into their crevices and the coyotes leave their dens to prowl and bark; but the happy dreamer on the post fills his soul with the matchless beauty and does not stir until night has veiled the hills and marshalled the stars in glory—until his uplifted eyes reflect the universe.

Bear Valley is noted also for its artificial wonders. An immense wooden flume (the property of the South Yuba Water Company), with a section of 36 square feet, skirts the northern wall and carries more than 100,000,000 gallons of water daily from the Yuba Gorge to the foohills of Nevada and Placer counties. And the most thrilling adventure in this land of wild walks drives and climbs is to balance one's self along the narrow footboard laid over the ties that cross this rushing stream: for two miles one may thus practice the art of the equilibrist, up to where, in the grand chasm of the South Yuba, the flume takes its precious supply, through a tunnel in the rock, from behind a log dam. This aërial aqueduct, clinging to the face of the precipice, rests for support upon a narrow shelf of rock hewn out for the purpose; and in places it lies far above the tops of ancient trees, which grow out of the rocky crevices of the river bed below. One walks at times on dizzy heights. But more dangerous is the imprisoned torrent than even the yawning gulf. To fall into the flume would be more fatal than to plunge headlong down upon those tree-tops and through to the rocks beneath.

From the log dam in the gorge a difficult trail up the perpendicular cliffs leads to Lake Spaulding, a broad basin surrounded by savage mountains of precipitous slope, about one mile to the east.

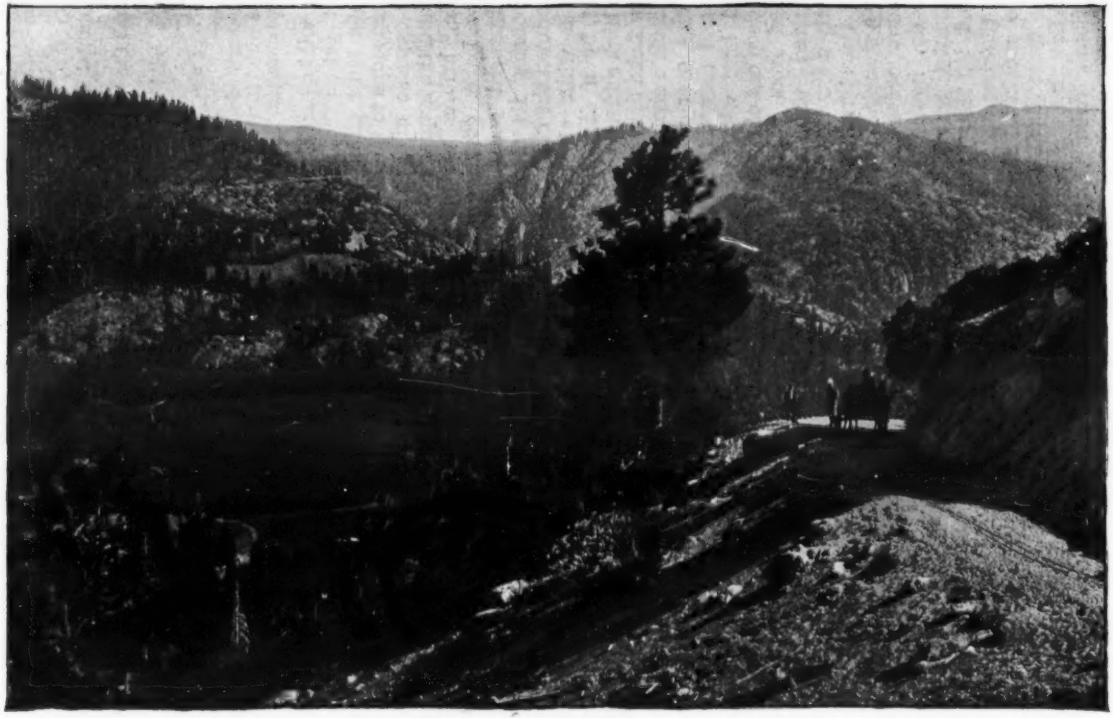
One June day the writer was lying before Spaulding dam, on the withered needles under an old pine tree, his right hand drooping to rocks that were tumbled together at his side. He was gazing lazily upon the calm lake that reflected the blue sky, and as a boat-load of friends intent on angling glided from the shore over the smooth surface he mused in Emerson's vein:

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Nor dip thy paddle in the lake
But it carves the bow of beauty there
And the ripples in rhymes the oars forsake."

Then, studying the cataract that foamed over the weirs, he sang to himself in familiar strains. While he carolled thus without fear of criticism and much to his own edification, a tall broad man of face and features resembling Abraham Lincoln and like him also in wit, sagacity and kingship over men, approached and flung himself down toward a seat on the rocks. But before the new-comer had touched the ground he sprang up with agility and shouted, "Golly! A rattler!" A hiss and a rattle very near the drooping hand of the singer justified the fright. Shade of St. Hilda come and pray for us and turn all snakes to stone! We could not pray the reptile into stone; but, notwithstanding, his snakeship paid for his love of music with his life. Yet it seemed a cruel return for such gentle breeding, and a serpent has lain upon the slayer's conscience ever since.

No one in Nevada county need be told that the tall broad man resembling the martyred President was John Spaulding (after whom this beautiful lake was named), the General Manager of the South Yuba Water Company, originally a stage driver of the class, now disappearing, whose courage skill and humor made them—in the old mining days—not only the heroes of camps and settlements but no less the favorite characters of romancers and sketch-writers. He was once himself a miner, by the way, and still is an expert in ores and mining methods—a counselor of millionaires. His dam at Lake Spaulding is a remarkable structure, simple, cheap and effective. It is built of dry rock, rough-hewn and without cement, faced on the inside with sloping three-inch plank, and with the gate in a tunnel through solid rock. The supreme peril of dams in California is the possible occurrence of an earthquake and hence a cemented structure is always of doubtful safety. Spaulding dam and other similar erections of the South Yuba Company are built with this contingency in view. It was said of General Lee's army that its flanks were "made to be turned." Spaulding dam is made to be shaken by earthquakes as well as to restrain two billions of gallons of water.

It is a lively scramble fourteen miles eastward and upward, along the South Yuba and beneath ever higher mountains and at last through a gorge between Red and Old Man Mountains, to Fordyce, a broad deep sheet of water lying in sublime solitude, at a height of 6,500 feet above sea level. Here is probably the largest dam in California, and one of the largest in the world. It is 815 feet long, seventy-two feet high on the inside and ninety feet high on the outside, and in breadth measures 125 feet at the base. It is constructed of dry rock, rough-hewn, and is lined on the inside with three-inch plank. It has a waste-weir 100 feet long and five feet deep. It cost $300,000 and holds six billions of gallons. The waters swarm with trout of great size, and Fordyce is the Paradise of anglers. A comfortable cottage, the home of two keepers who fend off each other's loneliness, is the sole reminder of settlements. Fordyce is thus the abode of solitude, grandeur and silence. It was Cato said, "Were it not for women, men might enjoy the society of the Gods." However this was meant, there is a sense in which it is true. There are no women within seven miles of the blue expanse, and one is at leisure to commune with nature, to sing with the



ROAD TO BEAR VALLEY.

stars and to invoke the Heavenly Powers.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been,—
To climb the trackless mountains all unseen
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,—
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,—
This is not solitude: 'Tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charm and view her stores unrolled."

But, wild as are these solitudes, we are not yet on the breezy mountain top. We must climb and climb up this steep slope to the north until the broad expense of Fordyce lies far below and the leapings of its trout are invisible, before we shall reach Meadow Lake, covering an area of three hundred acres and restrained from pouring its 1,200 millions of gallons down the cliffs in what would be, for a while at least, a Niagara cataract, by a dam 1,100 feet long, 40 feet high and 100 feet deep. The Meadow Lake dam cost $75,000. On these desolate shores there once sprang up a city over mines of supposed value; and four thousand people assembled here who, when the snow buried deep out of sight their shanties, tunnelled from cabin to cabin and still delved undisturbed for gold. Now only a few wretched huts remain to defy the storms; and a cinnamon bear or a mountain lion is as likely to be encountered as a man. Lonely miners do, however, from time to time haunt the spot and break the rock and tip the pan, unwilling to believe that human hopes could have been so mocked. They seem like wraiths come back to utter again ancient despair.

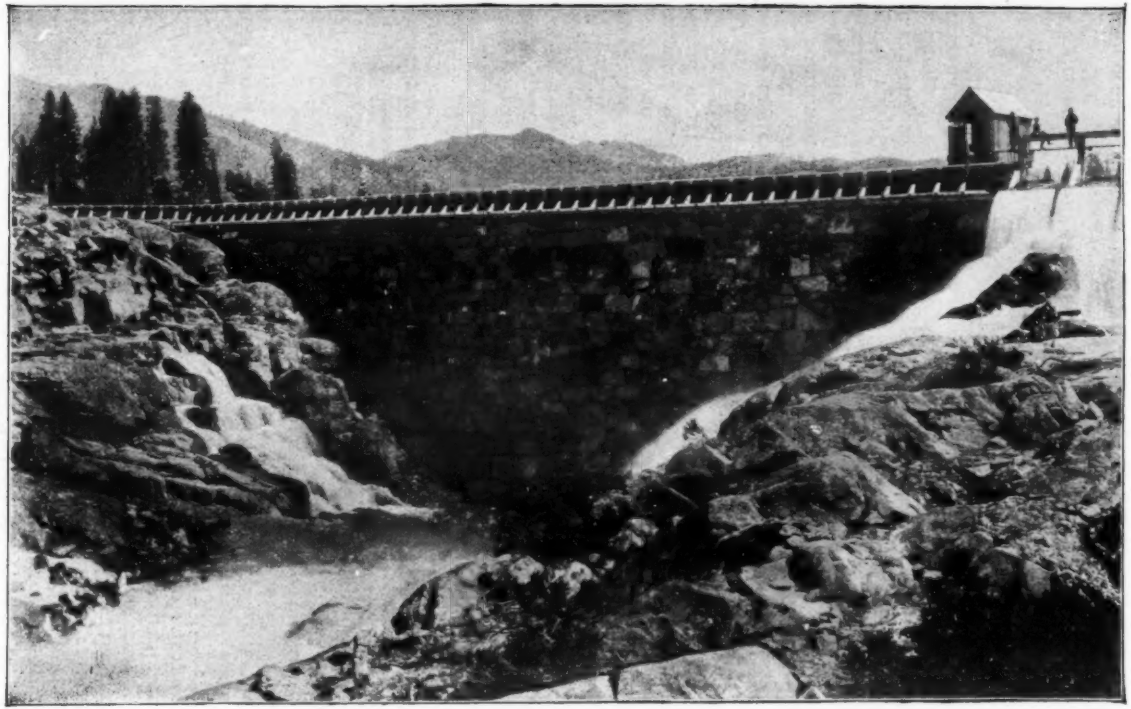
The South Yuba Water Company has eighteen such reservoirs as Spaulding, Fordyce and Meadow, distributed over a large area, draining 150 square miles of watershed but all emptying into Spaulding and reaching the lowlands through the Yuba Gorge Flume. One of these lakes is extremely picturesque—mighty mountains green to the summit and adorned with groves of stately trees, all round about,—and were it not for inaccessibility (for it is reached only by many miles of arduous riding over a difficult trail) it would become a summer resort of Nature-lovers, artists and wealthy cottagers.

But in describing the reservoirs of the South Yuba Water Company there is embarrassment of riches, and we must leave the wild and beautiful regions of the Divide. Coming down to the terminals of the system, for which all the flumes, canals and pipe lines were called into existence, we find flourishing villages, noisy factories, gold mines and blossoming orchards.

The gold mines first arrest attention—immense pits in the earth on the channels of old Pliocene rivers, drift mines and quartz-crushing mills. There are numberless prospectings in progress, hole-drilling experiments that question Nature and too often receive only mocking response. All need cheap power and cheap power in these parts comes only from falling water; and falling water during the dry season is found nowhere but in the canals.

Other industries are run by the same energy. These powder works, those electric-light plants and yonder box factory are all sustained at a profit because the tumble of a canal over a precipice near at hand turns the wheels.

If the villages of Nevada and Placer counties are bowery aad flowery it is only because they are watered under pressure from the reservoirs of the company. No less than six villages, three the largest in the two counties, so receive their household and municipal supply of water. Others will soon enjoy the same great advantage. The supply of Sacramento with pure mountain water would be perfectly feasible and not expensive, nor would



LAKE SPAULDING DAM.

it embarrass the company to provide for the utmost needs of Oakland and San Francisco.

The properties of the company derive their value from what are termed "Water Rights." These are certain inalienable and priceless privileges, conferred by the United States upon the original settlers who colonized her waste lands, in encouragement of enterprise. They are threefold, the right of appropriation, the right of ownership and the right of eminent domain. Any person or company appropriating water from any natural source has right to use and improvement of such water, to the extent of the capacity of the waterway supplied, and forever afterward, so long as such use and improvement are continued; and first come, first served—second rights being subject to first and third to second. A water corporation, like a railway company, has right of way over every man's land to the full extent of the principle of eminent domain. These prerogatives, so necessary to such a business, and when secured so valuable, have been carefully respected and buttressed by State enactments. After five years of continuous use the right cannot be called in question and becomes irrevocable. Moreover, whoever turns water into any river-bed may, at a lower point, take therefrom the amount contributed. All rights localized between entrance and exit are subordinate thereto. All use of streams is subject to rights of this character previously acquired.

The Company has first right to the South Yuba River, first and third to the Bear River, first and second to Deer, and also to Rock Creeks, second to Little Deer and Steep Hollow Creeks, rights also to Fall and Bowman Creeks and exclusive control of many smaller streams. These water rights were acquired forty years ago. The Company's ownership is therefore fixed and absolute.

Quite as beneficent is its ministry of irrigation; for, as Xenophon declared long ago, "Agriculture is the nursing mother of all the arts of life." Said Sully, the great French statesman: "Plow and cow are the breasts of France, whereat she sucks: they are the true mines and treasures of Peru." Undeniably the ranchmen carry us all on their broad shoulders. But even in favored California, little can the ranchman do but raise wheat and pasture cattle, without artificial supply of water. The Greeks believed that the world rested for support upon the back of an elephant, while the elephant was supposed to stand on a colossal tortoise. This is true at least of the Golden State: society in California sits on Agriculture and Agriculture stands on Irrigation. And if Newcastle, Penryn, Loomis and Rocklin have become the rivals of Southern California in peach growing and the citrus culture, it is because the waters of South Yuba have converted a wilderness worth ten dollars an acre into a garden cheap at five hundred.

To reach all these mines, villages, and orchards, scattered over two whole counties, an immense network of waterways is necessary; and in fact four hundred miles of canals, flumes, and pipe lines have been constructed at great expense.

The standard of measurement is the "miner's inch," which is the amount that will flow through an aperture one inch square, the center of the aperture being six inches below the surface of the lake or canal—roughly estimated at 17,000 gallons per diem. The rate for purposes of irrigation is $45 a year per miner's inch. As one inch will suffice for seven acres of land the expense to the farmer is less than seven dollars for each acre. This compares very favorably with the rates of other water companies in California and the cost of irrigation in foreign countries. In the purchase of land on the Pacific Coast, custom adds $1,000 to the price for each inch of water available for the dry season and attached to the property by loca-

FORDYCE LAKE.

tion or right; or, in other words, a flow of one inch is worth to the owner the interest on $1,000.

Water for power is sold in miner's inches, except in case of special contract to deliver it in horsepower, and is returned after use to the Company's canals; the rate is eighteen cents a day. An inch used on the latest designs of wheels will develop one horsepower under 412 feet pressure. Where the fall is considerable, therefore, canal water-power is far more economical than steam, which in Placer and Nevada Counties costs upwards of sixty cents a day.

The South Yuba Water Co. is a giant in babyhood. Its present storage is over 13,000,000,000 of gallons — the average rainfall of its watershed, 100,000,000,000. It irrigates 10,000 acres, but before its terminals lie 200,000 unwatered. Its waste of power is immense — probably 50,000 horsepower between Lake Spaulding and the lower foothills.

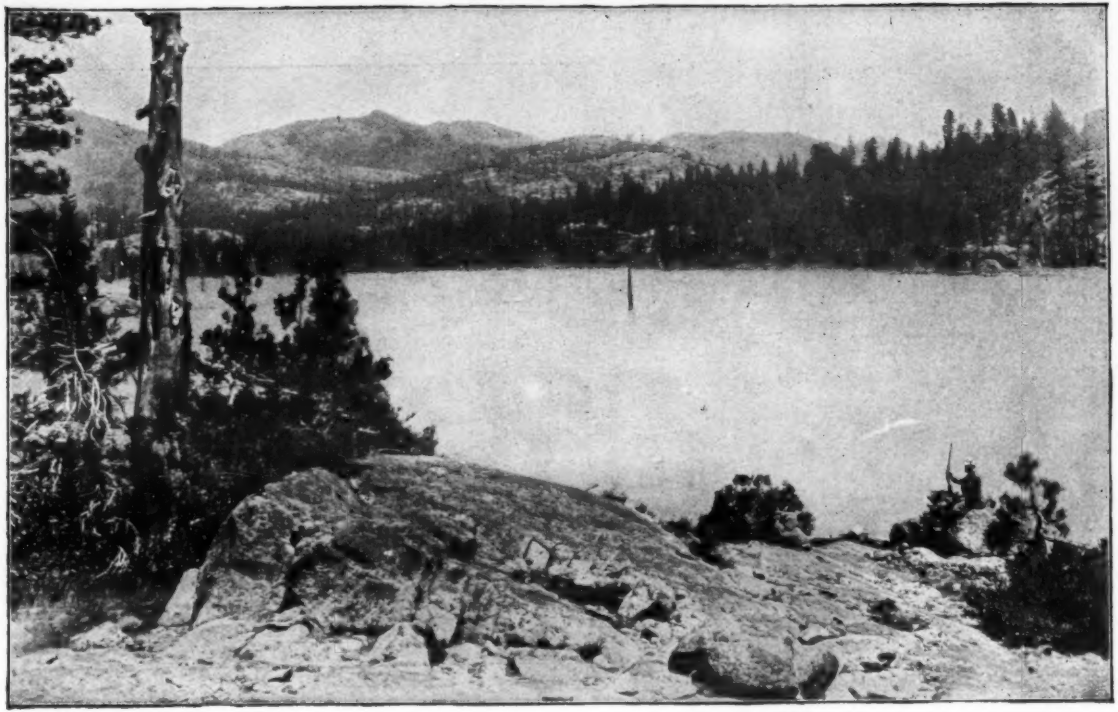
The value of the entire property, including its almost priceless water rights, has been variously estimated, but never at less than from two and a half to four millions of dollars. But a money estimate of a system so essential not only to the prosperity but as well to the very existence of any elaborate social organism in this locality, fails utterly to gauge the value of this great property.

On such corporations the future welfare of California must largely depend unless the colossal enterprises they undertake shall be assumed by the State itself. While the Wright system makes admirable provision for the needs of some districts favorably located, it offers no facilities for the extensive mountain storage of water or for its transportation over long distances. Nothing but vast capital skillfully handled can accomplish these ends, which are so essential in the development of the resources of the commonwealth.

The South Yuba system and all similar properties should be viewed by both the owners and the people as a sacred trust, and so long as honorably and honestly administered should receive popular sympathy and encouragement. Upon the just and prudent management of such trusts will largely depend the ultimate prosperity of California.

The following summary of facts concerning the company's water may interest irrigationists who take a professional pride in such enterprises:

Watershed	150 square miles
Storage reservoirs	18 in number
Total storage capacity	13 billions of gallons
Distributing reservoirs	12 in number
Canal, flume, and pipe lines	42, aggregating 400 miles
Horse-power available	50,000
Irrigable district	200,000 acres
Present consumption, 8,000 inches (136,000,000 gallons)	
Available average supply, 35,000 inches (600,000,000 gallons)	
Land owned	6,000 acres
Mining claims	21



LAKE SPAULDING.

"GRACIAS-A-DIOS," ALAMEDA, RESIDENCE OF A. H. WARD.

ALAMEDA, THE ENCINAL CITY.

BY THOMAS NUNAN.

SITUATED like the residence districts that are separated from New York by the North and East Rivers are the cities on the Eastern shore of San Francisco Bay.

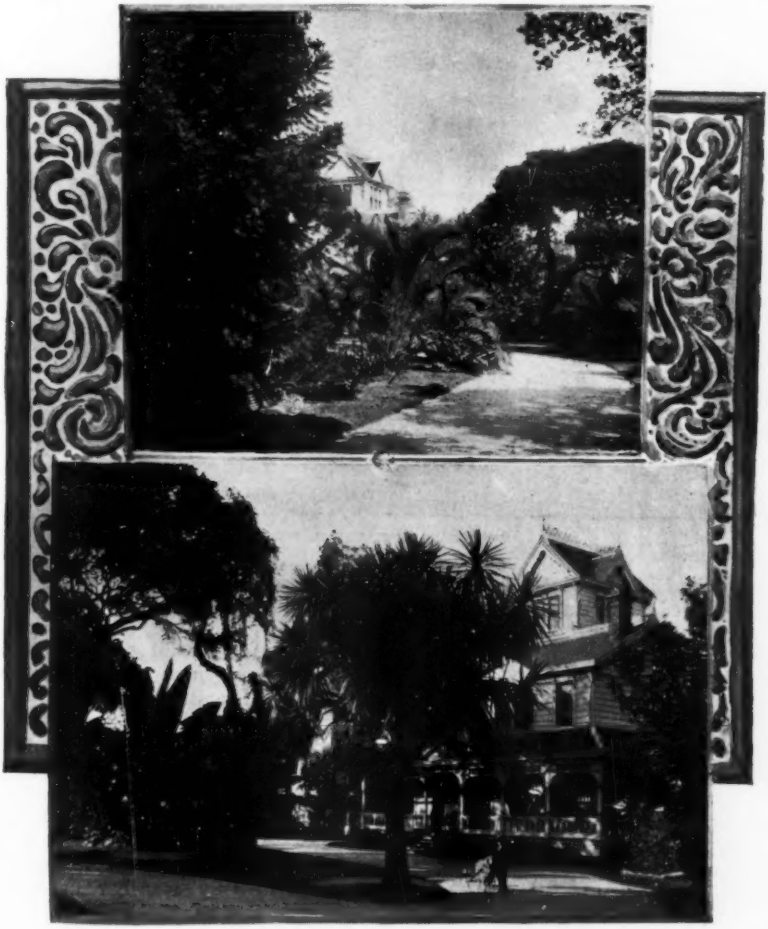
The Manhattan Island is protected from the cold Atlantic by the long strip of land on which, at the leeward side, is Brooklyn. Little protection is needed at the warm Pacific, but here the locations are reversed. The peninsula, on which the metropolis stands, and the broad expanse of the bay modify the trade winds and dissipate the occasional fogs. There is only warmth and sunshine for the cities whose hundreds of spires by day or whose thousands of twinkling lamps at night are a greeting vision to the mariner who sails past the forts of hidden San Francisco and through the rapid currents of the Golden Gate.

Oakland is the largest of the three sister cities at the eastern side of the bay. With that way of growing that is characteristic of California cities it has developed great commercial interests, and in business it is becoming a portion of San Francisco instead of a suburb of it. Berkeley has the State University and as an educational center is known throughout the country. Alameda is a city of homes.

"La Bolsa de Encinal" was the name that the Spaniards gave to the Alameda region—a name suggested by the purse-like shape of the land and the forests of live-oak. The site

is a peninsula, four miles long and averaging a mile and a quarter in width. The completion of the ship canal will make it an island, as at the eastward it is divided from the mainland by Oakland Harbor and partially by the canal, on the south is the San Leandro estuary and on the north and west are the white-sand beaches and the bay. That all of this tract was sold by Peralta in 1851 for $14,000, fertile and richly wooded as it was, is a striking reminder of the sudden creation of cities on this coast and of the marvelous western progress that is still undiminishing.

At the southeastern edge of the forest peninsula, for years after 1851, were merely a store and post-office, the stage station and a few dwelling-houses. The name that grew out of the grove with the dreamy little hamlet is that which the city has inherited and in its Spanish origin is the record that the first buildings of the settlement were sheltered by a clump of



HOME OF JAMES A. WAYMIRE, WITH VIEW OF CARRIAGE-WAY.

poplar trees which grew at that extremity of the forest.

The little settlement developed toward the westward, but, while the California settlers were too busy in the building of a State to think of quiet homes or home-life, the growth on the peninsula was slow. It was only in 1873 that the Town of Alameda, comprising the entire "bolsa," was incorporated. The population at that time was sparse and scattered.

Twelve years later, in 1885, the population had increased to about 5,000, and Alameda was incorporated as a city of the fifth class. Its assessed valuation then was $5,114,000. The incorporation of the city marked the beginning of Alameda's rapid growth and in the past nine years the population had been brought up to about 15,000 with corresponding increase in the value of property.

Alameda is made up of homes. It was built as a residence city, and business enterprise is not permitted to intrude beyond the line that the people have drawn about them. No city on the coast has been divided into streets and avenues with more precision or more liberality, and no city so young can claim better results from the landscape work. The avenues are broad and straight and bordered with actual groves of trees, including the maple, the restless acacia, the pepper and the palm.

The roadways are macadamized, in all parts of the city, and flanked with stone sidewalks. There is a uniform frontage of fifty feet to the building lots, the depth varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and seven feet, according to location. Ample dwelling room is thus afforded; the houses are well set back, with lawns opening upon the street and gardens of flowers at the rear.

RESIDENCE OF HARRY K. FIELD.

Even the most tender semi-tropical plants flourish through all the year, and the work in gardening is to prevent too widespread growth. Sunshine and the mild winter showers, the latter seldom more severe than a May rainfall in New England, are Alameda's only weather conditions, and the soil of the yet-remembered forest is so rich that a rose twig planted

by a child at play quickly becomes a bush and the bush takes on the wondrous bloom of the California flower world.

Encircled by the warm water of the bay and sheltered from storms by its location to the southward of the Golden Gate line, the city of the oak-covered peninsula never has wintry weather, and frost is seldom known.

Climates in various parts of California vary with every few miles, something which strangers naturally have doubts about, but which the Pacific Coast residents all understand. Senator Stanford, at his Menlo Park home used to proudly declare that he had the finest climate in San Mateo County. Three weeks before his death he said to the writer: "It is strange that there should be such differences, but here the air is nearly always quiet while five or six miles on either side the trees show which way the wind blows."

Alameda's temperature is peculiarly mild and equable, ranging from fifty-one degrees in December to eighty-two in July, and in a California sense its climate differs greatly from that at almost any other point on the bay or neighboring coast.

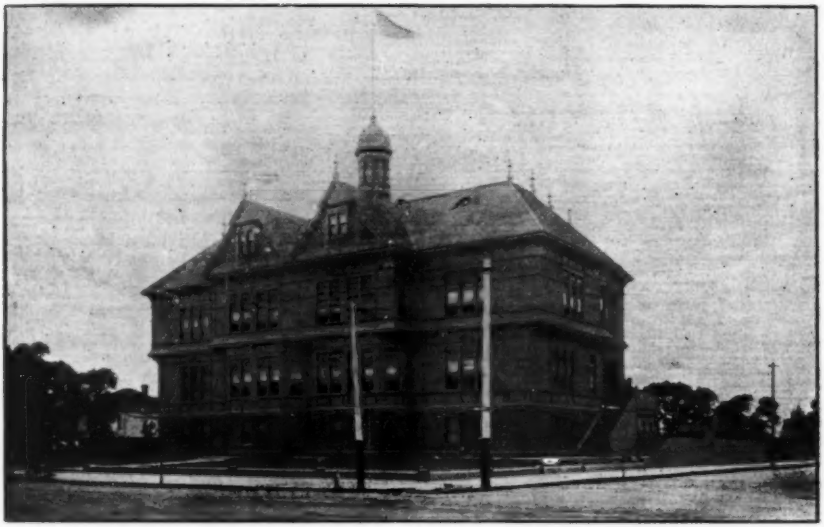
One of the statistical bits of information that the resident points out with pride and evident satisfaction is that the annual death rate in Alameda, proportionately to the population, has been lower than in any other city of the State, excepting one year when San Diego was rated first. Credit for this is given not only to the peculiar climatic advantages, but also to the sanitary precautions that are taken. The two main sewers of the city's thorough system are flushed with salt water twice a day, and all the lateral branches are hourly flushed with automatically tipping tanks invented by an Alameda resident. Diseases which might be traced or attributed to unsanitary conditions are practically unknown.

As a residence suburb of the western metropolis, Alameda could not be more advantageously located. The distance of ten miles brings the resident entirely away from the scene of his business occupation, and the thirty-minute trip across the water gives vigor in the morning and refreshing rest at the close of day. The rural quiet, the happy home life, in an entire change of surroundings and of atmosphere, attract a most desirable class of citizens, and the extension of the city brings none of the evils that usually mark a community's growth. Men of wealth build their splendid homes —men of moderate means erect their pretty cottages; and all find a common object and work together in keeping away the undesirable features of city life.

Alameda is one of the comparatively few cities that own their illuminating systems. Electricity is used and the double-arc lamp service is the finest. The city's water supply is from artesian wells, the plant costing more than $400,000. The public schools are kept at the highest degree of efficiency. The free public library, with its thousands of volumes of the best literature, has a larger daily circulation than that recorded in any other American city of double the population.

Society is naturally at a high standard in such a city. Fraternal organizations flourish. Outing and athletic clubs take the place of business and protective associations. Tennis courts and cricket grounds are everywhere. The picturesque streets, with smooth and hard pavements and rising to no higher elevation than thirty-one feet above the high-water mark of the bay, have made bicycling a favorite recreation for young men and women. The Gentlemen's Driving Association has a speed-track near the city outskirts. At each side of the city are boating headquarters, and the Encinal Club on the southern shore has the finest boathouse in the State. The facilities that the bay front gives for salt-water bathing are unsurpassed.

The city government is economical and efficient. Party lines have never



ENCINAL SCHOOL, ALAMEDA.

been drawn in municipal elections. When the time for choosing public officers approaches, the electors assemble in the largest hall, discuss the issues and nominate an entirely non-partisan ticket. The result is honest management of the municipal affairs. There is no ring control of departments or officials; the police force is made an actual protection to the homes and the citizens. Other than minor offenses are almost unknown, and in thirty years there have been only three attempts at robbery.

The facilities for local travel are not surpassed in any city of the same class. Two steam railway lines traverse the narrow peninsula, connecting with some of the fastest and finest ferry-boats in the world. The railway stations are so distributed that none of the homes on the peninsula is more than five minutes from the point where the resident must take his train. Cross lines are numerous, and the electric car service extends atmost the entire length of the city and to Oakland, San Leandro and Haywards.

Among the beautiful homes are stately churches of many denominations. The school buildings are new and commodious; there are two opera houses and several excellent hotels. All the public buildings are in architecture appropriate to the city's general beauty.

Business in a city of this kind usually extends along all the prominent lines of travel. Here it is almost limited to the routes of the two main railways, for on only three of the cross streets are stores to be found. Merchants who at various times attempted to establish themselves in other portions of the city were by common consent frozen out. Saloons are not tolerated on the residence streets.

Just beyond the city limits, however, several manufacturing concerns have availed themselves of the opportunities afforded by the meeting of ship and train, and rapid extension is certain, with industrial and commercial energy to build the city beyond its residence borders and in such a direction that Alameda's present glory of being a community of homes cannot be lessened. The rapidity of the ordinary growth is shown by the

fact that for years past the new dwelling houses have been completed at an average rate of one for every working day.

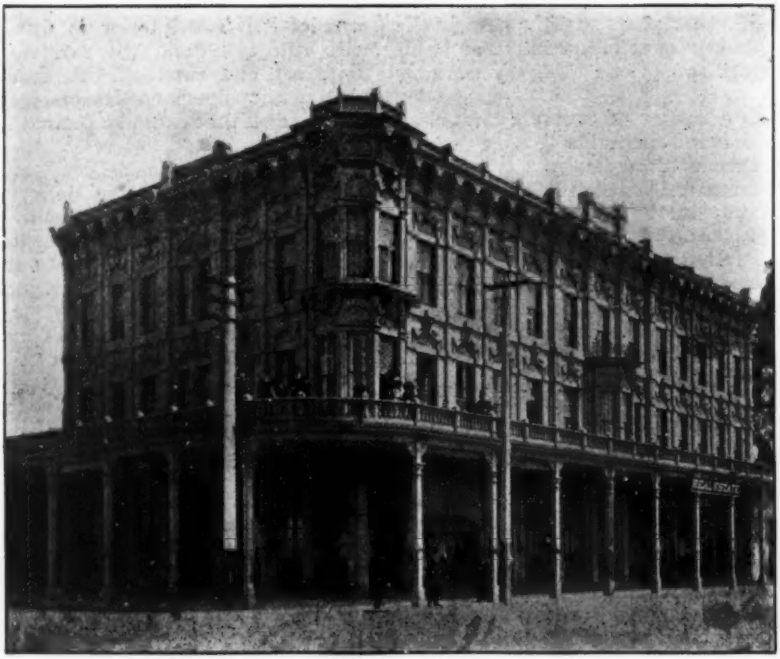
As a matter of course a first-class hotel is indispensable to a city whose attractions draw many visitors. In this regard Alameda is not wanting—the popular Park Hotel fills the requirement. It is centrally located, and fully one hundred trains stop at its hospitable doors daily on their way to and from San Francisco. The Park Hotel is a modern structure, spacious and elegantly furnished. The genial host, Capt. H. H. Todd, who, by the way, won his title in a gallant New Jersey regiment during the Civil War, is one of the most enterprising men in the city. He spares no effort in catering to the tastes of his guests, and the high esteem in which he is held not only in the West but in the East makes the Park Hotel a favorite rendezvous for hundreds of Eastern visitors during their stay on this coast. The establishment is conducted on both the European and American plan, and its accommodations in every particular are as good as the most exacting sojourner could require.

As already suggested, Alameda is famed for the beauty of its homes. Some of the most charming among them are found on South Paru street—a broad thoroughfare, beautiful with verdant lawns and bright-hued flowers. One of the most unique and artistic of the residences on South Paru street is "Gracias-á-Dios," the elegant home of Colonel A. H. Ward. It is of Moorish design and Fuller Claflin, the talented young architect, has reason to feel proudof it. The interior is finished with rare taste and the furnishings unite art and comfort. A garden filled with palms and flowers makes the place all that could be desired in a rural home.

Adjoining "Gracias-á-Dios" is the stately residence of Mr. Henry K. Field, one of the most pleasing of Pacific villas. From the magnolia-shaded lawn, Mr. Field has but a short distance to go to board his yacht, anchored in the bay.

Another ideal home is that of Judge J. A. Waymire, on Buena Vista Avenue. The grounds are extensive and tastefully adorned with trees and flowers, and the approaches to the beautiful residence afford really charming views. Everything about the place marks it as the home of a thoroughly refined family.

HOME OF J. F. FORDERER.



PARK HOTEL, ALAMEDA.

The residence of Mr. J. F. Forderer (President of the Board of City Trustees) should also be mentioned among the home-places especially attractive. It is one of the coziest and most inviting dwellings in the city.

But the limitations of a magazine article forbid further notice of the dwellings whose beauties and comforts have made Alameda notable as the City of Homes. Enough to say that the designation is amply merited. Nowhere on the American continent can a community be found that has better claim to the name so suggestive of peacefulness and beauty.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

COLORADO SPRINGS.

BY EDWARD FREEMAN WELLES.

THE city of Colorado Springs was founded on the thirty-first day of July, 1871, when a party of ladies and gentlemen, interested in the building of the Denver and Rio Grande R. R., then under construction, assembled upon the open plain, unbroken save by one primitive, mud-plastered log-cabin, and deeply impressed by the natural beauties of the place, the bracing purity of the air, and the proximity of the wonderful Manitou Mineral Springs, drove the first stake in the townsite of Colorado Springs. The location was made with a view to establishing an ideal resort, an abiding city, a Spa in the Rocky Mountains.

Situated as the spot was in the midst of conditions so favorable to this end, surrounded by all of Nature's most lavish endowments, with everything to charm the eye and content the heart, they saw with prophetic vision the successful culmination of their hopes, a beautiful city of most advanced civilization, a city of homes, a haven of rest for the sick and enfeebled, a sanitorium whose fame should reach all nations. Where that little cabin stood in its solitude, twenty-two years ago, is now gathered a community of about 15,000 souls, famous for its beauty and sanitary properties.

The growth of Colorado Springs from its inception savors nothing of the traditional characteristics of the wild West. It was born of patrician blood and has not departed from the tenets of its ancestry. It differs fundamentally from the typical Western town, in that it has always offered inducements to persons of high moral status, of education, wealth and refinement. Its immediate railroad connection, having had one from the first, was of great advantage, keeping it in constant touch with civilization and the rest of the world. Of more importance still was the fact that it never permitted a saloon or dance-hall within its limits, for this was enough in itself to keep away the ordinary riffraff and dissolute throng that usually colors the early years of Western towns. As the city's reputation was in large measure to be built upon its *waters*, the manufacture and sale of intoxicants was strictly inhibited from the first, and the law to-day enters into

the conditions of every transfer of real property. The saloon is a thing unknown, there is not one.

A subtle and amusing commentary upon the character and tone of the city is conveyed in the words of an old-timer, who, in the early days, when it was yet young, stood on the summit of a bluff in the vicinity and it is spread upon a stupendous stage, whence it commands the beauties of the whole gorgeous panorama around about. Its background is the eternal range, tumbled about with cyclopic grandeur, pile on pile, declivity supporting declivity, until, surmounted by the snow-capped Peak, the central figure, its rugged outline is boldly

THE BROADMOOR CASINO.

warned his comrade against entering the place.

"Don't you never go thar, pard," said he. "Don't never set foot in that ar' town. Why, ther' aint a place whar you kin get a smile in the hull camp, and they keep six Shakespeare clubs runnin' all the year 'roun'!"

Cosmopolitan in every sense of the word, and constantly receiving increments of new blood, the society is always brilliant and interesting, never tiresome. There is one drawback, the occasional loss of one of its choice members, who, having entirely recovered his health, for which he may have come, returns to his old home. It is a significant fact that these are always ardent missionaries in its behalf.

Colorado Springs has been said to lie in "an amphitheater of mountain and mesa, pine and plain;" but it occupies a more conspicuous position than this, at an elevation of 6,000 feet projected against the western sky. When the fleecy clouds appear as they sometimes do at evening time, the setting sun clothes them with a wealth of color and glory beside which the brilliant imagination and skill of Turner is tame. Like gorgeous painted rings, the rosy stratum of rocks, a perfect peach-blow tint, upheaved from its prehistoric bed, skirts, with only an occasional break, the entire length of the range. Standing on edge, as it were, and of a height varying from one hundred to four hundred feet, it presents a most striking contrast with the surrounding landscape, culminating in its *piece de resistance*, that master-stroke of nature, the "Gateway of the Garden of the Gods.

The amphitheater is the broad and fertile prairie which spreads itself at the city's feet, unbroken until it rises again in the slopes of the Appalachians.

The prairies and mesas are covered with myriads of brilliant-hued flowers, each in its turn lending the general hue to the landscape as it preponderates in its season, now scarlet, now white, now purple, now yellow. A volume could be, and has been, written upon the flowers of Colorado, and the sweet poet, Helen Hunt Jackson ("H. H."), has made them familiar to many a delightful reader by her loving touch.

The Gateway of the Garden of the God is brilliant red in the direct rays of the morning sun, every detail distinctly limned upon the somber hills beyond, the weather-worn points and projections resembling mediæval gargoyles in their grotesque outlines. Perhaps it is in the coloring that lends most beauty and effectiveness to the landscape here. In other countries one can see mountains, rocks and cañons and flowers, but nowhere in the world such color as in Colorado. It is now a blending, now a sudden contrast of white, red, yellow. blue, green, purple, orange and all their variations. These sentinel rocks, rising to a perpendicular height of between three and four hundred feet, makes one feel his littleness almost oppressively as he passes between them. Their composition is a sort of sandstone, and so soft that many an embryo Thorwaldsen has used his jack-knife upon them with more or less success. When they first burst upon the view they seem only a few hundred yards away, so clear is the air and so unobstructed the space between, but their distance is, in reality, between four and five miles. Once within their portals you are upon Dame Nature's playground; here has her fancy run riot and she has deported herself without fear of interruption and beyond criticism. Here is a group towering high into the air, which from one point of view resembles nothing so much as "Cathedral Spires," and so takes its name. There upon the summit of a ruddy ridge sit complacently the "Bear and Seal," as naturally disposed as though at afternoon tea; the bear on his haunches, the seal on his tail. Everywhere are masses of stone, twisted and tumbled into fantastic semblance of life—gigantic toadstools, birds, beasts and marine monsters. One of the most remarkable monuments in the Garden is the great "Balanced Rock," weighing about 400 tons, but so slenderly poised on an almost invisible base, that one dares not lean his puny weight upon it, and to sit down under its projecting edge requires as much nerve as to lie down under the leaning Tower of Pisa. The Garden of the Gods is the favorite haunt of the tourist and sightseer, and takes first rank in the long list of the local attractions. It is one of the few places about the city not

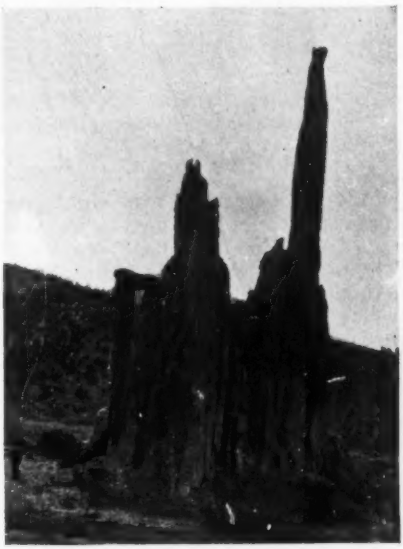
FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

1—RESIDENCE OF MRS. A. A. WARREN. 2—RESIDENCE OF J. J. HAGERMAN.
3—RESIDENCE OF J. W. MILLER.

yet reached by the electric cars, and it is the hope of every lover of nature that it never will be.

At a little distance from the regular road before reaching the Garden is to be seen a handsome gate and picturesque, vine-clad lodge, which indicate the entrance to "Glen Eyrie," the beautiful country home of Gen. Wm. J. Palmer, a gentleman closely identified with the founding and entire history of Colorado Springs, and who early selected this spot for his summer residence. Entering the gate, the road winds through beautifully-kept flower-beds, brilliant with bloom, under the drooping trees, over rustic bridges, spanning sparkling streams, where a sharp eye can sometimes detect the speckled trout in his lurking place, past mossy. bark-covered gardener's cottages, and finally out into an open natural park or cañon of considreable size, shut in upon every side by bristling ledges of rock. In a corner of this romantic spot, the spacious house is built, adorned in its immediate surroundings by velvety lawns and countless flowers, all in the highest state of cultivation, while at arm's length, so to speak, Nature sits untouched by the hand of man. The place is frequently called the "Little Garden of the Gods," because it contains many like or *unlike* specimens of Nature's handiwork, distributed with her accustomed random. Upon the one hand towers the "Major Domo" straight up into the air, like a mighty finger pointing to the sky, and on the other, the "Whispering Rocks," "Melrose Abbey," and a dozen other petrified anomalies, all of the unusual red sandstone, while high upon the precipitous side of one of the cliffs may be seen the eagle's nest from which the cañon takes its name. A few miles further on lie Blair Athol and Monument Park, all these places being similar, and yet each different in its specific attractions, ever producing a new play of the imagination.

Near the Garden of the Gods and the town of Manitou there is another country place which is such a truthful and beautiful representation of one of the homes of Old England that it is deserving of special notice, the more so because it is the work of a gentleman who has been associated with Colorado Springs from its birth, Dr. W. A. Bell. The house is built of rose-colored sandstone from a neighboring quarry, and is constructed in the early English Gothic style of architecture. A dozen Scotch masons occupied more than a year cutting the stone for the building. The south front is a hundred feet in length; the east front, where the house is entered through a fine Gothic arch,is fifty-four feet. The interior is mostly treated in oak; the hall and staircase being good reproductions of Tudor work. Altogether the house is a very interesting and beautiful one, and is set in grounds covering several acres, which twenty years of careful culture have brought to a high state of perfection, and have thus demonstrated the vast capabilities of these mountain valleys for effective landscape gardening and the cultivation of trees, flowers and



CATHEDRAL SPIRES, GARDEN OF THE GODS.

lawns of rare excellence, rivaling, if not surpassing those of England.

From Manitou, near by, starts the Pike Peak's Railway. The grand mountain that Pike turned his back upon in despair, with the belief that no human being would ever reach its summit, is to-day scaled by the iron horse; triumphant steam has conquered its impossibilities, and carries thousands of visitors annually to its highest point to enjoy the matchless view. This marvelous feat of engineering, completed in 1891, conveys its passengers over a cog-road eight and three-fourths miles long, to an altitude of 14,147 feet above sea level! The up trip consumes about three hours, but amidst glorious scenery the whole route. Almost everybody goes that way now, though there is also an excellent carriage road, which is largely patronized, from which the views are equally fine, and very often people exchange tickets at the summit, going up one way and coming down the other, which is a very good plan.

To the south from Colorado Springs and at a distance of about five miles stretches out the stately length of Cheyenne Mountain, in some lights the most striking of the range. This, together with the cañons at its northern extremity bearing its name, has been made famous as the favorite resort of that rare woman, Helen Hunt Jackson; her expressed desire was to be laid in final rest upon its rugged bosom amongst the kinnikinick and pines she loved so well. No monument was required to mark her resting place, *it* marked the mountain. A heap of stones dropped one by one upon her grave as simple tokens of love and admiration by a mourning people, express more here than sculptured marble. The view from the summit is superb, of mountain, city and plain, and is enough to inspire the most prosaic and fill his soul with enthusiasm. The cañons below are amongst the most popular resorts in this much-favored region. They are two, "North" and "South," opening into the mountains from about the same point, like a huge "V," beautiful, strange, and awe-inspiring, great crevices leading into the heart of the range, bounded by precipitous crags and beetling precipices, any one of which

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

PIKE'S PEAK.

is an ideal place for a "lover's leap." In some places the overhanging rocks nearly meet in the dizzy heights above. The road winds in and out amongst them, crossing ever and anon the purling stream that sparkles and plunges along at their foot. The beauty of the South Cañon is enhanced and completed by its abrupt terminus in a broken precipice several hundred feet high, down which come tumbling in delicious abandon and rainbow brilliancy the beautiful waters of the "Seven Falls," dashed hither and yon by the constant irregularity of their bed, at each turn the water burst ing into clouds of spray, flashing like diamonds in the sunlight. A flight of wooden steps reaches to the top, up which the venturesome tourist toils his way and is amply rewarded for his pains by the picturesque view down the ravine.

In another direction is a delightful spot of a different character and only a mile and a half from the heart of the city—Prospect Lake—a splendid sheet of clear, cold water, about seventy acres in area. It is well stocked with fish, mostly speckled trout, and furnishes sport to delight the heart of the most fervid disciple of Walton.

The city itself is *sui generis*. Its broad, beautiful streets and avenues, regularly laid out, and lined with graceful shade trees from one end to the other, its lovely parks, Acacia, Alamo and Dorchester, its handsome buildings, public and private, and above all, its bracing mountain air, make it an ideal city of homes. Fifteen thousand people are gathered within its hospitable borders. An altitude of 6,000 feet gives it a clear, dry atmosphere, with but few days of rain and a sky of a beautiful blue three hundred out of three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. The old Indian legend of the place, that the Great Spirit gathered everything of interest on this side of the earth toward Heaven, so that he could look on the exhibition through a clear sky seems not improbable. It yields the palm to no other spot in the world as a natural sanatorium for the cure of asthmatic and pulmonary disease. Nine

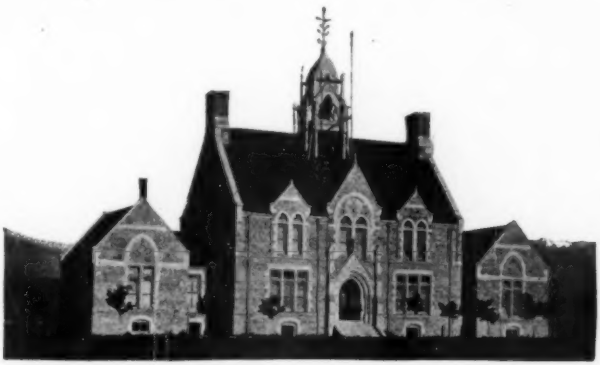
THE ALAMO HOTEL.

THE ANTLERS.

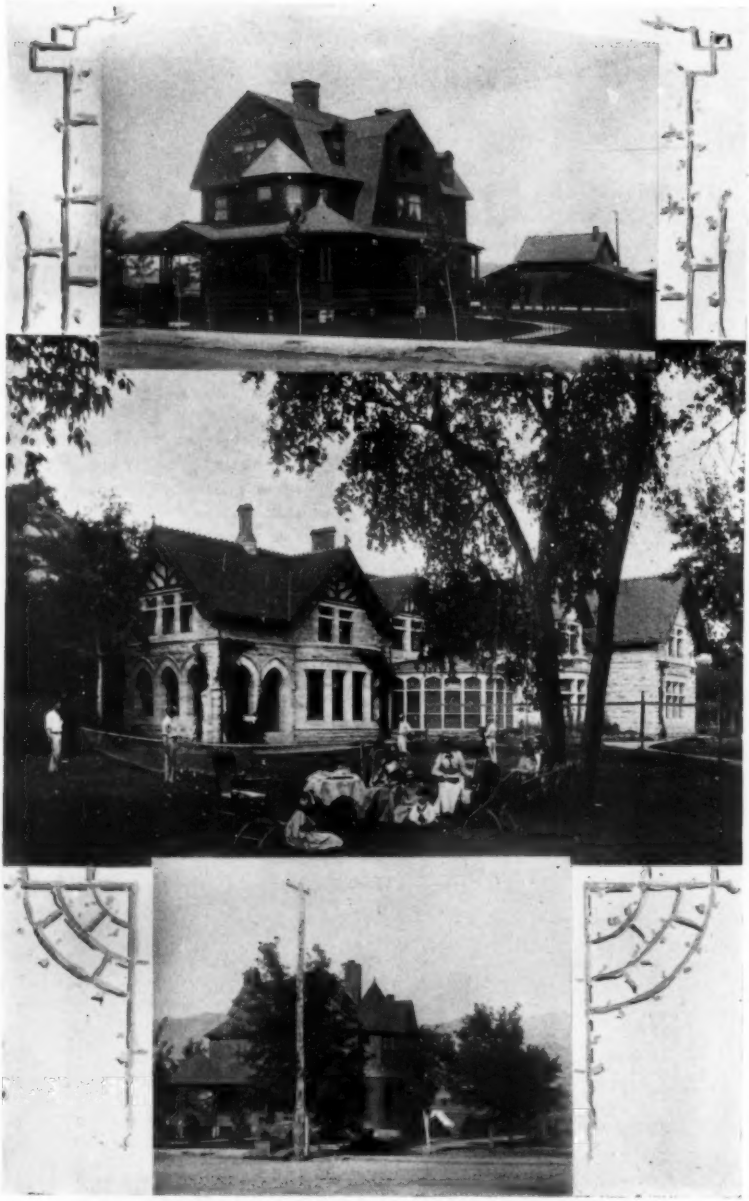
MONTGOMERY HALL AND PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

times out of ten the first advice of the physician is—"Throw away your bottles, spend as much time as possible out of doors and *breathe the air*." This is the secret, no germs of disease can thrive in the dry and rarefied atmosphere. Dampness and dew are unknown, the days are warm and the nights cool, sufficiently so for a blanket at all seasons, and a day without a breeze is a rarity indeed. Patients from every civilized land have testified to its magic powers, and for every invalid there are a thousand robust visitors. For all ample and elegant accommodations are provided. The leading hotels are the "Antlers," "Alta Vista," and "Alamo," these being worthily seconded by several smaller hostelries of greater or less pretentions, and supplemented by many excellent boarding-houses, sometimes preferred by visitors.

The Antlers is one of the finest hotels in the West. Built of gray lava stone, upon a regal scale, it presents a most imposing and attractive appearance to the weary traveler. Through and over the trees of a beautifully kept park of some ten acres, its graceful turrets and balconies, its deep-set mullioned windows show with most artistic effect. Its 200 rooms are provided with all the conveniences modern ingenuity and money can procure. The parlors, dining-room, office, are large, airy and luxurious in their appointments, and all present a magnificent view of the snow-capped Peak and the adjacent range. A more perfect spot for an ideal hotel could not have been selected, facing, as it does, the broad plaza of Pike's Peak Avenue on the one side and the "everlasting hills" upon the other. Cascade Avenue, the esplanade of the city, stretches away to the north, festooned on either



PALMER HALL, COLORADO COLLEGE.

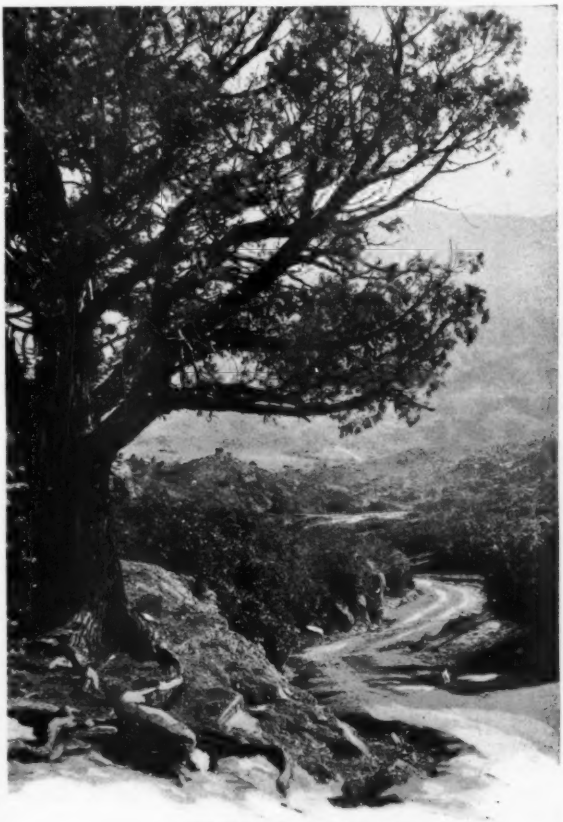


1—RESIDENCE OF J. K. MILLER. 2—RESIDENCE OF D. W. A. BELL.
3—RESIDENCE OF J. A. HAYES.

border with splendid shade trees, and adorned by the elegant residences, palatial in some instances, unique in architecture and generous in design in all, of gentlemen of wealth who, recognizing the advantages of the city —climatic, scenic and social, have made it their permanent home.

A block or two above the Antlers the attention is attracted by a handsome pressed brick building, with broad verandas and fine architectural outlines. It might be either a small hotel or a family residence upon a large scale. As a matter of fact it is both, a family hotel in the true sense of the word, the "Alta Vista," a home for the sojourner, where he can rest and recreate and enjoy himself to the fullest extent. All the comforts of home are provided there. The arrangement of the whole building is unique and perfect, which contains little parlors, cosy nooks, large commodious bedrooms, single and *en suite*, a sun parlor, and a bright cheerful dining room. Upon entering the handsome doorway, are seen the pleasant parlors on the one side, with deliciously lazy-looking chairs and lounges, pretty pictures and bric-à-brac, and the latest books and periodicals scattered temptingly about, and upon the other, the cosy office, if office it may be called, so completely is its business nature disguised, and through the center of the house the broad, airy hall leading to the *salle-a-manger* at the further end. It is true that the good things of life—those that round out the daily happiness of every man and woman—have their beginning with the home and its surroundings. These things are generally bidden a long farewell by the tourist, but when he is so fortunate as to set his foot within the hospitable doors of the "Alta Vista," he finds himself in the midst of them again.

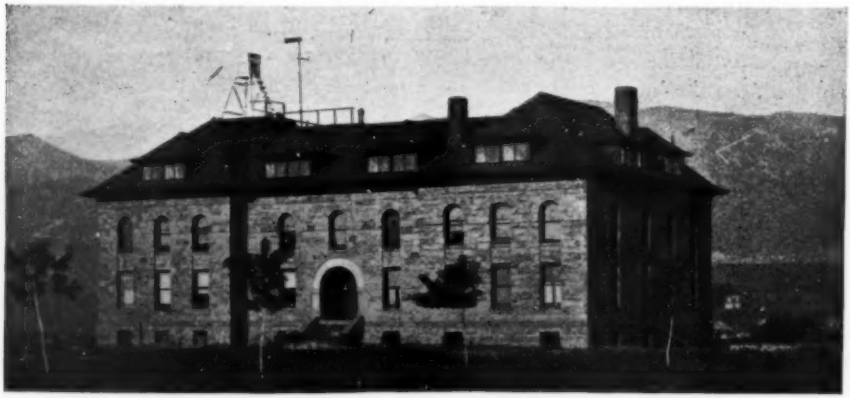
Rich as the locality is in natural attractions, the city is unsurpassed in its prodigality of social entertainment. Who would ever expect to find in the heart of the Rocky Mountains such a pleasure house as the Broadway Casino? It was planned and built in 1891 by a wealthy German nobleman, Count Pourtales, who has for several



A COLORADO TROUT STREAM.

years made this his summer home—a bit of Europe is transported over the sea for our delectation. Standing upon the bank of Cheyenne Lake, on an elevated plateau, about three miles from Colorado Springs, it commands a comprehensive and glorious view of the entire country round about. A well-equipped electric railway deposits its human freight at the very gates, and a brilliant scene there meets the eye, at night ablaze with electricity, and by day in the light of a cloudless sky. The handsome building stands in the midst of beautifully-laid out grounds, so graceful in its old colonial style, with slender pillars, hanging balconies and festooned decorations in gold aud white, that it resembles nothing more than a gigantic bit of Dresden china. Here pleasure is *en evidence;* every afternoon and evening a fine orchestra renders delicious music from the best as well as the latest composers. It is a place for artists, lovers and Bohemians. The building contains a spacious reception hall, wine and card and billiard rooms, a large ball-room with floor like polished glass, lounging and reading-rooms, and a restaurant and cuisine *sans reproche.* It is a most charming place of recreation and enjoyment, new pleasures being constantly provided by the managers for the amusement of its patrons. The Broadmoor Casino is a feature of which the city rightly boasts.

The man of the world in being relegated to the seclusion of the Rockies for a season would naturally expect to be denied for the nonce the pleasure of his club. He will, however, be agreeably disappointed, for the El Paso Club of Colorado Springs will fill him with surprise, delight and satisfaction. The fifty-thousand dollar club-house, built of fine pressed brick, with white stone trimmings, is beautiful inside and out and the pride of its members. Magnificently equipped, complete in every detail, it is a benefaction to the idle, a boon to the convivial, and of great use to the business man. It is like any other first-class city club, perfect in arrangement and attendance, providing in a most luxurious and delightful way for the comfort and pleasure of its members and their friends.



HAGERMAN HALL, COLORADO COLLEGE.

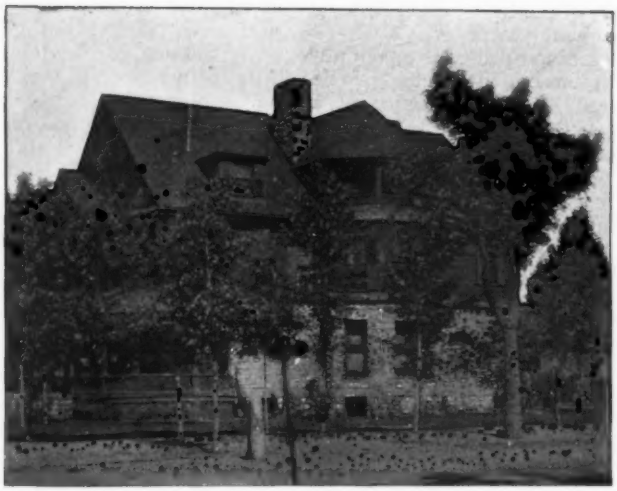
A gem of an opera-house, under a generous management, can be depended upon to always furnish during the season a list of entertainments of a high order. Famous players seem themselves to enjoy a brief sojourn under the shadow of Pike's Peak and amid the inspiring surroundings of

the Garden of the Gods, often making it their stopping-place.

That Colorado Springs is a community of religious and intellectual people is evidenced by the presence of a Christian college and the unusual number of its capacious schools and beautiful churches. No institution in the city is more closely connected with its future welfare than Colorado College. It is the oldest institution for higher education in the Rocky Mountain section of the country, and during the past five years has taken rank among the leading colleges in the United States. President Slocum has made it his one purpose to give to Colorado a college that should compare with the best Eastern institutions, and with the generous coöperation of the friends of higher education, his ideal is being rapidly realized. The beautiful location of the college, together with the excellent quality of work that is done in it and the great advantages of climate are drawing students to it from all parts of the country. A number of students take part of their college course here, and then without loss of time, owing to the rank of Colorado College, spend their last year or two in one of the older Eastern universities. The college campus comprises fifty-six acres in the heart of the residence part of the city. There are now four large stone buildings in addition to the gymnasium and a small music room. The beautiful new library, the gift of Hon. N. E. Coburn, of Newton, Massachusetts, is in process of construction and will accommodate 175,000 volumes. The new Astronomical observatory is also to be completed during the present year, the gift of Hon. Henry R. Wolcott of Denver. Dr. D. K. Pearson, of Chicago, has offered to give the college $50,000, on condition that $150,000 additional be secured, and of this amount $53,000 has already been pledged. The faculty of the college is largely composed of young men who have brought the results of advanced scholarship to their work, and are creating an atmosphere of cultivation and literary taste that is influencing the life of the whole city.

The State school for the education of the mute and blind is also located here, with three large buildings and several small ones; and drawing its pupils from thirty or more States. Near beautiful Prospect Lake, and distinctly outlined against the eastern sky, stands the stately Childs-Drexel House for Union Printers, located here after a thorough examination of all the most desirable sites in the country, dedicated with distinguished ceremony in the spring 1892. For the accommodation of invalids desiring such a home are two large sanitariums and a hospital for the poor is the Aid Society," for young men a

EL PASO COUNTY BANK.



RESIDENCE OF F. E. ROBINSON, ESQ.

splendidly housed Y. M. C. A., for the general public a Free Reading room and Library. One thing intimately associated with the future of El Paso County and of especial interest at the present time, cannot be passed over, namely, the marvelous discovery of gold just across the first range of mountains, less than thirty miles from Colorado Springs. In the wanderings of a cattle-herder over the barren hills he picked up a piece of quarts that appeared to be mineralized. Bringing it to Colorado Springs, it was assayed and returned the astounding result of 240 ounces of gold to the ton, a value of $4,800. Interesting some prominent gentlemen in his discovery, they returned to the spot, and located the first claim where was soon to be the great mining Camp of "Cripple Creek." This was in the spring of 1891. The news spread, miners and prospectors flocked in by hundreds and thousands, every foot of ground was taken up for miles around, a townsite, two or three of them indeed, was laid out, and where two years ago there was not a solitary inhabitant, is now a population of about ten thousand, with schools, churches, newspapers, electricity, and they are even talking about waterworks and a street-railway. This is a *gold* camp, and while the financial stringency has somewhat retarded its development, it has made remarkable progress, and in the opinion of many experienced men is destined to be the greatest gold camp on earth. There are to-day seventy-two producers of pay ore, and there are a vast number more that could be profitably worked were there a railroad into the camp. As it is, all ore having to be hauled by wagon twenty miles to the nearest railroad, greatly increases the cost. Two roads are surveyed into the camp and as soon as the money market will permit will probably be built and equipped. Gold has been found in almost every condition from the placer nuggets in the gulches and hillsides to chlorides and oxides. The water in the wells and gulches contains gold in solution, which has been collected by means of amalgam plates, so that beyond any doubt the opinion that vast bodies of this precious metal are hidden away beneath the surface is well founded and will add to the future wealth of the State.

MEN OF THE DAY.

BY THEODORE R. COPELAND.

AMONG the prominent men whose names will go down to posterity in the written history of the Pacific Coast, is Ex-U. S. Senator James G. Fair. While Mr. Fair resides in San Francisco, has large real estate interests in this city and is expending immense sums in carrying out improvements upon his property, which are calculated to prove a public as well as a private benefit, he cannot be claimed altogether by this city; his enterprise has carried him too far afield and been of too broad and far reaching a character to admit of any one locality claiming him as its own. He is eminently a man of the people. The possessor of great wealth, he expends it where it was acquired, giving back to the State in productive form what his business ability and far seeing policy have enabled him to draw from its resources. Unfortunately many of the men who owe their wealth to this State have ignored their indebtedness and invested their capital elsewhere.

James G. Fair is a representative man in more than one respect; it is not his millions alone which cause him to be a notable figure on the street; he is possessed of a commanding presence which would attract attention and comment on the public thoroughfares of any large city. His full gray beard and heavy mustache, and clear eye and high forehead all denote strong character and determined will, combined with mental capacity of no small order. He is a man to conceive and carry to a successful issue enterprises and undertakings which would appal weaker men. If ever true courage was stamped in unmistakable characters upon the features of any human being it can be read in those of Mr. Fair's; showing a calm and determined mind, which is at all times prepared to meet any emergency, no matter how suddenly it may arise. His record as U. S. Senator from Nevada gave evidence not only of his ability but of the great interest which he feels in the welfare and prosperity of the Pacific Coast. As before intimated he is at present engaged in the improvement of his real estate situated in San Francisco. This will necessitate the outlay of millions and give employment to hundreds.

A number of years ago he purchased some fifty blocks of land lying between Harbor View and Black Point. In order to make the property available for residence or business purposes a great deal of filling in and grading will have to be done, since much of the land is swampy and a good deal of it under water altogether. Contracts have been made, and work has been begun to reclaim the tract, which will require 3,000,000 cubic feet of sand and soil to render it available for settlement.

Mr. Fair has obtained from the U. S. Government the right to grade Black Point Reservation which will necessitate the removal of about twenty feet from its surface; this will be used on his swamp. He has also obtained the privilege of taking rock from Angel Island. Wharves are to be built, and this part of the city, which has been neglected for such a long time, will be vastly improved, its aspect changed and its value increased. As a sound business venture, there can be no question of the eventual result, while at the same time it will constitute one of the most notable public improvements which has

EX-SENATOR JAMES G. FAIR.

yet been undertaken in San Francisco.

James G. Fair is a native of County Tyrone, Ireland, and came to California in 1849. His life has been one of constant business activity, marked by a pronounced success in all his undertakings, his whole career making a chapter of Pacific Coast history well worthy of study by every young man who is entering upon life's journey on his own account.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL W. H. H. HART.

Lawyers are as plentiful in San Francisco as in other cities of the Union, and there is as much difference in their practice, position and ability. Some few are here who, by reason of their acumen and the celebrated cases in which they have been engaged, have attained a reputation of more than local fame. With regard to noted cases, there have been none in the country which take precedence of what is known as the "Blythe Case." It was not only that it involved the disposal of an estate valued at several millions of dollars, but the case stands alone in legal jurisprudence. In rendering his decision the Judge of the Supreme Court said:

"We have here a father at all times domiciled in the State of California, a mother at all times domiciled in England and an illegitimate child born in England and continuously residing there until the death of her father in California. Florence founded her claims upon the statutes of the State, and invoked the jurisdiction of the State's courts. It was a question of California law to be construed in California courts, and there was nothing in the Constitution, statutory law or

international law which prevented Blythe from making Florence his daughter in every sense that the word implies."

W. H. H. Hart was chief counsel in the case and devoted himself to the interests of the young girl whom he believed to be the rightful heir. That he was successful in winning the case against the array of talent, evidence, and numerous claimants which were brought to bear against him, speaks volumes as to his able management. Attorney-General Hart, though born in England, is distinctly an American having been brought to this country by his parents, while yet in his infancy. When only fourteen years of age he volunteered for active service in the War of the Rebellion, serving during the four years of its continuance, and being present at many of the most notable battles in the West, namely, those of Fort Donaldson, Shiloh, Champion Hill, Vicksburg and Missionary Ridge. During these engagements he was five times wounded. At the close of the war he devoted himself to the study of the law which he had commenced during his service in the army, while doing provost duty in Tyrrel County, Georgia. In 1868 he was admitted to practice in the District Courts of Iowa; in the Supreme Courts of that State in 1869; in the Supreme Court of California in 1873; and in the Supreme Court of the United States in 1874. In 1875 he settled permanently in California, and from that time to the present his success has been marked and continuous.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL W. H. H. HART.

Mr. Hart is a fluent and impressive speaker, one of the best informed law-

yers in the country on constitutional and international law, and of a genial disposition which has served to secure for him many warm friends. His term as Attorney-General of California has been the most important in the history of the State and the masterly manner in which the weighty and delicate duties devolving upon the office have been performed by Mr. Hart, will give him, for all time, a notable place in its records.

Attorney-General Hart has taken a deep interest in the American Financial System, especially in regard to the Silver question. A national policy outlined by him was published by him in Fair Play, and afterward in pamphlet form. It is well worthy of both perusal and careful study. In it he says: "I would like to ask why it is that England and Germany, non-producers of silver, should fix or determine its price? There is no nation on the face of the earth that fixes the price of an article it does not produce with this exception. My idea is, that on account of diversified interests of the several American States, that the United States should adopt a policy of its own on the monetary question, and on that subject my views are, that we as a nation should adopt three kinds of money.

First, gold and gold certificates; second, silver, and silver certificates; third, greenbacks or treasury notes." We have not space for the whole text of the pamphlet, but in it he proposes that "a tariff be placed on all silver coin and bullion brought into the United States, which should be equal to the difference between the market value in London and the minting value in this country. Free coinage of American product at 129 per ounce, absolute guarantee by the Government of the value of the silver and silver certificates which should be made a legal tender whether the law creating the same be repealed or not. That when the appropriation of the general Government exceeds the income, greenbacks be issued to meet the deficiency and retired when a surplus exists."

A reciprocity treaty should be made with all Spanish-American States, the West Indies and Mexico on the Silver question. Silver produced in those countries at $1.29 per ounce should be accepted by us in payment of the balances of trade in our favor, we having the same privilege of paying in silver at $1.29 per ounce, when the balance of trade is against us. The balance of trade against us with these countries, since 1859 has been $1,700,000,000. This won't furnish a market for our silver of $90,000,000 per year, which, however, might be reduced one-half by increase in trade with these countries.

England and Germany sooner than lose their trade with these countries would remonetize silver. If not we would gain trade enough from these countries sufficient to rehabilitate the United States."

COLONEL CAMERON H. KING.

Colonel Cameron H. King's management of some of the most famous cases which have been tried in California has brought his name into prominence as one of the leading men connected with jurisprudence in this State. Notable among these cases was his defence of Edward J. Maybridge, the photographer, for the killing of Harry Sarkins. In this trial Colonel King's address to the jury was commented upon, as an effort of grand oratorical power. One of the most important cases in which he was engaged was the suit of Smith vs. the City of San Francisco. This was at the time of the Dennis Kearney sand-lot agitation, and the suit was brought to obtain payment for lumber destroyed by fire on Beale Street wharf. Application to the State Legislature for indemnity had met with refusal, there being no direct proof of incendiarism. Colonel King took the case in hand, proved the existence of a riot in the neighborhood, and com-

pleted such a strong chain of circumstantial evidence that his client was awarded $66,000, of which amount Colonel King received $30,000 fee for his services. He spent a number of years in travel and in Arizona, where he was appointed a commissioner to revise the laws of that Terrritory. He was chosen chairman of the Commission, and the able character of the work accomplished was highly commended.

Governor C. Meyer Zulick appointed him Commissioner of Immigration, an office which he resigned in order to resume practice in San Francisco.

COLONEL CAMERON H. KING.

Cameron H. ing is a native of Rochester, New York, where he received a University education. His father was a lawyer of note in New York State; the late popular Ex-Governor of California, Henry H. Haight, was his uncle, and it was in his office that he began the study of law. Colonel King is still on the sunny side of the half-century mark, and has lost none of his vitality and force of character.

JUDGE HENRY C. DIBBLE.

The record of Judge Dibble of San Francisco is the story of a very busy and stirring life.

His paternal ancestors arrived from England and settled in Connecticut in 1634, the family being one of the oldest in that State. In 1826 his immediate family removed to Indiana where they founded the town of Delphi, in which place Henry C. Dibble was born in 1844. His mother was a Ruland of French Huguenot descent. Her father, one of the pioneers of the Ohio Valley, built at Lebanon, Ohio, the first paper-mill erected west of the Alleghanies, in the first years of the century.

On the breaking out of the civil war in 1861, Henry C. Dibble, though not yet seventeen years of age, enlisted in the Union army, joining the New York Marine Artillery. This organization formed part of the Burnside expedition to the shores of North Carolina. Early in 1863 the corps was mustered out, and young Dibble reenlisted in the 14th New York Cavalry, which was ordered to Louisiana. His military career was ended at the time of the Siege of Port Hudson, where he was wounded so severely that he suffered the loss of a leg. Having recovered, he took up his residence in New Orleans where he had relations, and where he commenced the study of law. He was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of Louisiana in June, 1865, though he was still under twenty-one years of age. Afterward he graduated from the Law School of the University of Louisiana with the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

During the notable Reconstruction period when party feeling ran high, Mr. Dibble entered with zeal into both State and national politics. In the spring of 1868, he was chosen president of the first Republican Convention held in New Orleans, and became one of the leaders of his party in that city. He was elected chairman of the

Executive Committee, and at the first election was the Republican candidate for District Attorney but was defeated with his party.

The new Constitution and reconstruction laws caused much bitterness of feeling as well as fierce litigation. Mr. Dibble was employed by the State Government in many suits, and argued a number of cases in the Supreme Court involving the validity of the new laws.

The Legislature at this time created an additional court in New Orleans with unusual powers, and Mr. Dibble was appointed judge at the age of twenty-five, a position which he occupied for three years. At the expiration of that time his party nominated him for a second term, but he was defeated and thereupon resumed his practice. In 1873 he went to Europe and spent several months there. On his return to New Orleans to resume his profession, he was selected by the Republican Committee to go to Washington to argue the Louisiana contested election cases before the Senate Committee of Privileges and Elections. In 1874 he was appointed Assistant Attorney-General to discharge the duties of the Attorney-General, that officer being feeble and superannuated. Most of the legal business of the State was transacted for three years by Mr. Dibble. In the fall of 1874, and also in 1876 the Republicans of the Second District nominated him for Congress, but he was defeated, the district having a Democratic majority. Judge

JUDGE HENRY C. DIBBLE.

Dibble thereupon continued the practice of his profession.

In 1878, and during a portion of 1879, he became the leading editorial writer of the New Orleans Times, without, however, giving up his law business. It was during the period of the session of the Constitutional Convention called after the overthrow of the Reconstruction Government. His treatment of the new questions then before the Southern people attracted wide-spread attention. The Times was an independent paper.

In 1881 he was employed by New Orleans capitalists to attend to some land and mining litigations in Arizona which he successfully settled. Deciding to remain in Arizona he located himself in Tombstone, forming a partnership with Hon. J. F. Lewis, Ex-Chief Justice of Nevada.

In 1883 the firm removed to San Francisco. Judge Dibble was Assistant United States Attorney for California, from 1885 to 1887, when he resigned to form a law partnership with Louis T. Haggin. In 1888 he was elected to the Legislature from the 41st Assembly District, serving on several important committees. He was the acknowledged leader of his party in the House. When elected a second time in 1890, he became chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and was on other leading committees.

Mr. Dibble since the war has preserved his interest in military affairs. He was Judge Advocate with the rank of brigadier-general under Governor Kellogg in Louisiana. He is also a prominent member of the Grand Army of the Republic, having been twice elected Commander of the famous Lincoln Post of San Francisco and having served a term as Junior Vice Department Commander of California.

Mr. Dibble has not confined himself to his professional and political duties, but has given evidence that, had he chosen literature as a field for his talents, he could have won fame in that direction. As it is he has done some effective work. His style is striking, concise and attractive. In fiction his stories have attracted much attention and he is known among journalists as a strong and vigorous editorial writer.

As an orator Judge Dibble has few superiors. With a well modulated and sonorous voice he combines an ever ready command of language with convincing reasoning powers. Gifted with no small degree of personal magnetism he is a speaker who holds his audience with remarkable skill.

He has always taken a special interest in educational matters. During the absorbing and busy days of reconstruction in Louisiana he served for six successive years as President of the Board of Education in New Orleans.

In private life Mr. Dibble has made many friends by his agreeable social qualities. He has been twice married. His first wife was Miss Chappell of New Orleans who died in 1873. In 1875 he was married to Miss Flash also of New Orleans. He has several children.

With such a record to look back upon as soldier, lawyer and statesman; descended from a line of ancestors who have helped to build up the country and make it what it is, Henry C. Dibble has a right to a prominent place among representative citizens.

SAN BENITO'S BELL.

BY F. M. P. DEAS.

"WHERE are you going, Margaret?"

The inquiry was made in a sharp, fretful tone; the person addressed turned and regarded her interlocutor with a pair of handsome gray eyes in which patience and resentment mingled.

"I am going for a walk, father; I am tired of staying indoors."

"Yes, Yes! of course—always tired of being with me—of doing your duty."

"I don't think I fail very often in my duty, father, so far as it consists in waiting upon you. Can I do anything for you now?"

"No, nothing. Go your ways and leave me alone."

With this ungracious permission, Margaret departed; she was scarcely outside the door, however, when an impatient summons called her back.

"Send Geoffry to me. Say that I wish to speak to him at once."

"I think he has gone into town. If he has returned I will give him your message."

"Stay a minute; I have just thought of something. Has Geoffry asked you again to marry him?"

A wave of crimson surged over Margaret's face and neck; the resentment in her eyes deepened.

"If he has, there is no reason why I should speak of it," she answered coldly.

"There is a reason! I choose to be told; I will not be kept in ignorance of everything."

"Very well, then; since you must know, I will tell you that he has again asked me, and I have again refused him."

"And pray why have you done so? Is n't he good enough for you?"

"No," said Margaret with decision. "He is not good enough for me." She hesitated, toying with the handle of the door; her gaze, resting on the helpless, querulous figure at the fireside, softened, and with a sudden impulse, she stepped to her father's side, knelt down and took his hand between her own.

"Father—father, dear, why don't you love me any more? You used to be different," she said, pleadingly. "Has Geoffry turned you against me?"

"Geoffry! Folly! why should he interfere between us?"

"I do not know; I cannot understand his motives; but I do not trust him; and, father, I think that you trust him too much."

"Do you take me for an imbecile, child? Have I lost my senses, that I should accept you as my counselor?"

"No, father, it isn't that I mean to set my judgment against yours, but I see more of Geoffry, perhaps, than you do. I think he is working for some end of his own, I cannot tell what; he will blind you if he can. He is not honorable, father; don't let him influence you."

"You talk very strangely, to-day, Margaret; childishly, too, I think. I did not know that you were of so suspicious a nature." He looked at her keenly from beneath his shaggy brows, but she drew encouragement from the fact that there was no anger in his tone. She bent her fresh young lips to the surface of his

(Continued on page 20.)

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

THE CALIFORNIAN PUBLISHING CO.

London, 430 Strand SAN. FRANCISCO Paris, 224 Rue de Rivoli

NEW YORK LOS ANGELES HONOLULU

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THE CALIFORNIAN

April, 1894 Vol. V, No. 5

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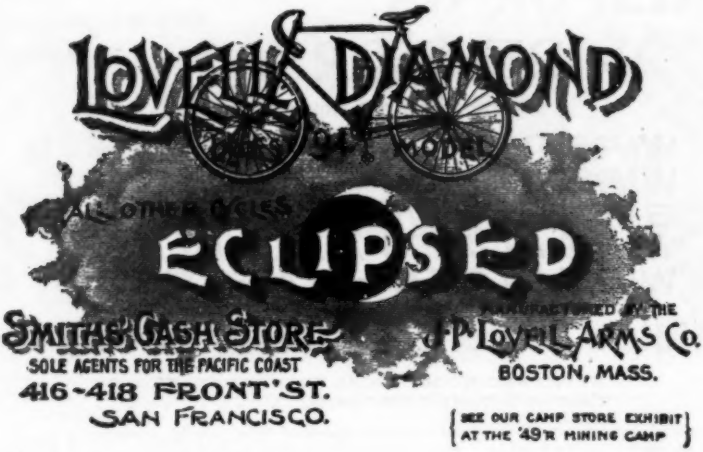

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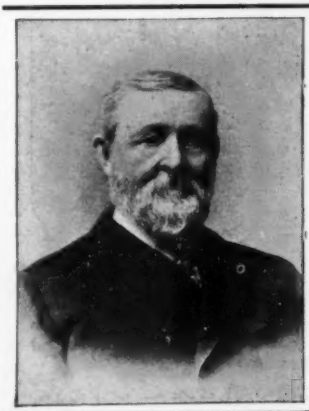

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A RETREAT.[1]

THE nomination, promptly followed by the confirmation, of Senator White of Louisiana for the vacancy on the Supreme Bench caused by the death of Justice Blatchford was a surprise to President Cleveland's friends as well as to his opponents. It was a surprise not only because a place on that bench, for which there was good reason to think that a jurist conversant with the laws and the practice of New York should have been selected, was given to a lawyer from a far-away Southern State, but mainly because it was believed that Mr. Cleveland, whose courageous firmness for what he considered right, had, more than any other of his qualities, won for him popular confidence and regard, would, when he had once convinced himself of the rightfulness of a certain line of conduct, resolutely stand by that conviction, no matter what opposition he might find in his path.

President Cleveland first selected Mr. Hornblower for the vacant place on the Supreme Bench, as a New York lawyer of marked ability, solid acquirements, excellent standing, and a moral sense which had proved itself capable of rising above an unscrupulous party spirit. When in the Senate the confirmation of Mr. Hornblower was contested by Senator Hill on the ground that Mr. Hornblower was personally offensive to him, and this because Mr. Hornblower had taken a prominent part in exposing the criminal conduct of one of Senator Hill's henchmen, and still more when Senator Hill thus succeeded in bringing about Mr. Hornblower's rejection, the matter assumed a new aspect. That it would be proper to fill the vacancy in the Supreme Court with a lawyer from New York was generally conceded; but Senator Hill substantially declared that no New York lawyer who had actively opposed the elevation of a criminal to the court of last resort in the State of New York should be permitted to become a member of the United States Supreme Court, and he relied upon the courtesy of the Senate to sustain this decree of disqualification. Then the question before the President was not merely how to find a proper man for the vacancy in the Supreme Court, but whether so outrageous a presumption by a Senator should directly or indirectly be submitted to by the President of the United States in making his choice.

That President Cleveland understood this to be the question confronting him he plainly manifested by the nomination of Mr. Peckham after Hornblower's rejection. So it was understood not only by him, but by the American people, and it may be said without exaggeration, that the public opinion of the country as expressed through its organs, was, regardless of party, overwhelmingly on the President's side. The action of the President in nominating Mr. Peckham was not looked upon as on his part a mere fight of one political faction against another, in which a high judicial office was used as a club, but it was esteemed as a proper, a dignified, and even a necessary assertion of his constitutional power against a most insolent and revolting attempt to exclude from such office men of high character on the very ground that by vigorous opposition to political immorality they had shown themselves worthy of public confidence.

The rejection of Mr. Peckham by a combination of the meanest Republican partisanship with the meanest Democratic partisanship in the Senate left the question in an aggravated shape. Senator Hill had succeeded for the second time in enforcing his decree of disqualification. He had made it known in the case of Peckham, as in the case of Hornblower, that he might permit anybody else to be confirmed, but a man who had helped in defeating the election of a criminal to the highest court in New York should never be a member of the Federal Supreme Court. There was, therefore, no change in the situation and in its requirements, but there was a change in the attitude of the President. He nominated a man who had not helped in defeating the election of a criminal to the highest court in New York, and thus he permitted Senator Hill to make good his proclamation. Senator Hill has lost no time in triumphantly advising the public that he understood it so. In the remarks he made seconding the motion to confirm the nomination of Mr. White, which he has taken care

[1] From Harper's Weekly.

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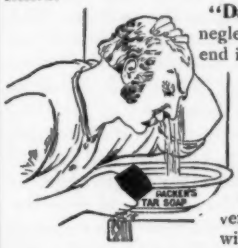

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to spread ostentatiously before the country, he laid significant stress upon Mr. White's qualifications. "He is offensive to no one," said he. "He has not been involved in any factious dissensions. He has not antagonized any regular Democratic organization." The meaning of this is clear. Had Mr. White ever opposed the election of the blackest scoundrel nominated for a judgeship by the "regular Democratic organization," especially a henchman of Mr. Hill, he would have been disqualified for the Supreme Bench. And Senator Hill proudly added that the action taken by the Senators from New York in demanding the rejection of Hornblower and Peckham "was impelled by their self-respect and their loyalty to the regular Democratic organization to which they belonged"—that is, the organization which nominated Maynard.

Senator Hill has carried his point. His decree of disqualification stands. Every New York Democrat who has been active in keeping a regularly nominated criminal out of the Court of Appeals will be considered as lacking the most essential qualification for high public trust under the Federal Government. Senator Hill was no doubt agreeably surprised when the President so easily succumbed. Mr. Cleveland's friends were also surprised, but not agreeably. They think that if he was not sure of being able to carry through such a contest to the finish he should not have begun it. They attach all the weight it deserves to the consideration that if the Supreme Court had been kept incomplete much longer, important interests might have suffered; but, on the other hand, they cannot forget that the great interest of political morals in our Government, which suffers by such a surrender, is vastly more important than any interest that could have been prejudiced by further delay. Moreover, it is certain that public opinion was fully prepared to see the President pursue his righteous course with undaunted steadfastness. There would have been no impatient call for a surrender. And it is more than probable that the intriguers in the Senate would soon have grown tired of the struggle under the weight of popular condemnation. The surrender came without the slightest necessity, and it is especially deplorable at a time when, following the crushing defeat of Maynard, the hand of justice at last falls heavily upon the violators of the purity of the ballot-box in this State, and thus solemnly confirms the popular verdict. A retreat under such circumstances is a public misfortune.

As to Mr. White, he is no doubt worthy of the trust confided to him. His public career shows him to be a man of uncommon ability, large acquirements, high character, and patriotic aspirations. He may be expected to do honor to the court of which he is to be a member; but the very excellence of his record, especially his attitude of manly independence as against clamorous demagogy in his own State, with regard to the silver question and the anti-option bill, makes us regret that he has been taken out of the Senate. That body is at present so woefully deficient in talent and character that a man of his calibre cannot well be spared. The presence of such a Southern man in that body was peculiarly important. In withdrawing from the Senate Mr. Carlisle, the natural leader on the tariff question, the President made a dangerous experiment. We do not deem it improbable that this second dismantling of the Democratic strength in the Senate, especially the Southern part of it, will become to the President as well as to the country a matter of keen regret.

FACTS ABOUT CONSUMPTION.[1]

There exists a very strong popular belief in the hereditary character of tuberculosis. The minds of most people have been impregnated with this idea from earliest childhood. It is, however, a belief entirely without scientific proof. While it cannot be denied that there is a possibility, in the rarest instances, of direct transmission at birth, yet the evidence of this having ever occurred in the human being is exceedingly doubtful. In families where the disease is supposed to be inherited, it does not appear in the offspring soon after birth, but only after several months, or, more commonly, after many years. Parents do not transmit the disease itself to their children, but they may transmit a constitution which is particularly susceptible to this kind of infec-

[1] Hermann M. Biggs in Forum for February, 1894.

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tion. This inherited susceptibility simply renders the individual a more easy prey to the germs when once they have gained entrance.

The frequent occurrence of several cases of pulmonary tuberculosis in a family is, then, to be explained, not on the supposition that the disease itself has been inherited; but that it has been produced after birth by direct transmission from some affected individual. Where the parents suffer from tuberculosis, the children, from the earliest moments of life, are exposed to the disease under the most favorable conditions for its transmission, for not only is the dust of the house likely to contain the bacilli, but the relations also between parents and children, especially between mother and child, are of that close and intimate nature especially favorable for the transmission by direct contact.

* * * * * *

A vast amount of evidence can now be adduced to show that consumption is comparatively rare among those who live an outdoor life under normal and healthy conditions, while, on the other hand, it becomes more and more common among those whose occupations involve prolonged confinement in a more or less vitiated atmosphere. Mortality tables showing the percentage of deaths from consumption in 1,000 deaths from all causes in persons pursuing different occupations, show the influence of occupation and confinement in a vitiated atmosphere in the production of this disease. For every 1,000 deaths from all causes, 103 farmers die of pulmonary tuberculosis, 108 fishermen, 121 gardeners, 122 agricultural laborers, 167 grocers, while among tailors the mortality rises to 290, and among drapers to 301. Out of every 1,000 deaths among printers and compositors, 461 — or nearly 50 per cent of all—result from consumption. Finally, it is said that among the Cornish miners more than 600 out of every 1,000 die of this disease. The mortality is highest in those occupations which involve confinement in an atmosphere in which are suspended fine particles of dust of some kind. These particles of dust set up inflammatory affections in the bronchi and lungs, and thus a susceptibility to the disease is created. Confinement indoors, in badly ventilated apartments, with many fellow-workmen, some of whom almost certainly have tuberculosis, involves constant exposure to infection. The air of the workrooms becomes infected by the dust from dried and pulverized tubercular sputum which has been discharged upon the floor; and the tubercle bacilli which are thus inhaled find everywhere a fertile soil for their development. Epidemics of tuberculosis have been reported in factories as the result of such direct transmission from some employés who were suffering from the disease, to others. In the municipal electrical works in Paris, Arthaud found that 32 workmen out of 38 employed were tuberculous. Four of these cases were of long-standing and had apparently infected the others: at least 23 had contracted the disease after entering the factory.

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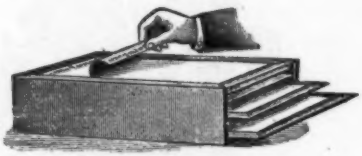

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Just when the fields are sweet and cool with dew,
Just when the last gold lingers in the west,
Would I recall you to the world you knew
Before you went to rest.

And where the starry jasmine hides the wall
We two would stand together once again.
I know your patience—I would tell you all
My tale of love and pain.

And you would listen, with your tender smile,
Tracing the lines upon my tear-worn face,
And finding, even for a little while,
Our earth a weary place.

Only one little hour. And then once more
The bitter word, farewell, beset with fears
And all my pathway darkened, as before,
With shades of lonely years.

Far better, dear, that you, unfelt, unseen,
Should hover near me in the quiet air
And draw my spirit through this mortal screen
Your higher life to share.

I would not call you back, and yet—ah, me!—
Faith is so weak and human love so strong
That sweet it seems to think of what might be
This hour at even-song.

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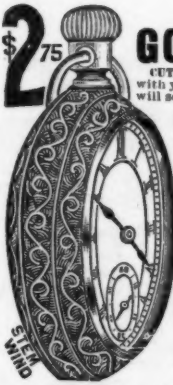

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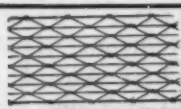

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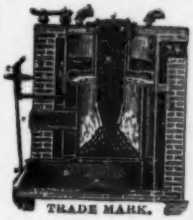

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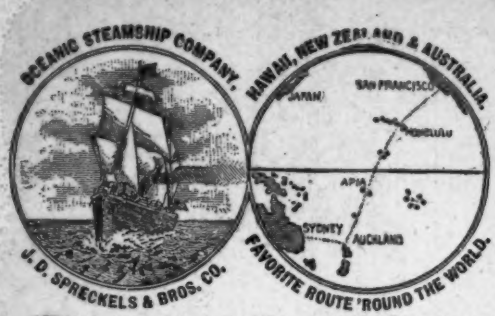

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